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Charles Mayne Young

at 40

A MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG,

TRAGEDIAN,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS SON'S JOURNAL.

BY

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, A.M.,

RECTOR OF ILMINGTON.

SECOND EDITION.

WITH PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES.

as King John.

"I AM AFRAID TO THINK OF WHAT I'VE DONE.
LOOK ON'T AGAIN . . . I DARE NOT."

Macbeth.

London and New York:

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1871.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been unaffectedly surprised and gratified by the reception this book has met with at the hands both of the Press and the Public. Tolerant as my critics have been of my negligences and ignorances, none of them can be more conscious of them than I am myself. It did not need their forbearance to quicken my own sense of the meagreness of the Biographical Sketch of Charles Young, which is in truth, a mere skeleton, devoid alike of marrow and of muscle.

It was deficiency of material for a "Life" which induced me to adopt the more appropriate title of a "Memoir"—thereby simply recording such personal traits or family facts connected with my subject as dwelt on my "Memory." Still, I am persuaded it had been far better if I had included my recollections of him among those of his contemporaries. But the truth is it was only under the shelter of *his* name that *I* should ever have presumed to publish anything of my own.

Entirely to alter the plan of the book *now*, would be something like a literary fraud; so I must e'en be content to leave it as it is. It was long before I could be persuaded to undertake a task for which I felt myself unfit: and the kind friends to whose judgment I deferred must, I think, on reading these pages, have perceived that I was justified in my scruples. The truth is, my father was known to have been thrown so much with many of the foremost

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men of his age, that it was assumed that he would have much to tell of his intercourse with them, and have left many letters behind him which would help to illustrate their characters. But the letters he received, unless they referred to business, or were the production of those he specially regarded, he made it a rule to destroy: while the letters he wrote, though playful in spirit, were generally slight in substance, and wanting in attraction for those indifferent to him. His days, professional, as well as private, flowed on in a very even tenour, and were entirely devoid of sensational incident. It was not because he was a great reader, or an original thinker—but because of the moral purity of his nature, the amiability of his disposition and the captivation of his social qualities, that he was admitted so readily to the inner circles of the most gifted and exclusive of the aristocracy. It would have been easy to have swelled his biography to more imposing proportions, if I had copied critiques on his acting from contemporary hands; but who, in these days, would care to read them?

In this edition I have corrected crudities of expression, rectified palpable errors, pruned superfluous excrescences, and added a few more recollections. I have been, myself, offended by the abruptness with which some stories of interest are succeeded by others of comparative insignificance; but I do not see how that could be helped: for, as the sunshine of to-day is often followed by the clouds of the morrow, or as the tears of one hour often terminate in the laughter of the next, so must the ever-shifting scenes of a journal necesarily partake of the same alternations.

PREFACE.

It has not been in obedience to any filial impulse of my own, but rather in compliance with the suggestion of others, that I have made a feeble effort to revive some traces, wellnigh obliterated, of one who held no mean place in public estimation as a tragedian, and, by the unobtrusive simplicity and moral purity of his private life, won golden opinions of all sorts of men.

Could I have divined, in youth, that the task I have undertaken in old age would ever have devolved on me, I should have studied to acquaint myself with passages in my family history now involved in obscurity; and have treasured up documents which, from mistaken delicacy to others, I have destroyed, and which might have shed light on my father's character.

While oscillating between acquiescence in the kind council of my friends, or rejection of it, it was suggested that, to the scanty memoir of my father, I might, by extracts from my own journals, add reminiscences of some of his contemporaries, and thus expand the dimensions of my book to the size of an ordinary octavo volume. As its quality is very light, I have the more reason to hope it may be very easy of digestion. As it is meant only for a vacant hour, I flatter myself it may serve as relaxation to minds oppressed by sterner labours. If exception be taken to its poverty of style, I may urge, in its defence, that it is unambitious in its aim, propounds no

theories, indulges in no speculations, and pretends to little originality.

As in the case of tableaux vivants, an antiquated frame is made to enclose living representations of authors, actors, statesmen, and poets, who have had their day and passed away: so the name of one so insignificant as myself would never have been prefixed to this publication save as a sort of framework on which to hang sketches of a few—and but a few—of those men of mark whom I have happened to encounter in the touch-and-go intercourse of ordinary society.

Certain stories will be found to crop up to the surface of these pages, about which I would fain say a word or two. Except in instances in which I speak of occurrences as having happened to myself, or of my own knowledge, I will not vouch for the truth of one of them. I have only repeated what I have been told by others; and will not even pledge myself to have done that faithfully; for my memory, never very strong, has been greatly impaired by time, and by the effects of a long and serious illness, which has long enfeebled me, and now incapacitates me from much mental exertion.

Few persons of matter-of-fact temperament know how difficult it is for the imaginative, however truthful in intention, to adhere rigidly to bald literality of narration. Any impartial and dispassionate observer, who has ever seen the experiment of Russian scandal, and witnessed the ludicrous discrepancies of statement which occur between twelve people of unimpeachable veracity, who, even if disposed, could have no possible inducement to exaggerate, will admit that there is nothing so little to be relied on as verbal accuracy in the case of a tale which has passed through many mouths. I fancy I can illustrate, if I cannot explain, these mysterious results by analogy.

I will imagine a spring of water bubbling up on some mountain's brow, and discharging its waters down different sides, and under different conditions, according to the inclination and quality of the ground. Various strata meet and intersect each other: in one direction, the tiny stream trickles away, a silvery thread, between horizontal ridges of rocky ground; in another, it penetrates by its specific gravity through beds of sand or lighter earth; in another, it is arrested in its course by beds of impervious clay. Here runlets, scarcely perceptible, unite their forces and form one lively brook—there, from an aperture riven in the very mountain's heart, gushes forth an impetuous torrent, which rapidly expands into a brawling river.

Now, though all these waters shall have sprung from one common source, and shall primarily have been identical in their component elements, yet some, in fretting their way through one kind of soil, shall have imbibed saline particles, tainting it with a peculiar flavour; while others, turbid from earthy or animal matter contracted in their course, by a process of subterranean filtration shall have been subsequently purified.

Now, I conceive that if speculative chemists were planted at the various outlets of this spring, for the purpose of collecting and analyzing its waters, they would probably describe them as totally distinct. And I fancy (I write as a fool, and not as a man of science) that the selfsame story, permeating the brains of the phlegmatic and the sanguine, the credulous and the sceptical, the fanciful and the stolid—being more or less coloured and flavoured by the temperament and mental constitution of each—would be, at last, so changed as hardly to be recognized.

I now consign what I have written to the hands of the printer, the discretion of the publisher, and the tender mercies of the critic.

If any one be disturbed to find a clergyman treating of mundane subjects instead of higher ones, let the writer, at least, plead in extenuation of his fault, that he has not, in anything he has told, wilfully violated the law of Christian charity, or set down aught in malice. If those who know him to have it in his power to retail far more than he has revealed, shall blame him for much needless reticence in some instances, let them call to mind that, if he had further abused his opportunities, he would have violated the sanctities of domestic life—and then they will forgive him his omissions.

"Cum relego—scripsisse pudet: quia plurima cerno
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini."

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ON THE GRIMANI FAMILY.

For References to the Grimani family, *vide*:—

Guicciardini—Historia d'Italia, liv. x.

Lunig—Codex Italiæ Diplomaticus, t. ii., pars 11, sectio vi., p. 30.

Recueil des Lettres de Louis XII., t. iv., p. 26.

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Daru—Histoire de Venise, t. iv., liv. xxviii., pp. 151, 201.

Le Cardinal d'Ossar—Correspondance et Lettre au Roi du 20 Dec., 1597.

Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Mazarinæ.

Morosini—Historia Veneziana, lib. xvii.

De Fresne Carraye—Correspondance manuscrite de la Bibliothèque Impériale, fond Dupuy. No. 271.

Cicogna—Storia di Venezia.

Daru—Historie de Venise, t. v., liv. xxxv., pp. 182–200.

Extract from Moreri—(*Dictionnaire*).

Grimani—Famille de Venise, a été féconde en grands hommes.

Antoine Grimani—Père de Dominique Grimani—Cardinal, fut rétabli dans la charge de Procurateur de St. Marc, après avoir été destitué pour s'être laissé vaincu par les Turcs. Il fut même élu Doge après Leonardo Loredano, l'an 1521—mourut 2 mois après, âgé de 90 ans.

Marino Grimani—Neveu du Cardinal, fut coadjuteur du Patriarchat d'Aquilée l'an 1517, et fut fait lui-même Cardinal par le Pape Clement VII. l'an 1527. Il fut employé en diverses légations, et mourut à Orviette, 1546.

Marco Grimani, son Père, avait été fait coadjuteur d'Aquilée l'an 1529, et mourut l'an 1545. Le Cardinal céda ensuite le Patriarchat à Jean Grimani, qui mourut 1592.

Un autre Marino Grimani fut Doge l'an 1595, et mourut l'an 1610.

Antonio Grimani—Évêque de Toricello dans l'état de Venise, fut Coadjuteur, l'an 1618, d'Hermolao Barbaro, Patriarch d'Aquilée. Il lui succéda l'an 1622, et mourut à Venise, 1628.

Vincent Grimani, de la même famille, a été fait Cardinal par le Pape Innocent XII., l'an 1697, à la recommandation de l'Empereur, aux intérêts duquel il avait aveuglément dévoué, et mourut Vice Roi de Naples, Sept. 1710—âgé 58 ans.

Domenico Grimani—Cardinal-Évêque de Porto, Patriarch d'Aquilée, fils d'Antoine Grimani, fut employé fort-jeune dans les charges, et fut nommé par la République entre les quatre Nobles qui devoient accompagner l'Empereur Frederick IV. sur les terres de la République. Le Pape Alexandre VI. le fit Cardinal au mois de Septembre 1493. Il a mérité des éloges éternels par l'amour qu'il temoigna à son père Antoine Grimani. Ce dernier, qui était Procurateur de Saint Marc et Générale d'une armée navale, ayant été défait par les Turcs, et ayant perdu la ville de Lépante, fut mis en prison, et traité avec beaucoup de rigueur. Son fils s'offrit pour être mis en sa place; et ne pouvant obtenir cette grâce des Juges, rendit tous les devoirs imaginables à son père. Il eu le plaisir de le voir rétabli. Le Cardinal Grimani servit très-utilement la République de Venise, et mourut le 27 Août, 1523, en la 63 année de son âge. Ce prélat aimait les lettres, et avait dressé une Bibliothèque de 8000 volumes. Il traduisit de Grec en Latin quelques homélies de Saint Chrysostom, et laissa d'autres ouvrages qu'on trouva dans la Bibliothèque du Cardinal Sulet et depuis dans celle de Colonna.

Jean Baptiste—Général—distingué contre les Turcs.

&c., *&c.,* *&c.*

LIFE OF CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

Charles Mayne Young was born on the 10th of January, in the year 1777. He was the second son of Thomas and Anna Benigna Young.

His father was a London surgeon of considerable eminence. The late Aston Key, no mean authority, told me that he had never seen his equal as a demonstrator of anatomy; and that, as an operator, he believed him to have been second only to John Hunter. It is painful for the biographer to write disparagingly of a grandfather whom he never knew; yet truth compels him to state that, from the concurrent testimony of persons indifferent, as well as of those best qualified to form an opinion, he was selfish and self-sufficient, profligate by habit, irascible in temper, imperious in domestic rule, and utterly callous to the claims of blood and affection. In person he was handsome and in manner impressive, though in deportment haughtier than became a professional man. When he wished to please, he found no difficulty in doing so; for his voice was so melodious, his manners so insinuating, and his diction so graceful, that ordinary observers, imposed upon by these adventitious accessories, were apt to overlook his faults, and accept him at his own valuation. His parts were unquestionably far above mediocrity, and his rhetorical powers of a high order. An exemplification of that fact occurs to me; for the knowledge of which I am indebted to the late Mr. Shuter.

Two ruffians were one night discovered in the act of depositing a corpse at the door of Thomas Young's anatomical museum. They were instantly apprehended and committed for trial. Young, by whom they had been employed, knew they could not pay for counsel's aid, and therefore came forward in

their defence, avowing himself the instigator of the offence, and they but his instruments. He argued that, though they might have infringed the letter of the law, they had done violence neither to its spirit nor to the animus of the law-maker. That there had been no sacrilegious intention on their part, and that the *malfaisance* complained of on his had been committed in the interests of science, and with the object of saving human life! The effect of his appeal on the judge and jury, enhanced as it was by his animated action and delivery, was so great, that he not only succeeded in obtaining the acquittal of the prisoners, but in extorting from the judge the following compliment in open court: 'Mr. Young, few here are ignorant of your high reputation as a surgeon; but, after the extraordinary display of forensic ability we have just witnessed, you must permit me to add, that, if you had bent the powers of your mind to the study and practice of the law, there are no heights in the legal profession to which you might not have aspired.'

For some years Young's practice as a surgeon was very large, and his income correspondingly so. But vanity and a petty ambition betrayed him into the maintenance of an establishment above his means, and into the association of persons above his station. His head was so turned by the aristocratic notice taken of him, that he broke through the trammels of moral restraint, plunged headlong into the lowest depths of dissipation, and spent recklessly at the card-tables of refined voluptuaries the fruits of his earlier industry. Those who ministered to his foibles were willing to partake of his hospitality for the sake of meeting the facetious wags and literary lions he contrived to gather round his board. His own vast stores of anecdote, and the brilliancy of his powers of repartee, were sure passports to that lower stratum of the nobility to whose minds pleasurable excitement is as necessary as oxygen to their bodies, and who are content to incur the loss of caste rather than expose themselves to the blight of *ennui*. Nevertheless, the very men who admired him at the dinner table of others, would have been the first to dispise him had they seen him by his own fireside. There, where the stimulus to vanity was wanting, and an awakened conscience stung him, his gentle wife and docile children found the home, which might have been an Elysium, a perfect Pandemonium.

Mary, the sister of Thomas Young, whose portrait, I am

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Engraved by C. H. Ineas

Madame Muller
wife of
Charles Mayer Young

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assured, imperfectly reflects the beauty of her character, was married to a Dane—a Professor Müller, the body physician and confidential adviser of the King of Denmark. In the year 1786, Dr. Müller happening to be in London on a confidential mission from his royal master, his wife begged her brother to allow one of her nephews to return with her husband for a twelvemonth's visit, and solace her in her childless state. The eldest of Thomas Young's children, George, was then applying sedulously to his surgical studies, and was too serviceable to his father to be spared. Winslow, the youngest, was at too tender an age to be taken from his mother. Charles, therefore, the second son, was elected to accompany Dr. Müller to Copenhagen. The good Doctor, whom I remember well, for he lived to a good old age, and survived most of his contemporaries, was a very amiable, accomplished, and scientific man—a geologist, a numismatician, the intimate friend and correspondent of the late Sir Joseph Banks, and filling towards his sovereign the same position which Sir William Knighton occupied under George the Fourth. He had a handsome suite of apartments allotted to him in the palace, and more than abundant accommodation for his nephew.

Charles's good looks, high animal spirits, and affectionate disposition, soon attracted towards him the kindly notice of the royal family. He was a general favourite throughout the palace; and the King himself became so fond of him, that he used to have him brought to him the first thing every morning while he was dressing, made him his frequent companion in his walks, and rarely, unless engaged in public duties, permitted him to be out of his sight during the day. In fact he was more with him than with his uncle and aunt.

When the stipulated period for young Charles's visit had expired, Dr. Müller announced to the King and Queen that their *protégé* had been summoned home to England. His departure was looked forward to with so much regret that a letter was sent by royal order, through Dr. Müller, requesting a further extension of leave. When this, with suitable expressions of homage and respect, was declined, the King offered to educate and provide for him, if his parents would but agree to his naturalization as a Danish subject. This proposition, flattering as it was, having met with no better success than the former one, Charles quitted the country, never to return, yet never to be forgotten by the kind friends he had left behind him. Before his departure the King gave him his blessing, put into his hands

a purse, worked for him by the Queen, filled with gold pieces, and ordered two large oil portraits to be painted of him—one for himself, which, as long as he lived, hung on the walls of his private cabinet; the other for his father, which now hangs in my dining-room. The Queen gave him a very handsome gold watch, which my daughter now possesses, and an album with the royal arms upon it, containing valedictory words of advice and good-will from herself, from the Queen Dowager, from Frederick Prince Royal of Denmark, from the Chamberlain, in English, and from many others in Danish. If the specimens I give be considered commonplace, it must be borne in mind that they were addressed to the limited capacity of a boy of ten years of age, by persons not over familiar with English.

'Christiansbourg, June 13, 1787.

'CHARLES.—Be great, be virtuous, and never forget that *virtue alone* is *happiness* below.

'LOUISE AUGUSTE.'

'Fridensbourg, June 10, 1787.

'CHARLES.—Be wise, and be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. Forget not that it is better to be silent than to speak too much; whereby one can become more unhappy than happy.

'You will remember that she who gives you this sincere counsel calls herself

'JULIA MARY,
'Queen Dowager of Denmark.'

'Fridensbourg, July 10, 1787.

'CHARLES.—The greatest of temporal blessings are health and long life; and the most durable of good things must consequently be the best.

'FREDERICK,
'Prince Royal of Denmark.'

His royal patrons, who showed him so much condescending favour while living with them, did not withdraw it from him when absent. He was encouraged to write to them, and the tone in which they answered his letters showed no diminution of interest in him. The following letter is dated seven years after he had left Denmark:—

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Charles M. Young

when 9 years old

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'Gravenstein, March 13, 1794.

'I thank you much, my dear Charles, for the beautiful present which Schwartz has brought me from you. That present was the more agreeable to me, because I regarded it as a sure proof upon your remembering of the time you had passed into Denmark. I had thanked you sooner for the receiving of your letter, when an eyesore had not, almost the whole winter, hindered me from writing.

'My husband presents his services to you, and begs me to thank you for your letter to him. We are both at good health. Farewell, dear Charles. Be always healthy and content. *That* is the fervent wish of your sincere friend,

'Louise Auguste,
'Queen of Denmark.'

Many years after, when her Majesty was in London, and her former *protégé* was in full-blown favour with the public as a tragedian, she never missed an opportunity of witnessing his performances. The first night of her attendance at the theatre she sent her chamberlain round behind the scenes for 'dear Charles,' and told him he was to call on her every day during her brief stay.

Shortly after Charles Young's return from Denmark he was sent to Eton. There he remained three years. I have heard the late Earl of Suffolk, and others of humbler name, say, that they remembered him as their school-fellow, and that he was distinguished for strength and activity in the playing-fields, and for a faculty of attracting crowds around him by his talent for telling amusing stories. From Eton, which he loved, he was transplanted, without reason assigned, to Merchant Tailors'. My own suspicion is, that his father was compelled to remove him from the costlier school by financial considerations. During the Christmas vacation, Thomas Young was in the habit of giving frequent dinners to his friends and acquaintance. On one of these occasions (when, by the bye, one of his lions, Prince Le Boo, was present), as Charles was descending the stairs to the dining-room, in his smartest clothes, he saw a slatternly woman seated on one of the chairs in the hall, with a boy standing by her side, dressed in fantastic garb, with the blackest and most penetrating eyes he had ever beheld in human head. His first impression was that the two were strolling gipsies from Bartholomew Fair, who had come for medical advice.

He was soon undeceived; for no sooner was dessert taken up than he heard the servant whisper their presence in the hall,

and, to his surprise, saw the master, instead of manifesting displeasure, smirk and smile, and with an air of self-complacent patronage, desire his butler to bring in 'the boy.' On his entry he was taken by the hand, patted on the head, and requested to favour the company with a specimen of his histrionic ability. With a self-possession marvellous in one so young he stood forth, knitted his brow, hunched up one shoulder-blade, and, with sardonic grin and husky voice, spouted forth Glo'ster's opening soliloquy in Richard III. He then recited selections from some of our minor British poets, grave and gay; danced a hornpipe; sang songs, both comic and pathetic; and, for fully an hour, displayed such versatility, as to elicit vociferous applause from his auditory, and substantial evidence of its sincerity by a shower of crown pieces and shillings—a napkin having been opened and spread upon the floor for their reception. The accumulated treasures having been poured into the gaping pockets of the lad's trowsers, with a smile of gratified vanity and grateful acknowledgment, he withdrew, rejoined his tatterdemalion friend in the hall, and left the house rejoicing. The door was no sooner closed than every one present desired to know the name of the youthful prodigy who had so astonished them. The host replied, that 'This was not the first time he had had him to amuse his friends: that he knew nothing of the lad's history or antecedents; but that his name was Edmund Kean: and that that of the woman who seemed to have the charge of him, and was his supposititious mother, was Carey.'

Charles Young and his two brothers were always so reluctant to allude to their early days, in consequence of the pain with which the retrospect was fraught, that I studiously abstained from asking for details, which, if given, could but have reopened old sores, never altogether healed. The result is, that much which I should now be glad to know, and which must have happened in the eventful years between their boy- and manhood is dark to me. Enough, however, transpired from time to time, from indirect sources, to convince me that the wedded life of the wife, and the youth of the sons of Thomas Young, were rendered all but insupportable by the brutal tyranny of their natural protector, yet most unnatural parent. The most trivial error of judgment, or the slightest failure of memory on the part of his sons, was visited by the father with punishment as condign as if the venial faults of childhood had been the deliberate sins of maturer years. The mere shadow of a remonstrance from the mother produced a volcanic eruption of fiery exasperation from the father that was overwhelming. At last, when the measure

of his cruelty had nearly reached its height, it was consummated by the audacious avowal of his intention to depose the rightful mistress of his house in favour of the illicit mistress of his affections. Up to the moment of that crowning wrong his sons had exercised incomparable self-control: thenceforward they would listen to no terms of compromise; but raw and inexperienced as they were—the youngest a stripling hardly out of his teens—fully conscious of the hardships and penury the assertion of their independence would entail on their mother and themselves—without one sixpence with which to meet the stern exigencies of daily life, yet brave in the conscious rectitude of filial motive, they withdrew their outraged mother from her own roof-tree the self-same hour in which her husband's leman set foot upon its threshold.

At a loss to know whither to turn for shelter, they repaired for counsel and assistance to their mother's sister, a maiden lady of retiring habits and restricted means, who lived in a small house of her own. In the sympathy of this good Christian lady her nephews felt assured they might confide, though their faith in her power to help them in their difficulties was but feeble. Their misgiving, however, was not justified by the event; for, by the exercise of feminine ingenuity, masculine energy, and sisterly generosity, she not only contrived to house the homeless fugitives, but, by the purchase of an annuity with her few thousands, so to enlarge her income as to support her nephews till they were in a condition to support themselves. From that moment the blessing of Providence attended their steps through life. All three brothers had realized a competence before they were fifty years of age. George rose rapidly in his profession, and soon earned enough to be able to receive his brother Winslow as his inmate, and to induce his aunt to keep house for him. As Charles had undertaken to support his mother, George was enabled to devote himself heart and mind to his aunt, and thus to requite her for her goodness. I never heard him allude to her in his old age without the profoundest emotion and veneration.

If I were writing in the year 1825, instead of in the year 1870, I should not need to say that George Young occupied a very high position among his professional brethren. I have often been told that no man, except Copeland, ever attained to such practice as a London surgeon, who had never walked the English hospitals. His education had been chiefly under the celebrated Boyer in Paris. Had they been now alive, I am warranted in saying, that such men as Sir Astley Cooper, Sir

William Knighton, Dr. Gooch, Benjamin Travers, Abernethy, Dr. Babington, and Hodson of Birmingham, would have borne enthusiastic testimony to his accomplishments as a surgeon. When he was but forty-five years of age his health was so impaired by overwork that, though in the very meridian of his reputation, and in the receipt of 8000*l.* a year, he felt compelled to relinquish the prospect of higher distinction, and the wealth apparently within his grasp, and retire on a fortune of 60,000*l.* I mention this in no boastful spirit, though it was not an insignificant sum to have realized at forty-five; but that I may enjoy the proud satisfaction of telling what, had he been alive, I should not have dared to name, viz., that while his establishment, which was modest and in harmony with his unpretending disposition, was that of a gentleman, yet so simple were his tastes, so few his wants, and so well administered his expenditure, that, with an income of 2500*l.* a year, his united personal and household expenses never exceeded 400*l.*, while his benefactions to friends, and his charities to the poor, averaged 2000*l.* per annum.

I have lately read the memoirs of a man I knew very well, Crabbe Robinson. I see he mentions in them an anecdote of my uncle, which gives some slight insight into his nobility of soul. Vol. iii., p. 148: 'I spent a couple of hours with Mr. George Young. I took courage to relate to him an anecdote about himself. Nearly forty years ago I happened to be in a Hackney stage-coach with Young. A stranger came in. It was opposite Lackington's. On a sudden the stranger struck Young a violent blow in the face. Young coolly put his head out of the window and told the coachman to let him out. Not a word passed between Young and the stranger. But the former, having alighted, said, in a calm voice, before he shut the door, "Ladies and Gentlemen, that is my father." Young recollected the incident perfectly, but not that I was present.'* Vide Crabbe Robinson again:—'Sept., 1850. Miss Denman informed me of the death of one of the most esteemed of my friends—George Young. He was one of the very best talkers I ever met with. His good sense and judgment were admirable. Without imagination or lively abilities, his judgment was perfect. I enjoyed his company, and have sustained an irreparable loss.'

Winslow, the youngest of the three sons, was taken as clerk in the house of a West India merchant, where, through his ability, assiduity, and the nice sense of honour he showed in certain

* At the time when this striking incident occurred, which I have heard my grandmother tell, I doubt if Robinson knew my uncle. Their meeting in the coach was purely an accident.

very complicated transactions, he was quickly made partner, and ultimately became principal. Before he was fifty years of age he also had retired with a handsome competence.

Charles was received as clerk, without premium, in the opulent house of Loughnan & Co. But, having no aptitude for the desk, and finding his remuneration inadequate to his own maintenance, as well as that of his mother, it did not require much persuasion to induce him to relinquish the ledger in favour of the buskin. Before hazarding his reputation on the metropolitan boards, he wisely determined to undergo that apprenticeship to the technicalities of the histrionic art with which no intuition can dispense, which familiarizes the actor with the tread of the boards, gives him self-possession in the presence of numbers, and teaches him not merely how to make his exits and entrances with ease, but even how to use his hands and arms without constraint. So long as his success was problematical, he thought it prudent to make his first appearance under a feigned name. Accordingly he made his *début* on the Liverpool boards, as Mr. Green, in the character of Douglas, in the year 1798. His success having been unequivocally pronounced by the local critics, he resumed his proper appellation in 1799, and accepted an engagement to 'lead' in Manchester. In 1800, in 1801, in 1802, and in 1803, he was playing with uninterrupted favour at Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. For the latter parts of 1802 and 1803 he played frequently also in Edinburgh, where he was made much of by the society of the town and neighbourhood. Lockhart, in his *Life of Walter Scott*, says, in p. 265 of the second volume:—'Scott had, from his boyish days, a great love for theatrical representation; and so soon as circumstances enabled him to practise extended hospitality, the chief actors of his time, whenever they happened to be in Scotland, were among the most acceptable of his guests. Mr. Charles Young was, I believe, the first of them of whom he saw much. As early as 1803 I find him writing of that gentleman to the Marchioness of Abercorn as a valuable addition to the society of Edinburgh; and, down to the end of Scott's life, Mr. Young was never in the North without visiting him.'

In the early part of the year 1804, the playgoers of the metropolis were thrown into considerable excitement by the appearance at the Haymarket of a young lady—a Miss Grimani—whose personal beauty and dramatic genius gave promise of great things. It was hopeless for the managers of Drury Lane to expect that in her they had found a rival to Mrs. Siddons, in those lofty and dignified parts which that mighty actress had

made unapproachably her own, and which will always be identified with her name—the Constances and Hermiones and Lady Macbeths and Queen Catherines; but such men as Richard Brinsley Sheridan and George Colman were, perhaps, not unwarranted in predicting that, in parts calling for grace and archness, tenderness, passion and pathos, such as Rosalind, Juliet, Imogene, Desdemona, and Beatrice, Miss Grimani would have distanced all competitors of her generation, had she not been early cut off in her career. Unfortunately for the pockets of the Haymarket managers, and for the establishment of her fame, she had only offered herself to public notice a few weeks previously to the closing of the season. The inevitable result was, that there was neither time nor opportunity for testing the range of her powers. In the only two characters in which she appeared, viz. Juliet and Lady Teazle, she made, in the parlance of the Green Room, 'a decided hit.' For the former part, her fresh youth, the buoyancy of her spirit, her great beauty, and her ardent Italian temperament, especially fitted her; while she was no less qualified to excel in the latter by her natural vivacity, ease, and familiarity with high life.

The report of her success travelled like wild-fire through the provinces, and offers of engagement poured in upon her from all the chief towns in England. George Colman tried hard to secure her for the next season; but she declined in consequence of more tempting offers held out to her from one of the two great theatres. The motives which induced Miss Grimani to abandon the privacy of home life for the publicity of the 'boards' can only be appreciated by familiarity with the history of her parents as well as of herself. There is so much that is romantic in the lives of all three, that I make no apology for introducing a brief sketch of them here.

Julia Ann Grimani was the elder daughter of Gaspar, the second son of the Marquis Grimani, a member of one of the very noblest and proudest houses in Venice: one which, though it cannot boast of the historic celebrity of the Dandolos and Foscaris and Falieros, surpasses them all in antiquity, and can boast of having the blood of five Doges in its veins. He was born in the Palazzo Grimani, which Sir William Tite declared, in the House of Commons was the finest specimen of Paladian architecture that he knew.* It has been better known, perhaps,

* Fergusson, in his *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture*, says, vol. iii. p. 27:—'The Grimani Palace embraces all the elegance of classical art with the most perfect appropriateness to the purposes of a modern palace.' And again: 'There is nothing of a palatial character out of

till recently, by English travellers as the Austrian General Post Office, situate on the Grand Canal. He had two uncles who were both cardinals. Besides the palace in the Grand Canal, the Palazzo Grimani at San Toma, and the Palazzo Grimani at S. Maria Formosa, were also the property of his father. They have fallen into sad decay, yet were their owners considered as among the highest of the Venetian aristocracy up to the year 1818, as the following lines, from a letter of W. Stewart Rose to Lord Byron, imply:—

> 'Byron, while you make gay what circle fits ye,
> Bandy Venetian slang with the Benzòne,
> Or play at company with the Albrizzi,
> The self-pleased pedant and patrician crone,
> *Grimanis*, Mocenigos, Balbis, Rizzi,
> Compassionate our cruel case,—alone,' &c.

The first portrait, a very large one, in the first room in the Palazzo Ducale (*i. e.* if the pictures hang as they did when last I saw them in 1853), by Tintoretto, is a splendid one of Marino Grimani, who was Doge in 1595; and there is, in the same room, another of Antonio Grimani, who was Doge in 1521; and in the Gran Consiglio there are three other portraits of three other Doges—Grimani.

Gaspar Grimani was handsome in person, polished in manner, and an accomplished swordsman. In those days duelling was in vogue, and on several occasions his skill in fence was put to the proof. He always managed, after a few passes, to disarm his antagonist, when he would pick up his sword and politely present it to its owner. His skill and courtesy combined prevented any of his encounters proving deadly. He was also a man of singular ability and erudition, and took no mean rank as a classical scholar. He was master of seven modern languages; and a proficient in mathematics and astronomy. On the latter science he wrote a work in several volumes, though he was never able to publish it. His eldest brother being heir to the title and estates, his parents dedicated Gaspar to the service of the Roman Catholic Church, without at all consulting his feelings in the matter. While in minor orders and before he had been made a priest, a curious adventure befell him, which exercised a marked influence over his future life. He was riding alone, on an unfrequented road, in the neighbourhood of a large dense forest.

Venice, created, either in Italy or on this side of the Alps, so beautiful as the façades of this and the Vandramini, the Cornaro, and other palaces of this city.'

On abruptly turning a corner he saw a sight which would have made many put spurs to their horse's sides, and galloped off; but Grimani was made of different metal. He beheld the figure of a man prostrate, wounded, bleeding to death, and surrounded by a group of angry brigands, whose captain he had been, but whom they had risen against and murdered. The moment the unhappy wretch, whose life was ebbing fast, descried Gaspar Grimani, and saw by his religious garb that he was in holy orders, he called to him and implored him, for the love of God, to come to him and 'confess' him. One of the men, seeing him about to dismount from his horse with the purpose of doing so, peremptorily bade him 'halt;' swearing if he moved another yard, he would put a bullet through him. Gaspar gently remonstrated with him, but in vain. Once more the fast-expiring man piteously appealed to the young stranger, as he valued his own soul, to come and save his. A man of impulse, and heedless of consequences, Grimani sprang from his horse, rushed up to the miscreant who had menaced him, wrenched his pistol from out his belt, and kneeling by the wounded sufferer, supported him with one arm, while with the other he presented the pistol at the group around him, and with loud and resolute voice commanded them to 'stand back.' Impressed by his fearlessness, and awed by his manner, they instinctively obeyed him, and retired to a considerable distance while the dying man made his confession. Grimani, after having prayed with him and given him absolution, received him in his arms a corpse. The band drew near. Grimani rose as they did so, and, without evincing the slightest particle of fear, at once returned the pistol to its owner, while he stood calmly with folded arms, awaiting his fate. To his surprise, the brigand who had threatened to shoot him approached him reverently and thus addressed him:—'Per Bacco! you are the bravest man we ever saw! We admire you! We like you! We are astonished at your courage! We have a proposition to make to you. If you will stay with us and be our captain, we will gladly serve under you; and we will soon help to put more money in your pocket than you will ever earn as a priest.' Grimani smiled, thanked them for the honour they had done him in making the offer, declined it, and rode away without receiving the slightest molestation at their hands.

The report of this strange casualty soon spread through the neighbourhood, and eventually reached the ears of the more prominent ecclesiastics, by whom he was severely reprimanded

on two counts: first, for having, as a minister of peace, dared to arm himself with an offensive weapon; secondly, for having presumed to absolve a sinner before he had been priested. He told them that, if he had erred, he had done so from blind instinct, and from the dictates of humanity, and craved their forgiveness.

The harshness of those he appealed to wounded him profoundly, and he owned in after years to his wife, that from that hour his faith in the Church's teaching was sapped and undermined. He began then to think, that for a sinner such as he to profess to pardon sins, whether in or out of orders, was flat blasphemy, and an arrogant assumption of a power which belonged to the Most High alone. The more he reflected on his own sins of omission and commission, and on the dissolute lives of many of the order to which he had aspired, the more dissatisfied he become with himself, with them, and with their principles. At last he determined that, rather than continue in a vocation which would constrain him to do violence to his own convictions, he would fly from his native country and abjure the faith into which he had been baptized. After contending with many difficulties, encountering many months' delay, and adopting many disguises, he at last effected his escape to England.

About this very time Gaspar's elder brother died; and, as Gaspar himself had not been ordained priest, the family honours and estates would necessarily have devolved on him, had not his apostasy and misconduct so enraged Pope Pius VI. that he excommunicated him and confiscated his property. Subsequently, however, while still a celibate, he received an autograph letter from the Pope (which letter is now in the possession of one of the family), promising to restore him to his title and estates, and, in addition, to give him a cardinal's hat, if he would but recant his errors, repent him of his sins, and return in a loyal spirit to the bosom of Mother Church.

When he read the letter, he threw it aside contemptuously, and said to one who was by his side—'A cardinal's hat, forsooth! Why, if they could only entangle me by such a promise, they would shut me up within four stone walls, and never let me out! Much good the cardinal's hat would do me then! No! I prefer a crust eaten in the free air of England to a stalled ox in Italy, or to the most dazzling overture his Holiness could make me.'

On reaching London, the first door at which he presented himself was Lansdowne House, whose lord he had known inti-

mately in Italy, and who received him under his roof with all the cordiality he had expected. Until the day of his death, he continued one of his best and staunchest friends. After two or three years' residence in London, he once more revisited the continent. There he fell in love with a nun, whom he persuaded to leave her convent, break her vows, and marry him. By her he had two children. The elder, William, I remember, when I was a boy of twelve, meeting at Blackheath, in the year 1818, at Viscountess Percival's.* Over the fate of the younger there still hangs an insoluble mystery. When she was but ten months old her nurse became acquainted with a young man who professed himself her suitor, and promised her marriage. One morning, when she was out walking with the baby in her arms, this man joined her, and, after the usual interchange of soft nothings, pointing to some gaudy bauble in a shop window, begged her to go in and buy it for him, as he did not like as a man, to be seen asking for such an effeminate article. 'I will hold the child,' said he, 'till you come back.' She executed her commission, and, on returning from the shop to the spot where she had left her 'follower,' found both him and the baby gone. A rigorous search was instituted all over Paris. Handsome rewards were offered, and every device an expert police could hit upon was had recourse to, but to no purpose; neither lover nor child was ever again heard of.

After the lapse of several weeks of agonizing suspense, Grimani received an anonymous letter, couched in the following terms:—'It will be useless for you to seek for your child! She is safe! but she is—where you can never find her. She has been taken from you in mercy, as an atonement to the Blessed Virgin for her parent's broken vows.'

Whether a righteous retribution or not, this was a fearful blow to the father and mother. Their distress was pitiable; still, despite the dark warning of the letter, they clung tenaciously to hope with all the energy of despair. For three or four years they visited the most frequented as well as the most secluded spots; in short, wherever there were religious houses

* In my first edition I stated that I was nine, and that the year was 1815: but reference to an inscription in a book given me and inscribed by Lady Percival, proves me to have been mistaken. Again, I find Viscountess Percival was not the Minister's widow, but the widow of Viscount Percival, whose son afterwards became the Earl of Egmont. Lady Percival partially brought up Belina Grimani, Lady in Waiting to Queen Caroline, and her sister Mrs. Hornby, the mother of Sir Edmund Grimani Hornby, the two daughters of the above William.

to be found, in quest of their kidnapped child; but their efforts were futile. The poor mother never recovered her peace of mind; she drooped, fell into decline, and died. Her husband mourned his loss for years, and, shortly after her death, returned to England, which ever after he regarded as his home.

When he had attained to the ripe age of fifty-two, he found himself once more in the toils of Hymen, having been captivated by the remarkable beauty of a Mlle. Wagner. Her father had been a German gentleman of high position, her mother a Loromandi, a Spanish lady of noble birth. If I may believe the reports of many who knew her in her prime, and if I may infer her youthful attractions from my recollection of her in the winter of her days, she must have been a person of transcendent loveliness. Her features at eighty were still exquisitely chiselled; her skin had the texture of ivory; her complexion the tint of a delicate peach. Her figure and mien, on the other hand, were truly majestic.

Two anecdotes of her are treasured up by her descendants with no small pride, and justifiably so; for they are not only tributes to her beauty, but evidences of her moral excellence, ready wit, and presence of mind. When only nineteen, she was walking round one of the squares in the immediate vicinity of her residence, in company with a friend much older than herself, when the ladies became painfully conscious that they were followed by two fops, who took good care that their admiration of the younger one should reach her ears. Piqued at her indifference alike to their proximity and their remarks, they pushed rudely by at an accelerated pace, and soon after turned backed again so as to meet her face to face. As they drew near she heard one of them, in animated dispute with his companion, say, 'She is, I tell you!' and the other, 'She is not!' The first speaker drew up directly in front of her, put up his glass, and then pronounced his verdict:—'She *is* painted, by God!' She stopped, haughtily scanned him from head to foot, and with a face aflame with indignation, retorted on him, 'Yes, Sir! I am painted (then pointing solemnly to heaven) by God!' The young men, not altogether destitute of good feeling, were awed by the severity of her reproof; and, blushing for their effrontery, took off their hats, retiring from the scene, it is to be hoped, sadder and wiser men.

Again. When Gaspar Grimani had determined to settle in this country, and had well-nigh exhausted his finances, he ac-

cepted the appointment of Professor of Mathematics at Eton College. He lived in a small but pretty house within a short distance of the town of Windsor.

George III., who knew his story, his noble birth, his errors, and his misfortunes, conceived sufficient liking for him to offer him unrestricted access at all times to his library in the Castle —a privilege of which he was not slow to avail himself. In the mean time, the great beauty of his young wife had attracted the notice of different members of the Royal household; who having spoken of it to the young Prince of Wales, he determined to judge for himself how far she merited her reputation! Accordingly one day, when she was sitting alone in her drawing-room reading, the door was flung open, and a gentleman, unannounced, was ushered in by the footman. He smiled and bowed, and approached her in a somewhat familiar and patronizing manner, saying, as he seated himself, 'Is Mons. Grimani at home?' She bowed slightly, and told him he was not. 'When do you suppose he is likely to be back?' 'I cannot say, Sir.' Her manner was studiedly cold and reserved; for though he flattered himself, from that very circumstance, that he could not have been recognised, she knew perfectly well the person as well as character of the unscrupulous libertine she had to deal with. Rather disconcerted by her silence, he walked up and down the room without saying a word. He was probably concocting his plans of operation. After a turn or two he took up a light chair, planted it by the side of Mrs. Grimani, and sat down upon it. As he did so, she rose. He requested her to be seated. 'No, Sir; I prefer to stand!' After a few shallow commentaries on her house, grounds, and neighbourhood, he broke forth abruptly into fulsome encomiums on her beauty. She disdained to utter a word. At first, he was staggered at her statuesque serenity, and then exclaimed, 'Fame has done you but scant justice, after all. You certainly are a most bewitching creature, in spite of your chilling looks! You are trying to make yourself look as disagreeable as you can; but you can't succeed. You must forgive me if I avow my wonder that so lovely a creature could sacrifice herself to such an old fellow as Grimani. May I beg you to tell me frankly why you married him?' She replied, with undisguised *hauteur*, 'For the best of all reasons, because I loved him.' He burst out laughing, repeating her words in a tone of derision, 'Loved *him!* Impossible! Love an old fellow like that, when you might have the handsomest of our young nobles at your feet! Non-

sense! You cannot love him!' 'Recollect, Sir,' she rejoined, in tremulous accents, 'You are speaking to a wife of her husband!' Again he laughed contemptuously and said—'Well; if he is your husband, he must be a born fool to leave so young and captivating a wife out of his sight, and in such a lonely place as this too!' '*No*, Sir: he is no fool. He knows me well, and trusts me!' The Prince sprang from his chair, and said—'That is all very fine, my fair one! but supposing an impudent young spark, such as *I* am, caught you thus in his arms'—(he snatched at both her hands, and tried to draw her towards him)—'you would not be afraid, would you?' She rivetted the glance of a basilisk upon him as she said—'Afraid!—and of you! Are you aware that I am half a Spaniard, and always carry my best friend with me—in my bosom?' He started, and as he did so, she wrenched her hand from his grasp, thrust it within the folds of her dress, and held it there, *as if she clutched a dagger;* and then slowly, and with clenched teeth, asked him 'if he would like to see her bosom friend?' He recoiled from her precipitately, exclaiming in tones of unmistakable alarm, 'Oh dear! No! No!' She then flew to the bell, and pulled it violently. In one second the door opened, and the servant, who knew the Prince, who had had his suspicions of the object of the royal visit, and had been standing outside the door, that he might be at hand if he were wanted, was told 'to show the gentleman out of doors.' The Prince bowed awkwardly, and hastily beat a retreat. As he did so, he thrust a guinea in the servant's hand, and with it a ready-written letter which he had brought with him for his mistress, in case of accidents. The faithful creature took the letter and the money, and threw them both into the street, shouting after him, 'I know you, Sir, and scorn you and your money too.'

When Madame Grimani told her husband what had happened in his absence, he became seriously alarmed; and hearing that for two successive nights a carriage-and-four had been seen waiting in the adjacent lane, he thought it prudent to fling up his appointment at Eton, and to take his wife and child to Paris. There they lived five years; their seclusion cheered by the birth of a daughter, to whom they gave the names of Julia Ann. When she was about three years old they left France and removed to Bath, where Mr. Grimani, like many other noble refugees in those days, had recourse to tuition as a means of livelihood. From an early age until the day of his death, he bestowed consummate care on the education of his daughter; so

that, before she was sixteen, she spoke and wrote with equal facility English, French, and Italian. Whether she was equally familiar with Spanish I cannot say; although it is not unreasonable to conjecture, that, with her aptitude for language, she must have acquired her mother's tongue. She had a very fine contralto voice, and was an average musician. She was named Julia after Lady Suffolk, the ante-penultimate Countess of that title. There had been great intimacy for many years between the Earl and Mr. Grimani; and the kindness of the noble lord and his countess, and their protection of Julia, was as unintermitting as it was parental. They loved her as their own child, and treated her as such; and the affection which existed between their daughter, Lady Catherine, and their young *protégée* was that of tenderly attached sisters. How long she lived with her noble friends, at Charlton and in Harley Street (their town house), I know not; but I believe it to have been for a year or two. When she was, as far as I can make out, between eighteen and twenty, she received three offers of marriage. The first was from no less a person than the Earl of Moira, subsequently Marquis of Hastings. His proposal was seconded by the influence of the Earl of Suffolk himself. But although he did everything in his power to induce her to accept him, she humbly declined the distinction, for the simple reason that she did not value rank, for its own sake, and, much as she admired the man, yet did not love him.

The second was from a Count Zenobia, of whom I find Madame D'Arblay makes mention in her *Memoirs* (vol. ii. p. 116). He was an ambassador to this country from some foreign court. She refused his hand more than once. In pressing his suit he held out, as an inducement to her to yield to his solicitations, a promise, that, through his influence with Napoleon Buonaparte, he would get her family reinstated in their property and honours. Finding her still proof against both his importunity and bribe, he penned her a most impassioned letter, accompanied by a casket of magnificent diamonds, which she immediately and indignantly returned.

To the third offer I feel some scruple in alluding; and yet, considering it was made nearly seventy years ago, I should hope it will not offend his family to read of it, if they never knew it before. It was made by Viscount Andover, the eldest son of her best friends and benefactors, Lord and Lady Suffolk, the former of whom was afterwards shot by the accidental discharge of his own fowling-piece. In this instance there was every quality to enlist her love and respect. Principle alone prevented

her from accepting him. She considered that such a union, though it would not have been opposed by his family, could hardly be desired by them, and that her compliance with his wishes would be an ungrateful return for the extraordinary kindness she had received from his parents; and therefore she gratefully and regretfully declined what she considered to have been the greatest honour ever conferred upon her.

CHAPTER II.

After her father's death, which withdrew from her family their mainstay, she felt called upon to exert herself in their behalf, and prop up the dilapidated fortunes of her house. She had no sooner formed her purpose, than she declared her intention of going on the stage to Lord and Lady Suffolk. They were vehemently opposed to the idea. They told her that by such a step she would lose the prestige attaching to her birth; that she would be thrown into associations uncongenial with her habits of life, and would probably be exposed not only to temptation, but to the jealousy and calumny of her own sex, who would dislike her for her personal attractiveness and envy her for her superior position in society. Readily disposed as she was to bow to their wishes, her soul revolted from the thought of continuing to eat the bread of idleness, while her mother, her brothers, and her little sister were struggling on in comparative indigence: and therefore, deaf to all remonstrance, she made her first essay on the boards at Bath, in the play of *The Grecian Daughter*, and by the combined force of talent, grace, and beauty, achieved a triumphant success.

Bath, at that time, was the most fashionable resort in England, and good society there was so concentrated, and available on such easy terms, that gentlemen of the highest station, not less on social than on economical grounds, preferred removing their whole establishments there for the winter to going to Weymouth, Brighton, or any of the other watering-places. One of the most faithful devotees of Bath was the late estimable Duchess of York, who, to mark her appreciation of Miss Grimani's motives in exchanging the tranquillity of home for the turmoil of the stage, lost no opportunity of befriending her. I may be permitted to mention, as an instance of the estimation in which she was held in Bath, that as soon as her first benefit was advertised, a deputation of influential residents waited on

the manager of the theatre with a request that he would allow the whole pit and orchestra to be converted into stalls, that her receipts might be the larger. The sum netted in consequence —private presents included—was 500*l.*

When, in 1804, she was deemed ripe for a London audience, she made her *début* at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Juliet, with extraordinary *éclat*. Unfortunately she had but limited opportunity of exhibiting the range of her talent, inasmuch as a very few weeks after her first appearance the theatre closed, and she was obliged to fulfil her previous engagements in the provinces. It would be ungrateful in her son not to mention here, that so watchful were Lord and Lady Suffolk over their young charge, that, in her engagements at the theatre, both in going there and returning thence, she always had the use of their carriage, the protection of a confidential man servant, and the attendance of her own maid.

It was in the month of October, 1804, that Charles Young, who had been engaged to fill all the first parts at the Liverpool Theatre, was informed that the lady who was to have undisputed choice of the first female parts was Miss Grimani, whose reputation had already preceded her advent. Young no sooner saw her than he felt his future destiny entwined with hers. They became mutually attached to each other by community of sentiment, similarity of circumstance, and identity of motive. Neither had embraced their profession from choice, but from necessity; both were supporting their relatives by their exertions, and thrown into daily intimacy by their vocation; both were personally well favoured—he playing the hero's parts and she the heroine's. No wonder, then, that their love scenes should have seemed, rather the unpremeditated effusions of nature than the studied simulations of art. No wonder that

> 'The love whose view was muffled still,
> Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will,'

or, that, under the mask of impersonation, the words that burned on Romeo's lips, and 'the thoughts that breathed' from Juliet's, should have been but the echo of their own hearts' voice. Suffice it to say, that they had not long been engaged by Messrs. Lewis and Knight, to play the lovers' parts in public, before they entered into a permanent engagement to play the lovers' parts in private, at St. Ann's Church, Liverpool, on the 9th of March, 1805. Their marriage would have taken place before, but for the lady's anxiety, to see her mother previously estab-

lished with her eldest son, and her younger brother and sister placed at school.*

Shortly after their honeymoon, the newly-married pair, although they received many lucrative offers from other towns, preferred to accept one for a twelvemonth at Manchester. As an audience, the people of that town have always enjoyed, in common with Edinburgh and Bath, the credit of great acumen in their appreciation of histrionic talent, so much so indeed, that any aspirant to metropolitan fame, on going up to London with the stamp of their imprimatur on him, was sure of favourable reception. This consideration, combined with the liberal terms offered them, the large discretion allowed them in the choice of pieces, and the selectness of the *corps dramatique*, swayed them materially in their decision. Their life in Manchester was one of unchequered bliss: not a cloud once dimmed their horizon for fourteen months. The flattering notice of the great county families, as well as the cordial kindness of the leading manufacturers—the consciousness of public favour, and the prospect of appearing together in London, shed such sunshine on their daily path, that they were wont, themselves, to say, with prophetic misgiving, 'This is all too bright to last.'

On the days when their services were not required at the theatre, they were in the habit of recreating themselves by making short excursions in the country, remaining hours in the open air, and passing the night at any roadside inn which caught their fancy. Few, unaware of the high pressure of theatrical life, and the restlessness it engenders, can dream of the invigorating and healthy reaction which takes place on exchanging the mephitic odours of carburetted hydrogen for the pure air of heaven, and the discordant sounds of applause or disapproval for the harmonious notes of the blackbird and the thrush. It was on one of the happy occasions alluded to, that, while driving through the then small village of Prestwich, attracted by the quietude of the spot, they agreed to put up their horse and buggy at some neighbouring stables, and take an

* This brother died a few years ago, and left a widow and a lovely daughter behind him, whom, I regret to say, I do not know. The sister married the late Rev. James Smith, a man well known and universally respected. In the County of Derry especially he was very highly thought of. He possessed remarkable gifts as an extempore preacher, and in godly simplicity and sincerity of heart was second to none. He has left sons and a daughter behind him (who inherit both his talents and his virtues) to console his admirable widow for her heavy loss.

hour's stroll through the meadows, terminating their walk by an inspection of the village church. Although the country in the vicinity was not particularly beautiful, yet, contrasted with the murky smoke and busy din of the great hive of industry they had left behind them, the mere verdure of the fields, and the sense of peace around, had a soothing effect upon their nervous systems. While Young was lazily loitering in the churchyard, and looking at the dates and ages on the tombstones, his wife stood still, musing with rivetted gaze on a solitary weeping birch, that stood nearly in the centre of the churchyard. There is, perhaps, no tree so graceful, so full of sentiment, so tremulously feminine, as the birch. One can fancy it pensively drooping its tresses over some little grassy mound, as if in pity for its tiny tenant. The husband, seeing his wife mute and absorbed, asked her what she was looking at, and of what she was thinking.

'I was thinking——that I should like to exact a favour of you—a conditional one.'

'What is it, darling?'

'You know I am hoping soon to be a mother!'—(a pause). 'If it should be God's will I die in giving life to my babe, promise me, Charles, you will lay me beneath that sweet tree.'

Distressed to find her thoughts running in such a dismal channel, he gently chid her, and begged her to banish such morbid apprehensions from her mind.

Alas! the shadow of the coming event must have passed over her spirit at that time; for a few brief weeks saw her lying in the very cemetery she had lately visited, and under the tree of her own choice.

After giving birth to the writer of this crude Memoir, she was attacked with puerperal fever, fell a victim to it, and died on the 17th of July, 1806. At her funeral, the respect entertained for her virtues was shown by the closing of the shutters of every shop window on the route along which her remains were conveyed to their resting place.

At this critical period of his life, Charles Young was really in a pitiable condition; for, just as he had begun for the first time to taste the sweets of sympathy, and was picturing to himself joys enhanced and anxieties diminished by participation with an intelligent and responsive partner, she was taken from him: his hopes were nipped in the very bud, his projects were overthrown, and a novel duty was laid upon him for which by

nature he was ill-qualified, and to which the claims of his art rendered him incompetent. Every one who knew his circumstances clearly saw, that a child, with none but hireling hands to tend it, must operate at least as a clog on his free agency, if not an almost insuperable barrier to his professional advancement. To extricate him from the horns of this dilemma, two generous ladies, animated by the love they bore my mother's memory, volunteered the charge of her infant till it should be old enough for school. The first to make this generous proposition was the Lady Catherine Howard, the gentle daughter of the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, and my mother's dearest friend. There was no one of whose suavity of disposition and stability of principle my father had learned to think more highly. But, bewildered as he was by the conflicting suggestions of inclination on the one hand, and of duty on the other, he still was sufficiently master of himself to perceive that the disparity of station between the inheritors of 'the blood of all the Howards' and his child, would render intimate association between them undesirable for both; while the greater the familiarity of intercourse permitted, the greater would be the risk of his boy's imbibing ideas, tastes, habits, and possibly prejudices, ill-suited to him.

To the care, therefore, of one, to whom these objections did not apply—the daughter of a widowed father, Captain Forbes, R.N.—was the little superfluous incumbrance consigned. And never was trust more faithfully discharged. This young lady's circle of acquaintance was circumscribed; but she was so self-sufficing, shy, and silent, that she did not seek to enlarge it. Her whole thoughts were divided between duty to her father and the child consigned to her guardianship. The few 'friends she had, and their adoption tried, she grappled to her soul with hooks of steel.' Though she did not die till I was fifteen, I saw but little of her after six; and yet, child as I was, the memory of her goodness to me will never die. A protracted life of dutiful devotion could never have requited her for the six first years of maternal love she lavished upon me.

It was in the year 1806, on the 17th of October, exactly three months after his wife's decease, that Charles Young, unable to remain in the town so intimately associated with his bitter bereavement, entered into negociation with George Colman for an engagement at the Haymarket theatre, of which the great wit and playwright was the popular manager.

Some of the present generation may never, even, have heard

his name; therefore I will venture to insert an extract from Lord Byron's life, which will show his estimate of him:—

'I have met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage. He never laughed (at least that *I* saw—and I watched him), but Colman did. If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, "Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman: Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for everything—from the madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret, with a layer of port between the glasses, up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog or gin-and-water at daybreak." All these have I threaded with both. Sheridan was a Grenadier COMPANY of Life-Guards: Colman was a whole REGIMENT of Light Infantry, to be sure—but still a regiment.'

It was at this period that this gifted man began to correspond with Charles Young.

'October 17, 1806.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I could not give you my ultimatum previous to a general meeting with my partners; and I waited till the day before yesterday the return of one of them from the country. You have been misinformed in respect to Mr. Elliston's original engagement with me; and again I assure you that 20*l.* per week and a benefit much exceeds any bargain formed within my memory between a manager of the Haymarket theatre and a performer coming to try his fortune on the London boards. I cannot help differing with you in your mode of calculation upon relinquishments. We should not now be negociating if we had not both a very confident expectation of your success; and, in case of your success, surely, instead of wanting engagements at the conclusion of the Haymarket season, offers would increase upon you. The London stamp would give you a double currency, and would operate diametrically opposite to your line of reasoning, upon giving up five-and-twenty weeks for thirteen. But I am detailing my own individual opinions, when I ought simply to send you the proposal of our firm.

'We propose, then, fourteen pounds per week and a benefit: you to take all the profits of that benefit, however great, after paying the established charges. Should there be a deficiency, we ensure that you shall clear one hundred pounds by it. This, upon mature deliberation, is all that we think prudence enables us to offer.

'Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully your humble servant,

'GEORGE COLMAN.'

Offers at this time had been made to Young from both of the great theatres; but he declined to join either, I conceive for some such reasons as these:—First, though, had he gone to Drury Lane, he would have had the first parts, a clear stage, and no favour (for the managers, trusting to his provincial reputation, his youth, and his attraction as a novelty, would have put him up in all John Kemble's parts, as a counter-attraction to him), yet he had too genuine an admiration of the 'glorious John,' and too just an estimate of his own powers to dream of measuring swords with him, at that time. Secondly, at Covent Garden, though he would have been treated with all gentlemanlike consideration by Kemble, yet his opportunities for displaying his talents to advantage would have been circumscribed; for he would not have consented to play the second parts, and Kemble had a rightful monopoly of the first. So that, except when Kemble was ill from asthma, the young man would have been practically shelved.

After much animated and prolonged correspondence with the three theatres—his success in London being uncertain, though at Bath, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, it had been confirmed—he resolved to close with Colman, and to appear at the Haymarket on the 22nd of June, 1807, in the character of Hamlet. I will not inflict on my readers any of the criticisms with which the press teemed at the time, with one exception, which is well deserving of perusal. Before giving it, I may say that Young's success was at once assured, though his own estimate of it was grievously alloyed during the performance by the unusual and unwelcome sound of a malignant and persistent hiss. The sensitive ear of the *débutant* was instantaneously directed to the quarter from whence it came, and his heart, which had beat high with hope, sank within him, at the very moment of his triumph, as he detected, in its utterer, the father whose cruelty had exposed him to the risk of the indignity.*

June 25, 1807. The following is the critique of the performance to which I have alluded, and which was written to a friend of Young's, by I know not whom:—

'My dear Mr. Twigge.—If I did not believe Mr. Young, independently of his talent, to be a very superior young man, I

* It is a strange anomaly in the nature of this hard father, that as soon as he found his son's reputation securely established, he made a point of attending the theatre whenever he came out in a new part, and was noticed by many to be among his most enthusiastic applauders.

would not, on any account, consent either to write my cursory remarks on his performance of Hamlet, or to suffer them to be communicated to him. But I believe he deserves to hear what persons well-disposed towards him consider truth; because nature and education have combined, as you tell me, to enable him to profit by it. I am, too, the more encouraged to send you my opinions, by the circumstance of their having received a sanction from a better and much more experienced judge than myself, a friend who has Garrick's Hamlet by heart, and who assures me she has seen no actor in it since at all comparable to Mr. Young, whom she considers, in every point of view, superior in it to John Kemble. She added—"If I knew Mr. Young I should counsel him studiously to avoid all imitation of that able, but artificial, actor; and, if possible, to erase from his remembrance his tones and gestures, as calculated only to impede his progress to the summit of perfection.

> 'So writhes the serpent round the bird of Jove,
> Hangs on her flight, restrains her tow'ring wing.'

Let him," said she, "rather trust to his own great requisites—to feeling, good sense, study and observation, for playing this very interesting, but certainly most difficult part that Shakspeare ever drew."

'As a proof how much experience and consequent judgment are necessary fitly to portray Hamlet, she tells me that Garrick, *when no longer young*, oppressed too, as he was, with bag-wig and ruffles and a full suit of velvet, was more the *young*, the *energetic, impulsive, interesting Prince, the last year* of his playing the character than during any of the former ones—his judgment having become matured. Now Mr. Young has no occasion to wait so long to bring *his* performance to perfection; for, by collecting everything remembered of Garrick, he may obtain an anticipated experience.

'Garrick, my informant tells me, never addressed himself to the audience when speaking the soliloquy, but, with arms occasionally folded and thoughtful brow, appeared (as I presume the author intended that he should) to be uttering his thoughts aloud to himself, without regard either to the manner or the spectators.

'We both think a little more tenderness in the closet scene, and in the last scene with Ophelia, would be better. In both of these, genuine and secret affection should appear to be struggling; in the first with assumed severity, in the last with pretended

distraction. It should wring his heart to repulse his mother's embrace. Even in the mechanical part of the scene with Ophelia—the coming in and out—his gesture should evince rather an agitated than a passionate perturbation.

'All Mr. Young's bursts of irritability, when urged by those about him, were charmingly given; but we thought that, in his delivery, he was sometimes impassioned where it would have been better he should have been only energetic. It is true these starts were always followed by the applauses of the house; but Mr. Young is just the person who, we should expect, would not humour the taste of the misjudging, but rather try to form that of the unenlightened and inexperienced.

'"Ah! who would fardels bear?"—"Give me the man that is not passion's slave!"—"What a piece of work is man!" In these three instances we remember to have noted undue warmth. With Laertes, and once with Osric, or in the closet scene, I forget which, he used a Kemblean gesture—one of those woeful convulsions which we admire in him as we should do a sheep with six legs, or any other sport of nature, for its novelty; but of which we should by no means like to have a whole flock, or even to see a second time.

'Were I to be as diffuse on the beauties of Mr. Young's acting as I have been on his defects, this already too-long scrawl would swell into a pamphlet. I cannot, however, take leave of the subject without saying that, should Mr. Young do us the honour of making use of any of these remarks, we should never arrogate to *ourselves* any merit for the effect.

'To find fault is the very easiest thing in the world: to invite criticism, and to profit by it, the most unequivocal proof of a great mind. We heartily trust that Mr. Young will not undervalue himself so much as to take any other model than Nature—to study her in men and in manners, and grasp the glorious distinction of reviving, in an age of dramatic debasement, that true taste which, indeed, to be called forth, requires only to be gratified; and which, indeed, renders the stage a school for virtue and just judgment.

'I am sorry not to have put what I have to say in smaller compass; but if I am to methodize and correct, I must write it over again.

I am, my dear Mr. T., yours in great haste,

'E. M. S.

'P.S. If William takes any extract to Mr. Y., let him take the whole.

'It was singular enough that so many of our friends just round this spot should have been at the play the same night that we were, and should have been all equally delighted, and all equally impressed with the conviction that Mr. Young is a perfect gentleman.'

A very cordial intimacy quickly sprang up between George Colman and Charles Young, as may be guessed from the rapid transition from the 'Dear Sir' of his first letter to the 'Dear Charles' of his second. That it should have been so is intelligible enough. In sentiment they had much in common; and, at the time, they had also interests in common. Intellectually Colman was greatly Young's superior; but if Colman had superior wit, Young had equal humour. If Colman could be eloquent, Young could be a flattering listener. If Colman was convivial, Young was congenial. If Colman had been a generous and courteous supporter of Julia Grimani, Young had a grateful heart, and never forgot his obligations on that score.

During his first London season, Young played not only Hamlet, but Don Felix, Osmond, Rolla, Penruddock, Petruchio, The Stranger, and Sir Edward Mortimer, in Colman's own play of *The Iron Chest*. Colman and Kemble had had a bitter quarrel: Colman asserting that Kemble had murdered his part; Kemble declaring, in apology for his tameness, that he was ill, and under the effects of opium when he played it. It is no wonder therefore that Colman should have declared Young's performance of the part to have been superior to Kemble's. I doubt if the verdict, given under such circumstances, will prove to the satisfaction of an impartial jury that the judge gave righteous judgment.

'October 10, 1807.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—Almost every day since your letter reached me (which I blush to own was on last Thursday se'nnight) my conscience has been sorely troubled. Indeed, indeed, I intended to have answered you instantly; but, somehow or other, the devil a scrap of writing paper have I seen of late, save some round a Maintenon cutlet; and nothing like an ink bottle has come in my way, except sundry bottles of black strop. Pardon! pardon! pardon! (that's thrice); and thrice three thousand times do I sue for pardon! Verily I have been led astray by the Fulham-ites, the Sudbury-ites, the Dibdin-ites, the Ham-ites, the Hill-ites, the Mathews-ites, the Hook-ites, the Devil-ites, and more ites than I can give you by items.

'Alas! what a tedious peregrination must you have suffered

on your way to Bristol! I can think of nothing more tristful or tiresome, except an evening's *tête-à-tête* with —— upon my life, I was going to say Kemble; but there are so many names with which I could fill up that blank, that I leave it for you to pop in the name of any Christian bore of your acquaintance. Are you stout? Is Richard himself again? Write and say "Aye."

'To tell you that I most heartily rejoice in the brilliancy of your *début* among the Bristolians would be an unnecessary piece of commonplace—independent of the pleasure I feel in any circumstance which can gratify your just ambition, and tend to increase your reputation, and, by consequence, your ultimate profit. My own amour propre is highly tickled, for I have staked my mighty judgment on your head; and lo! it doth go forth that I have pronounced that your *established* supereminence will not only be shortly rejoiced in by your friends, but growlingly acknowledged by your enemies, if you have any—and what man of merit such as yours was ever without them?

'My paper waxeth scant, so I must cut my nonsense according to my sheet.

'Mary and the blue-eyed witch send their kindest affections to their Charlie, and will write to him very soon. Rot them, the jades! they are greater delinquents than I am; for they should have set their marks to this scrawl; but the one is at Fulham and the other at the foot of Harrow Hill; and here am I scribbling lackadaisically in the confines of the co-erced, so that all these "God bless you's" (remember) I was commissioned to give you some days ago! Little Tid sends his love largely; so does Fred, who has a pair of shoes almost as thick as Pat Johnstone's ancles. Fawcett also desires me to give you his kindest remembrances; and Mary, Bess, and I, intreat you to present our best regards to your excellent and amiable mother. Town is mortal dull! Jones appeared last night—very injudiciously, in my opinion, as to his choice of characters. I have had no account of him yet, save from the *Morning Post*, which labours to be favourable, and gives an *éloge* which, to the knowing ones, must appear to be very tame. God bless you, my dear friend. Write soon, and believe me truly and affectionately yours,

'GEORGE COLMAN.'

'December 10, 1807.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—I plead guilty! But to no more than one half of your accusation. Your Lancastrian letter, I allow,

has, through my neglect, remained unanswered. Last Monday night came your epistle, to row one, from Edinburgh; and the next morning, Tuesday, came Fawcett, with a bundle of pocket-handkerchiefs, with your letter from Macclesfield in the folds. He had but just discovered it; the bundle having been in his house for some time.

'Now for this I will blow you up! Was it not natural that he might not send me the parcel immediately? and how was he to divine that there was a letter enfolded in the handkerchiefs? Why, you confounded, queer, Tragedy King of Grief, do you think that we farcical fellows are always in as great a hurry to pull out our pocket-handkerchiefs, as you of the melting mood?

'Well, be it as it may, whoever be the defaulter, whatever have been the delays, I am not even now going to answer your letters; for that one, to which I have most to say, I have left with "*Cerulean orbs*," who promised me that *she* would write to you.

'So take this as an *avant-courier* to a most full, particular, dry, jog-trot, businesslike detail, which I will positively send you next week.

'On a few matters, however, I will touch at once. I write to Dame Glover to-day. I find by the papers she is at Manchester. Whatever Jones may prove, as a rising, or even useful man, in future, time will show. He may get up. He is at this moment, however, completely down, down, down, Derry, down. Cooke's delinquency operates strongly, in respect to you, with Father Harris and Son. They lament much that you are not with them this season. Henry asks, if it be even now too late. I have told him that, I think you are nailed by engagement after engagement till next winter. No matter for Cumberland: Fawcett and I are planning great things for you to make a figure in next summer. Much of this in my next: but mum! Alas! I am still halting in the first act of my comedy.

'It gives me pleasure to find the Sawnies so ecstatick on your appearance among them. Much as I rejoice in your successes, I am not at all surprised at them.

'Surely one of the two women, whom you abuse so, must have written to you, or I have dreamed that one of them told me so. If they have not—why, then, with all my heart, hang them both!

'Luckily (hem!) they are neither of them at my elbow to ascertain the fact. You see I am scribbling with every symptom of haste; so take my love, and those of others, with compli-

ments, enquiries, good wishes, &c., &c., all in the lump. Next week I shall have at you in downright earnest, and then, if my tediousness do not cure you of complaining, you must be insatiable. Your brother George eats his mutton with me on Monday. God bless you, my dear Charles.

'Yours most truly and affectionately,

'George Colman.'

'February 24, 1808.

'Zounds! my dear Charles! You rail and swear worse than Thersites. But I deserve it. I could have talked you twenty long letters, in a week, over a bottle; but, dipping in the port, as a man proceeds, is so much less operose than dipping into the ink; 'tis clean, another-guess kind of a thing.

'May this be put into your hands on the top of Calton Hill, a north-easterly wind blowing the intensest frost that ever cut the bare breech of a Scotchman! May the Caledonian air, at the moment you receive it, stagnate all your angry passions! or, should a creeping resentment, still, sluggishly, circulate within you, may icicles block up your chops, and *un-thaw-able* for ever be the fatal words "Oh! what, you can write at last, and be d——d to you!"

'Praise, I am told, follows you everywhere, and with the praise (not empty in your pursuit) the solid pudding! I heard last night that there was 500*l.* in the house, on your benefit among the penniless Pats. Plutus send it be true, and that the whole receipt be snug in your pocket, without the deduction of a "tirteen."

'There came to my door (some twice or thrice, when I was absent) a gentleman, who said he was from Scotland, and came from you. He would not leave his name nor his business—even in writing; and so he departed from town without my seeing him. Was this the walking gentleman you spoke of? But no matter: I am now in treaty with two walkers; and, between them, I think I shall well supply the absence of Chapman and Carles. Putnam of Drury Lane, and Thompson of Covent Garden, are the heroes in speculation. Jane Glover and I could not agree upon terms, and she is off. Now don't bite your lips. We shall do, I hope, tolerably well. I have engaged a Mrs. Bellamy (formerly Miss Grist), wife of Bellamy the singer, who promises to do anything and everything. I have seen her and like her appearance, and I hear from various professional connoisseurs a very good account of her. She has

been the heroine of her husband's theatre in Belfast and its chapel-of-ease. Now for a secret! Be "silent as the grave." I am hard at work (with Fawcett as coadjutor—he brought me the story) for the summer. But I proceed with fear and trembling; for I dread an anticipation of my subject from Covent Garden. Harris, however, has positively promised me that he will not forestall me. Still am I apprehensive; for managers are faithless cattle. Let us hope for the best. The incidents of the piece are perhaps the most interesting ever stumbled on for a drama, and bid fair to carry us through the summer. I like all that I have done as yet, and there ought to be a character for your worship, which will hit very hard. If I bungle it, I deserve to be damned. But still (hinc illæ lacrymæ!) there is a play on the subject presented, this moment, to Covent Garden. On the other side, there is Harris's promise to me.

'Much has passed on this matter in the managerial cabinet; but the detail is too long to enter into now. More of it, perhaps, in my next; and remember, mum! mum! mum! Our agreement, if I mistake not, for next season runs thus:—"The same terms as last summer, with the addition of 85*l.* secured to you." If I be wrong, correct me; if right, let this serve as a memorandum from me. Tell me, in your next, what character you have thought most eligible, as new, old, matter for you. As to your question relative to Lear, certainly: (in the instance you mention). Mr. Shakspeare in preference to Mr. Tate, or Mr. Anybody! His dialogue may sometimes want curtailment; an obsolete word may require altering; some incidents, even, may need changing for modern times; but, let us hold the language of the old buck of Avon sacred, wherever we can.

'I have nearly spun out my paper. I send you, enclosed, a few elegant lines from the same blue-eyed hag of Fulham. I, Molly Gibbs, Tiddy, Fawcett, Polly Wall, Frederic Ménage, &c., &c., send you a lump of loves and good wishes. And forget not my and Mary's best and kindest remembrances to your good and handsome mother. God bless you.

'Dear friend, I am affectionately and very truly yours,

'G. COLMAN.'

'April 22, 1808.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—I am up to that part which is contained in my small clothes, *behind*, in business. Pray, pray, pray (three times over) make no country engagements, till you

hear from me. I only wait for Jones of Dublin, and Harris, to conclude what I have on the anvil for you—liable of course to your sanction. In a very few days, I trust, I shall be able to write fully. God bless you! Summer approaches! Huzza! though I have much fog to go through before we meet. I am labouring now like a dray-horse, and have removed all obstacles to the work you wot of. Ever yours. In haste,

'GEORGE COLMAN.'

'May 18, 1808.

'MY DEAR CHARLES.—Although your letter reached me the day before yesterday, pressing for an answer by return of post, this is literally the first moment I have been able to fix down and say what followeth. Your three weeks' hot water that you complain of was not of my boiling; for, till Sunday last, I had not ascertained matters sufficiently to write a plump proposition. Harris and Jones wanted to have you between them. But they clashed about the time at which they could spare you to each other. Jones wanted you till deep in January; and Harris wanted you towards the end of November. Here, after much pro-ing and con-ing, matters broke off just before Passion Week, when I begged the parties to settle, as to times and seasons, between themselves; and then to let me know their resolves, that *I* might send you my decisive offer. From that time to this they have settled nothing, and I have heard nothing further on the subject from Jones; whereby, methinks, he cools: and they say he is again on with Sheridan, endeavouring to clear a way (through all the lumbering difficulties that clog the concern) into a share of Drury Lane. Considering, therefore, Jones as out of the question, the business is simplified into an offer from Covent Garden.

'Harris thinks that a little interval between the close of the Haymarket shop and your first appearance in the grand winter warehouse would be politick. I think so too. He proposes that you fill up your hours as pleases you best; either by sitting still in town, or playing in the country, till towards the end of November, at which period he wishes you to appear at Covent Garden, with all due honours; beginning from that time on a regular engagement for three years, at the salary of 18*l.* per week—a benefit each year, of course, being included; which benefit, from your salary, will rank as one of the very earliest ones. My opinion is that you should certainly accept

this offer. I need not go over the considerations we have so often before agitated. The old ground for and against your settling directly in London, we have trod together often. But, after having again and again considered the question, after the repeated conversations I have had with Harry Harris, after the fullest assurances given, that you will be treated with the utmost candour and fairness, and with every attention to your fame—of which assurances I have no doubt—after all this, I say, close with a liberal offer.

'If you hesitate, I have much more to say in the way of reasons for your accepting the terms proposed; but which are too minute to put into a letter. At all events therefore, pray, pray, do not make any country engagements, which can bind you (after we finish our Haymarket season) beyond the latter part of November.

'Curiously enough, while I was scribbling the above, I received a note from Tom Sheridan, in which there is the following paragraph: "When does Young come to town? I should hope that there will be now little difficulty in concluding our negotiation with him satisfactorily." To what negotiation Tom can allude, I can't conceive. My memory is very deficient if any proposition was ever made to you from Drury Lane, except that which came through Graham, and was concluded last summer, with sentiments on our part bordering somewhat on indignation.

'Drury Lane, for many reasons, is not an eligible spot for you; particularly with the proposal now pending from the other house. I love and esteem Tom Sheridan heartily, and wish success to any scheme in which he is interested; but my conscience cannot permit me to disguise my opinion here. Drury Lane closes on June 17; Covent Garden on June 23. Horribly late! I shall open as soon as I can before they shut, probably much about the mark of last year, which was on June 15; but, sooner if I can. Therefore, be with me as early as you can, in the very beginning of next month. You are sick of Liverpool, I dare say! I long to see you; for, we have many things, on which to consult together, before we start. I have engaged Dame St. Leger for your Queens, Marguerites, &c., &c.

'I am too late to send into town to-day for a frank; but, as you are bursting for particulars, I trust you will not grudge the expense of a double letter. I make this a downright, dry, letter of business. So no more; but all our loves. God bless you!

I am working on, and shall be glad to give you a good account of myself.

'Yours truly and affectionately,
'GEORGE COLMAN.'

It was in the month of May in this year (1808), I conclude, from the following letter which now lies before me, that a project was started by certain prominent patrons of the drama for erecting a new theatre in Edinburgh, in which Charles Young's talents might have had a larger field; but, from what cause I know not, it fell to the ground.

'May 15, 1808.

'DEAR YOUNG.—I was aware, shortly after writing to you, that you had left town before my letter could have reached you. The outline of the plan for the theatre is,—that, the patent is to be vested in the name of a few gentlemen for the benefit of the public, great inconvenience having occurred from its having been made out in the name of a manager, who was thereby enabled to entail his debts as a burden on the theatre during the whole length of the patent. The patentees are to exercise no other authority than by leasing the theatre from time to time, for such a rent as shall indemnify the proprietors of the house, and for such a length of years as shall be agreed upon.

'But all this matter is yet in embryo; though I believe it will go forward in that train. Charles Kemble is looking towards it; but I think not anxiously. I think it likely, William Erskine, Henry Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling"), and, probably, I myself, may be among the patentees. If Mrs Siddons is disposed to exert herself, I have promised to support her son or nephew. But, *entre nous*, I don't think she will.

'You are now master of our views, and I should be very happy if *you* can spin anything out of them likely, as Falstaff says, "to do you good."

'I am, my dear Young, yours very truly,
'WALTER SCOTT.'

In 1808, the Haymarket theatre having been burnt nearly to the ground, and the company being transferred, ad interim, to the Opera House, Young continued to be one of them, and steadily and securely advanced in public estimation. The only new part in which he appeared, and in which, by-the-bye, he greatly added to his reputation, was that of Daran, in *The Exile*. I have no access to play-bills, or piles of newspapers,

from which I can glean any reliable knowledge of his engagements, metropolitan or provincial, during the years 1809 and 1810. But I have every reason to believe that he was at Covent Garden during both those years; and my conviction that he was certainly there in 1810 is founded on a circumstance which I have heard him tell as having occurred at Covent Garden in that year. It is so interesting that I repeat it here.

CHAPTER III.

IN July 1810, the largest elephant ever seen in England was advertised as 'just arrived.' As soon as Henry Harris, the manager of Covent Garden theatre, heard of it he determined, if possible, to obtain it; for it struck him that if it were to be introduced in the new pantomime of 'Harlequin Padmenaba,' which he was about to produce at great cost, it would add greatly to its attraction. Under this impression, and before the proprietor of Exeter Change had seen it, he purchased it for the sum of 900 guineas. Mrs. Henry Johnston was to ride it; and Miss Parker, the Columbine, was to play up to it. Young happened to be one morning at the box-office adjoining Covent Garden theatre, when his ears were assailed by a strange and unusual uproar within the walls. On asking one of the carpenters the cause of it, he was told 'it was something going wrong with the elephant: he could not exactly tell what.' I am not aware what may be the usage now-a-days; but then, whenever a new piece had been announced for presentation on a given night, and there was but scant time for its preparation, a rehearsal would take place after the night's regular performance was over, and the audience had been dismissed. One such there had been the night before my father's curiosity had been roused. As it had been arranged that Mrs. Henry Johnston, seated in a howdah on the elephant's back, should pass over a bridge in the centre of a numerous group of followers, it was thought expedient that the unwieldy monster's tractability should be tested. On stepping up to the bridge, which was slight and temporary, the sagacious brute drew back his forefeet and refused to budge. It is well known as a fact in natural history that the elephant, aware of its unusual bulk, will never trust its weight on any object which is unequal to its support. The stage manager, seeing how resolutely the animal resisted every attempt made to compel or induce it to go over the bridge in question, proposed that they should stay proceedings till next day, when he might be in a better mood. It was during the

repetition of the experiment that my father, having heard the extraordinary sounds, determined to go upon the stage, and see if he could ascertain the cause of them.

The first sight that met his eyes kindled his indignation. There stood the huge animal, with downcast eyes and flapping ears, meekly submitting to blow after blow from a sharp iron goad, which his keeper was driving ferociously into the fleshy part of his neck at the root of the ear. The floor on which he stood was converted into a pool of blood. One of the proprietors, impatient at what he regarded as senseless obstinacy, kept urging the driver to proceed to still severer extremities, when Charles Young, who was a great lover of animals, expostulated with him, went up to the poor, patient sufferer, and patted and caressed him; and when the driver was about to wield his instrument again with even still more vigour, he caught him by the wrist as in a vice, and stayed his hand from further violence. While an angry altercation was going on between Young and the man of colour, who was his driver, Captain Hay, of the 'Ashel,' who had brought over Chuny in his ship, and had petted him greatly on the voyage, came in, and begged to know what was the matter. Before a word of explanation could be given, the much-wronged creature spoke for himself; for, as soon as he perceived the entrance of his patron, he waddled up to him, and, with a look of gentle appeal, caught hold of his hand with his proboscis, plunged it into his bleeding wound, and then thrust it before his eyes. The gesture seemed to say, as plainly as if it had been enforced by speech, 'See how these cruel men treat Chuny. Can *you* approve of it?' The hearts of the hardest present were sensibly touched by what they saw; and among them that of the gentleman who had been so energetic in promoting its harsh treatment. It was under a far better impulse that he ran out into the street, purchased a few apples at a stall, and offered them to him. Chuny eyed him askance, took them, threw them beneath his feet, and, when he had crushed them to pulp, spurned them from him. Young, who had gone into Covent Garden on the same errand as the gentleman who had preceded him, shortly after re-entered, and also held out to him some fruit, when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, the elephant ate every morsel, and, after he had done so, twined his trunk, with studied gentleness, around Young's waist; marking by his action that, though he had resented a wrong, he did not forget a kindness.

It was in the year 1814 that Harris parted with Chuny to Cross, the proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter Change. One of the purchaser's first acts, was to send Charles Young a life

ticket of admission to his exhibition; and it was one of his innocent little vanities, when passing through the Strand with any friend, to drop in on Chuny, pay him a visit in his den, and show the intimate relations which existed between them. Some years after, when the elephant's theatrical career was run, and he was reduced to play the part of captive in one of the cages of Exeter Change, a thoughtless dandy, one day, amused himself by teazing him with the repeated offer of lettuces, a vegetable for which he was known to have an antipathy. At last, he presented him with an apple, but, at the moment of his taking it, drove a large pin into his trunk, and then sprang out of his reach. The keeper seeing that the poor creature was getting angry, warned the silly fellow off, lest he should become dangerous. With a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder, he trudged off to the other end of the gallery, and there displayed his cruel ingenuity on other humbler beasts, till, after the absence of half-an-hour, he once more approached one of the cages opposite the elephant's. By this time he had forgotten his pranks with Chuny: but Chuny had not forgotten him. And as he was standing with his back towards him, he thrust his proboscis through the bars of his prison, twitched off the offender's hat, dragged it in to him, tore it to shreds, then threw it into the face of the gaping gaby, consummating his revenge with a loud guffaw of exultation. All present proclaimed their approbation of this act of retributive justice; and the discomfited coxcomb had to retreat from the scene in confusion—jump into a hackney coach, and betake himself to the nearest hatter's in quest of a new tile for his unroofed skull. The tragic end of poor Chuny must be within the recollection of many of my readers. From some cause unknown, he went mad; and it took 152 shots, discharged by a detachment of the Guards, to dispatch him.

But to return to our proper text. I find, from an article on Charles Young, in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' written, I am bound to say, in a kindly and conscientious vein, that in the year 1811 he played Hamlet, Othello, Lord Townley, Ford, Gustavus Vasa, Portius, Rhoderick Dhu, and Falkland; besides acting Beverley and Macbeth several times with Mrs. Siddons during her brother's illness.

In 1812, Kemble revived and adapted, with a splendour, in those days unparalleled, the play of *Julius Cæsar*. No piece was ever more effectively cast: Brutus had for its representative, John Kemble; Cassius, Young; Anthony, Charles Kemble; Casca, Fawcett; First Citizen, Simmons; and Portia, Mrs. Powell. I

have never spoken with any one fortunate enough to have seen that play rendered, as it then was, who has not admitted it to have been the greatest intellectual recreation he ever enjoyed.

It was really difficult to believe that one had not been transported, while in a state of unconsciousness, from the purlieus of Bow Street and the vicinity of Covent Garden Market, to the glories of the Capital, and the very heart of the Julian Forum; so complete, in all its parts, was the illusion of the scene. When but six years old, I saw the play on the first night of its representation; and I was allowed to see it again in 1817, with the same cast, minus Mrs. Powell. And, although I was then but eleven, the impression left upon my mind has never been effaced. If it appear a thing incredible, that any play, however well put on the stage, however gorgeous its accessories, and however spirited the acting, should have left definite and durable traces on the brain of a child of such tender years, it must be mentioned that he had not only inherited a turn for the stage, but had read and re-read the play in question over and over again, had committed its chief speeches to memory, had rehearsed them by heart, and often represented the characters before small but select audiences, composed of all the squabs, bolsters and pillows available in the house. The consequence was, that when I saw *Julius Cæsar* for the second time, I attend to the stage-business, and more particularly to the by-play, with an intentness and enquiring interest, which it amuses me, even now, to recall. Owing to my reproductions, in the privacy of my little bedroom, of the effects I had seen and heard on the boards of the great theatre, I was tolerably qualified, in my own opinion at least, to distinguish between the comparative merits of each actor. And there was, perhaps, nothing which elicited more of my boyish admiration, than the fidelity with which the players of prominent parts indirectly indicated the peculiar idiosyncracies of each (and this too before they had opened their lips) by their very mien and movement. Ordinary actors, on first making their entrance in the second scene of the first act, march in procession towards the course, with all the precision of the Grenadier Guards, stepping in time to the martial music which accompanies them. And, even on the part of leading actors, I have noted a tameness of deportment (as mechanical as if they were automata) until speech has stirred them into action.

In the play I am writing of, as then enacted, one would have imagined that the invariable white toga, common to all the male performers, beautiful as it is when properly worn and tastefully adjusted, would have rendered it difficult, at first, for any but

frequenters of the theatre to distinguish, in the large number of the dramatis personæ on the stage, John Kemble from Daniel Terry, or Charles Young from Charles Kemble. Whereas, I feel persuaded that any intelligent observer, though he had never entered the walls of a theatre before, if he had but studied the play in his closet, would have had no difficulty in recognizing in the calm, cold, self-contained, stoical dignity of John Kemble's *walk*, the very ideal of Marcus Brutus; or in the pale, wan, austere, 'lean and hungry look' of Young, and in his quick and nervous *pace*, the irritability and restless impetuosity of Caius Cassius; or, in the handsome, joyous, face, and graceful tread of Charles Kemble,—his pliant body bending forward in courtly adulation of 'Great Cæsar,'—Mark Antony himself; while Fawcett's sour, sarcastic countenance would not more aptly portray 'quick-mettled' Casca, than his abrupt and hasty *stamp* upon the ground, when Brutus asked him 'What had chanced that Cæsar was so sad?' In support of my theory of the mute eloquence of gait and movement, Charles Young used to speak in terms of almost wanton admiration, of a boldly conceived point he saw Mrs. Siddons once make, while playing the comparatively inferior part of Volumnia for her brother's benefit.

In the second scene of the second act of *Coriolanus*, after the victory of the battle of Corioli, an ovation in honour of the victor was introduced with great and imposing effect by John Kemble. On reference to the stage directions of my father's interleaved copy, I find that no fewer than 240 persons marched, in stately procession across the stage. In addition to the recognised dramatis personæ, thirty-five in number, there were vestals, and lictors with their fasces, and soldiers with the spolia opima, and sword-bearers, and standard-bearers, and cup-bearers, and senators, and silver eagle-bearers, with the S.P.Q.R. upon them, and trumpeters, and drummers, and priests, and dancing-girls, &c., &c.

Now, in this procession, and as one of the central figures in it, Mrs. Siddons had to walk. Had she been content to follow in the beaten track of her predecessors in the part, she would have marched across the stage, from right to left, with the solemn, stately, almost funeral, step conventional. But, at the time, as she often did, she forgot her own identity. She was no longer Sarah Siddons, tied down to the directions of the prompter's book—or trammelled by old traditions—she was Volumnia, the proud mother of a proud son and conquering hero. So that, when it was time for her to come on, instead of dropping each foot at equi-distance in its place, with mechanical exactitude, and in cadence subservient to the orchestra; deaf to the

guidance of her woman's ear, but sensitive to the throbbings of her haughty mother's heart, with flashing eye and proudest smile, and head erect, and hands pressed firmly on her bosom, as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings, she towered above all around, and rolled, and almost reeled across the stage; her very soul, as it were, dilating, and rioting in its exultation; until her action lost all grace, and, yet, became so true to nature, so picturesque, and so descriptive, that pit and gallery sprang to their feet electrified by the transcendent execution of an original conception.

Shakspeare makes Polonius tell his son Laertes, that 'the *apparel* oft proclaims the man.' But a greater than Shakspeare —Solomon—tells us 'that man's attire and *gait* show what he is.' And true it is, that self-sufficient men, bashful men, energetic, phlegmatic, choleric, sanguine, and melancholy men, may each and all be known by their attire and 'gait.' Of the force and justice of this axiom, I am tempted to give an appropriate, though a ludicrous confirmation. Theodore Hook was one day standing on Ludgate Hill, in conversation with Dubois, a well-known wag,* and one or two other kindred spirits; when their attention was called to an aldermanic-looking person, 'with fair round belly with good capon lined,' strutting along like a peacock, with double chin in air, chest puffed out, and stride of portentous self-importance. Hook, with his characteristic audacity, immediately crossed over the street, went up to him, took off his hat deferentially,

> 'And in a bondman's key,
> With bated breath and whispering humbleness,'

thus saluted him: 'I really beg your pardon, Sir, for the liberty I take in stopping you. But I should feel very much obliged to you, and so would some friends of mine over the way, if you would kindly gratify a curiosity, which we find irrepressible. We have been observing you, as *you walked*, with very lively admiration; and we cannot divine who you can be? *Arn't you somebody very particular?*' Unjustifiably impudent, as this question was, at all events, it shows that the interrogator's inference of the man's character was deduced from his 'gait.' Even from an anecdote as trivial as this we may learn that, if it be the conscientious actor's aim to show 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,' he cannot too microscopically analyse and imitate the slightest peculiarities which 'mark the man.'

* In my first edition I spoke of him as a member of the Stock Exchange. I find he was no such thing, but Deputy-Judge of the Middlesex Old County Court.

I have lately been re-reading 'Byron's Life by Moore;' and I have been struck with the similarity of his opinion of the actors he had seen, with that which I have often heard my father express. He writes thus: 'Of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural; Kean the medium between the two: but Mrs. Siddons was worth them all together.' That last sentiment, I know, Charles Young would have endorsed 'from his heart of hearts.' It was in this year that she, the unapproachable, took formal farewell of the stage she had so long adorned. We 'ne'er shall look upon her like again.' Of Kemble, in those great parts which he had made his own, Young had also the most ungrudging admiration. Of Kean he was no great admirer, although he was by no means blind to his genius. This will, of course, be ascribed to jealousy: but I really do not think he was open to that suspicion; for I have never known him grudge his praise to Charles Kemble or William Macready, who came more frequently into competition with him. No! I verily believe he thought Kean's unquestionable merits were eclipsed by the vices of his style. John Kemble thought so, too. Of Cooke, Young had an enthusiastic estimate. In Richard III., Shylock, Sir Pertinax, and Iago, he considered him without a rival.

In the years 1814, 1815, and 1816, I find, from constant notices of his performances, contained in letters written by valued friends, that he was still playing two or three times a-week at Covent Garden; and in the recess, in the great provincial towns. One of his earliest and most devoted friends, for years, was the late Earl of Essex. The criticisms on Young's performances, and the tributes to his social qualities and moral excellence contained in his letters, are so sensible, and at the same time so hearty, that it would have pleased me to have transcribed them for the general eye; but, in the ninety-eight which I have just counted over, there is so much matter of a strictly confidential nature, as to preclude me from the possibility of publishing them. I have not the same cause for withholding a few letters of another highly valued friend, the late Lady Dacre, formerly Mrs. Wilmot, which will, I think, repay perusal. The many others that I have of hers are written under circumstances of domestic sorrow, and therefore must be kept sacred. She was a lady of remarkable accomplishments, and of great sweetness of disposition. She was a linguist, an exquisite sculptress, a dramatist,—though not a successful one,—and according to the late Ugo Foscolo's verdict, the best translator known of Petrarch's sonnets. My father's intimacy with Lady Dacre and her noble lord was never

interrupted till death dissolved it. Before submitting a few of Lady Dacre's graceful letters, I should mention, that, about this time, viz., the year 1814, two great stars first rose in the theatrical firmament—Miss O'Neil and Edmund Keane, the one fixed, the other erratic; the altitude of the one, determinable; the measure of the other, doubtful; the one moving through a celestial arc, the other of great magnitude, but likely to be of brief duration.

1814.

'Hampton Court Palace.

'Time was, dear Mr. Young, when I addressed you as my Mecænas; now, it must be as my cheesemonger. Instead of the comparative merits of the different dramatists, my subject must be that of the different dairies. First and second acts turn on double and single Glo'sters. The persons of the drama, to mites; the catastrophe, to the ripeness of the cheese! The getting up, to the toasting; the decorations, to mustard and pepper. The audience, I hope, our two selves. In token of applause, instead of clapping our hands, we shall smack our lips.

'In short, I want one of *your* cheeses, and yourself to come and help to eat it.

'Congratulate me on this complete reform. Safety and comfort attend it; and, yet, I feel some lurking embers at times that make me humble. I know not when I have been in more danger than the last time I was at Covent Garden. With all its faults, I felt the highest delight from "Jane Shore." We were but four, and a perfectly silent party; so that the illusion was not at once interrupted. I have a great deal to say to you, but I will not detain you now. Send me a cheese, most worthy cheesemonger; and, as I indulge those I like in all their bad propensities, I will excuse your answering either this or the note of self-indulgence I wrote to you in London.

'Yours, with sincere regard,

'B. W.

'P.S. Pray remember me to your mother.'

'Feb. 2, 1814.

'I really cannot resist the impulse I feel, my good friend, however unbecoming, at my age, to be delighted with anything, and unfashionable to be pleased at all, to thank you for the very high gratification I enjoyed last night at Covent Garden. In my poor apprehension of things, nothing can equal your exquisite Hastings. As there are reasons why nobody can ever be Lady Macbeth but Mrs. Siddons, so nobody ever can be Hastings but you. I will support my position, one of these days, when

we are chatting over my fire at Hampton Court; and, in the hope of exciting a little curiosity that may befriend me, I will not further enlarge in this note. Miss O'Neil was often very charming. She owed much to her remarkably feminine appearance, as usual; and, more particularly, in characters where frailty has to plead its own cause. Miss Somerville appears to me horrid! Perhaps everybody would be hateful as Alicia; but why has she grown so old in three years' time? We stay to dine with the Farquhars to-morrow, and go to Hampton Court on Thursday, positively. I could fill four sides of foolscap about Hastings; but keep it all to *assomer* you at Hampton Court.

'Yours, ever sincerely,
'B. W.'

'Hampton Court Palace, July 14, 1814.

'MY DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I know not whether you will think me wrong in entering on a little negotiation; but I told you, my sister had asked me if I had any objection to your reading our play to the Duke of Wellington at her house. I said, "No;" and left it wholly to your own feelings, after pointing out that I thought it not a species of amusement to please that style of great man. She arrived here yesterday, begging to take back with her *Ina* for Kean to read parts of, instead, if *you* would not read. I have positively refused. Let him read *Shakspeare*. It is in that he has arrested public attention; and, as everybody knows *Shakspeare* by heart, there is no disadvantage in his taking detached scenes. To an unknown work, such as ours, it is destruction; though, that did not seem to me as a consideration, when I thought it carried with it a something that might be agreeable to the feelings of a person I know and value. Now, I do justice to Kean's talents, but I do not know him. Besides, as I consider the D. of W. as the first man of the world, and ten thousand times greater than all emperors and Bluchers put together, I think that Nollekens might be hurt if any other artist had been chosen to make his bust; that Lawrence would wish to paint his portrait; and that superiority is implied by the selection of any artist or professor called upon to amuse him, or even bore him. As far as the shadow of a compliment may be implied in *your* being alone in possession of my MS. to read it to any one, I wish it to remain so. Perhaps I have made a mountain of a molehill; but my sister is not angry, and my own feelings are better pleased thus than if I had lent myself to this *changement de décorations*. Adieu.

'Yours ever,
'B. W.'

1814.

'Charles Street.

'I do not expect to find you at home as I pass your door and leave the MS. I have hastily altered a few trifles on which you put your fingers; but there it is, with all its scratches and nightcaps. Have the goodness to send it to Mrs. Bouverie's, and tell me what you do. Mrs. Codrington had kindly got a box for me last Monday night, but a very bad one You surpassed yourself in Pierre, and Miss O'Neil was really lovely in Belvidera! Mrs. Codrington screamed at every line of Xarifa last night, as it was being read; how it was suited to her! When you addressed the senators, with your back absolutely towards us, every syllable you uttered was distinctly heard in the very back of the box. Is this your own merit, or only to be accounted for by dissecting your throat?

'Yours ever.

'B. W.'

1814.

'Could the fates do a more spiteful thing, dear Mr. Young, than to pick *me* out of all your destined audience, to prevent from having the pleasure of seeing you in the Jolly Knight? I have not been well, and all my doctors and nurses rose in a body to prevent my hurting myself, as they call it. Out upon them! I am, however, much better, and shall see all the Kembles to-morrow. I really was quite Cinderella last night, bating the youth, beauty, and glass slipper. I could have cried at not being allowed to go to you; and was obliged to summon all the philosophy I pique myself upon, but find so difficult to maintain. They brought me a most exact account of your *embonpoint*, whiskers, &c.; and though I received great pleasure from their description of your acting, it only increased my regrets the more. The house, I hear, was a bumper, in spite of Ascot, House of Commons, Opera, and all. In these hard times these matters must be enquired into by one who, I hope, you will always believe

'Your very sincere friend,

'Somerset Place. 'B. W.

The Hon. Mrs. Bouverie's.'

'Hampton Court Palace, November 21, 1814.

'Dear Mr. Young.—I fear I have no chance of success in a request I am going to make. It is no less than that you will get on your horse on Tuesday morning, and ride down here,

sleep, and return in time for Pierre on Wednesday evening. I told you I should be anxious to see you soon after my return from Hampshire, in both your characters. Now, in your private character I have no chance of seeing you, if I delay; for the papers show me that Tuesday is your free day in the earlier part of the week. After that I go from home, and then I hope to contrive to see you in your public character. Before Christmas I go from home, for a large portion of the winter. *Ina* is positively gone back to Drury Lane, and I have been hard at work, since I despatched her, on the drama *we* invented riding one day together; and of which I showed you the first act one morning when you called on me at Hampton Court. I feel that I have a right to call upon you for a little interest in this, as I have written on a principle instilled by you. It is now in a state for you to look at before I proceed any farther. I shall have a few people with me on Tuesday evening, which was arranged before I discovered that Tuesday was the only day I had a chance of you. I have no hope of success,—especially at such short notice; but, if you *should* do the good-natured thing, your bed, as usual, shall be ready; your horse shall be taken care of by your old friend, the ostler at the Toy, and you shall be made much of.

'Yours sincerely,
'B. W.'

1814.

'The Cove, Bagshot.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I was just going to be a little miffed at your silence, as the very thing I wished to avoid had occurred—a regular application from Drury Lane, through Mr. Whitbread, for *Ina*, before I could have your assistance in making up my mind on the subject. Many thanks, now, instead of a scold, for a letter which throws all the light you can on the affair. My dilemma is great. Mr. Brand and Mr. Lamb * write to advise me to restore the play to Drury Lane. I consider Miss Smith † as annihilated by Miss O'Neil; and consequently that I bring the play out this year under the greatest disadvantage. If *your* play had been positively accepted at Covent Garden, I should be furnished with an answer; but, as it has yet to be presented for possible rejection, it would be very foolish to touch on my wish to bring it out at Covent Garden in preference. It is clear,

* Afterwards Lord Melbourne. † Afterwards Mrs. Bartley.

from what you say, that they cannot want a new piece for this new card till late in the season. If *Ina* should appear early in the season, and with success at Drury Lane, it would be a very favourable circumstance for yours at Covent Garden. Much as you hate writing, let me beg for your advice by return of post, whether to refuse *Ina* to Drury Lane, or to give it. I can excuse myself to Mr. Whitbread for the delay, if I write Tuesday or Wednesday. If I were to refuse *Ina*, would it make a party against your play, if it should appear? Mr. W. would be angry, I know, as he is not accustomed to opposition; but I could appease him, as I know his fund of good nature. Meantime, your advice by return of post, pray.

'Sincerely yours,
'B. W.'

1814.

'Cove, near Bagshot.

'Dear Mr. Young.—Your note caught me stepping into the carriage to come hither, or I would have reassured you on the spot, as to the impression Miss O'Neil had made upon me. Perhaps there was a little coquetry on Amazilia's part, at the bottom of my not saying how much she had enchanted me. I wanted *you* to say "How delightful she would be in Amazilia!" However, since you half misconstrued my "poor Miss O'Neil," I must be explicit, and tell you fairly, that the idea of her one day appearing in Amazilia forms my most delicious day-dream. Her remarkable difference in style of beauty, and of excellence in her art, to Mrs. Siddons, I consider as a great advantage; for, as nothing ever can equal *her* in her way, all resemblances appear like bad copies. Were I to advise Miss O'Neil, I would say, "Avoid Lady Macbeth, Lady Randolph, Queen Catherine, and Constance, and those characters for which Mrs. Siddons seemed formed by nature. No one who has ever seen her in Lady Macbeth can ever imagine Lady Macbeth otherwise than precisely *so*. It is an identity; and a man totally unlike him might as well appear before me, and say 'I am Mr. Whitbread,' as any other woman say 'I am Lady Macbeth.'" I mean, I would urge her not to meddle with those characters. I long to see her Belvidera; because, I do not think Juliet a character calculated to exhibit great variety of power. It is, in my opinion, rather a beautiful reading, than an acting play. Shakspeare sometimes sacrifices passion to poetry in this play, which he never does in any other. We were in our box toc

high and two distant to see Miss O'Neil well; and our neighbours were noisy. I want to know whether you think there is the smallest chance of my offering *your* tragedy to *your* house this year. Mr. Whitbread, I know, looks to *Ina* by-and-bye: and I think I shall refuse it, for obvious reasons. Probably Miss O'Neil will fill the house for some months in old characters: the query therefore, is, whether they are likely to want a new play at all; and if they do, whether they have anything likely to exhibit Miss O'Neil in to more advantage than Amazilia. Sir Charles Asgill writes me a rapturous account of her Belvidera and your Pierre, and is very droll about her Jaffier. Do you not mean to play Jaffier at all for "*poor* Miss O'Neil?"

'Yours very sincerely,
'B. W.'

'Thursday.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I am much vexed I missed you yesterday, for I had fifty things to say to you—not of real consequence though, so never mind. My sister Asgill told me last night she had three or four candidates for places in my box, besides herself. Now I have sixteen *myself*. Can you not let us have some rows, at least, in the next box to the one you have secured for us? I fear two of my friends, Earl Grey and Sir William Young, will be disappointed in consequence of my mistake about the 15th. Since I began this note, Mr. Sotheby has been reading all his improvements to *Ivan*, and has really bewildered me; so that I know not what I had to say. Mr. Sotheby's *Ivan* is in Lord Byron's hands. He takes the warmest interest in it, and means to bring it out next season. He may probably touch the impassioned parts with his pen of fire. It will appear under the most favourable auspices, and with every advantage. Let me know how many tickets you can give us. When you have leisure I will tell you some distressing things which Mr. Sotheby has told us of. He will make his *Ivan* a fine, boisterous, effective affair. See if he does not. I was pleased the other day to hear Lord Grey speak of *you* as he did. It was, I assure you, in a strain to satisfy your friends; so I will not repeat it.

'Yours ever sincerely,
'B. WILMOT.'

1814.

'Monday. The Hoo.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—The piano is arrived; and, as far as

ignoramuses can judge, lovely. Mr. Brand says, not half so good as that capital instrument we reject. Pray come! Lord Essex cannot claim *all* your time. We go to Hatfield House, and stay till Thursday. After that, all days you will be welcome. If you do not find a bit of your time for us, we shall be affronted, that's all: and the Czarina shall frown her darkest on you.

'Yours sincerely,
'B. W.'

I find in the month of August my father ran over to Paris for a few days. There is a remark or two on French acting, by-the-bye, in one of his note-books, which I will venture to extract:—

'August 19, 1816.—Wrote to Monsieur Fabre, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. Then went to see Baldwin. Dined with Fabre, and after went to the Théâtre Français to see Mlle. Duchesnois in *Mérope*. She is supremely ugly; and yet she does not spare the spectator's eyes, but gives them as full a view of her features as she can. Through all the range of her feelings she seems to have no consciousness of her great misfortune; but relies implicitly on the effect of play of countenance on the feelings of her audience. I suppose she is right, for they seemed as little alive to her hideous aspect as she was herself. In spite of this, it would be unjust not to admit that she feels earnestly herself. But—but—she did not touch *me*.

'She seems to possess more mind, and stronger feeling, too, than Mlle. Georges; but she has the fault which pervades all French tragic acting—the sentiment is never approfondi. Greatly as I am charmed with the actors of genteel comedy in Paris, I think the tragic actors much inferior to our own in the assumption of individual character. They seem all to move in one groove. Their gestures and tones are all stereotyped. They never lead one on to sympathize with the sorrows they simulate, or with the heroism they feign. With a fond disposition to like them, I shall return home, not at all put out of countenance by what I have witnessed as yet.

'August 21. Sat long with the Duchesse d'Aumont. She walked afterwards with me, and was most agreeable. She showed me all over her beautiful house and garden, and begged me to go to her on Saturday, as she would procure me tickets to see the King at dinner on Sunday. Went with Cameron to Malmaison,

dined with De Blanc, and then to see *Œdipe chez Admete*. There is some interest and quelques beaux vues, but it drags oppressively. Talma acted better than I have ever seen him. There was more "keeping" in his acting than I have yet witnessed. His agonized repentance towards his father was very finely given.

'August 22. Fabre, Cameron, Chevalier Bournon dined together with me. We ate cutlets enough to make us all ashamed to look a sheep in the face for the rest of our days, then picaudeaus, vol-au-vents, omelettes, and kickshaws innumerable,' &c., &c.

It was after his hurried trip to France, that, when hunting with Lord Derby's staghounds, Young met with a fearful accident. He was riding a new horse, and was not aware that he had a trick of putting down his head before jumping, and then flinging it violently up. He was craning at a formidable fence, to see if it were practicable, when his new-made purchase threw up his head with such force as to throw him over the fence and knock out four teeth. He was picked up insensible, carried on a shutter to a neighbouring inn; and by Mr. Douglas of Newmarket, the brother of the late Lady Blomfield, conveyed home in a postchaise. He was announced in the bills to play *King John* the same night. Of course another play had to be substituted; and, therefore, his friends were somewhat surprised next morning, on taking up the *Morning Chronicle*, to read an elaborate critique on the previous night's performance, containing unqualified condemnation of my father's share in it.

Two more letters from Mrs. Wilmot, about this time, are worthy of insertion here.

'Hampton Court, September, 1816.

'DEAR MR. YOUNG.—I wish I had not written you a note yesterday; for now I have something to propose to you, which you may like if you have a relish for original genius combined with perfect simplicity. Wilkie, the painter, is at Hampton Court for a few days, and can give me no day but Wednesday. I have therefore asked him to dine with us, although our poor invalid, Mr. W., arrives on that day. In consequence of this, I have asked the Miss Hallifaxes for the evening, of whose music you spoke so favourably, and who were so peculiarly enchanted with yours. I have also provided for the whist table in the corner; so that, if you could canter down, you would be *a host* at dinner with my shy painter and my invalid; and I need not

say how much your presence would enliven the evening. I can give you your bed. You are too deeply engaged to allow me a chance, I fear, of success in this application. Think of Wilkie's genius, and your own toasted cheese! If the former does not, let the latter tempt you. I wish I could think of any expressions, however strong, that might induce you to come. I go on bravely.

'Sincerely yours,
'B. W.'

'Hampton Court Palace, October 23, 1817.

'Dear Mr. Young.—I would not answer you this morning, as poor Mr. W. was "in atto di partire," till after post time; although he went off, poor soul, better than we could have expected. We go up to see him on Friday, and eat with him at his dinner hour (at two o'clock), and return again here. We can bring your bundle, and shall be most happy to see you Saturday and Sunday. Your room will be put in order by that time. Lady Emily Wellesley has desperate designs upon you, I warn you. I will tell you all that has passed. She seems to think I have you in my pocket, and could let her have you, if I would. I tell her "would I had."

'The party for which she wants to inveigle you on Wednesday next will, in fact, be a very pleasant thing, and what you would really like; but I shall say no more till I see you, nor tell any one you are half thinking of coming, so that you will be free to do exactly as you please. Mr. B. writes word he is nearly well, and Lady Codrington, who is at the Hoo, confirms it. Poor Mrs. Sheridan is out of the immediate danger we apprehended she was in last Sunday, which prevented our going to Wyke. Could you bring Julian? We would try to amuse him.

'Yours sincerely,
'B. W.'

In 1817, I went with Mr. Isaac Pocock, the author of *The Miller and his Men*, to see John Philip Kemble bid farewell. Young had not only an admiration for Kemble as an actor, but felt gratitude to him as a man for having reflected honour on the profession by his moral conduct in it. The last time they performed together, which was in *Julius Cæsar*, Kemble, after the play, entered Young's dressing-room, and presented him with several properties which he had worn in favourite characters, and begged him to keep them in memory of their having fought together, alluding to the battle near Sardis, in which, as Brutus

and Cassius, they had been just engaged. 'Well,' he said, 'we've often had high words together on the stage, but never off.' On Young saying something to him, which touched him, he suddenly caught hold of his hand, wrung it in his, and then hurried from the room, saying—

> 'For this present
> I would not, so with love I might entreat you
> *Be any further moved.*'

In 1819, Mrs. Siddons, for the fourth or fifth time, returned to the stage to play for her brother Charles's benefit, on which occasion Young consented to play old Norval. I was present, but though I have a vivid recollection of seeing her on a similar occasion, in Queen Catherine, I have a very faint one of her as Lady Randolph. I must confess her Lady Randolph did not hit me very hard (she had lost all figure, and her voice was impaired); but in Queen Catherine even, from what I recollect, still more from what I have heard from my elders,

> 'She must have been almost sublime.'

I have, I regret to say, no data by me which can throw any light on Young's public career during the intermediate period between 1819 and 1822.

The year 1822 was an important one for Young. At this time, his long-standing engagement with Covent Garden having expired, the managers proposed to renew it, on conditions to which he refused to accede. For many years the combined attractions of John and Charles Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Charles Young, and William Macready, had rendered Covent Garden the favourite resort of the lovers of the legitimate drama. To so low an ebb indeed had the exchequer of the rival house been reduced, that its committee gravely entertained the idea of closing, till 'the tide in their affairs' should turn and propel them on to better fortune; when Edmund Kean's sudden and unparalleled success once more revived their hopes and refilled their coffers. Of course, in proportion, as the star of one house was in the ascendant that of the other began to wane. A great part, therefore, of the receipts of Covent Garden were diverted from their ordinary channel, and its managers, in consequence, on purely financial grounds and in self-defence, felt constrained to lower the salaries of the principal actors on their staff. It was in the prosecution of this intention that they proposed to reduce Young's salary from 25*l.* a week to 20*l.*, and from three months' vacation for provincial tours to two. If one

cannot blame the managers for consulting their own interests, neither can one wonder that the actor, in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his fame, should have refused to accept diminished remuneration for his labour. This questionable economy proved eventually as detrimental to its authors as it was beneficial to its subject; for no sooner was it known that Charles Young's connection with Covent Garden was at an end than the manager of Drury Lane waited on him and offered him 50*l.* a night for nine months (three nights a week); three months' leave for country work, and a clear benefit, provided that he would consent to play with Kean, in certain stipulated pieces, exchanging parts with him on alternate nights. Thus Kean was to play Othello, and Young Iago; and the next night Young Othello, Kean Iago. The same rule was to hold good with regard to every piece in which their joint talents were to be exercised. One hundred and fifty pounds per week was a wonderful rise from twenty-five; and proved a bait too alluring to resist. Bills were posted all over London, advertising the early appearance on the same boards of the two men who had long been regarded as the rival representatives of two opposite schools of art. The wide-spread excitement produced, few but the *habitués* of the theatre in those times could believe. Places were secured at the box-office five and six weeks beforehand, and the comparative merits of the two histrionic athletes were canvassed at fashionable tables with as much vivacity and warmth of temper as the far more important political questions of the hour. Kean was the Coryphæus of a new school, Young of the old. Kean was supposed to have had the mantle of George Frederick Cooke descend upon him, Young was looked on as the disciple of Kemble. Kean's forte was known to be the vigorous delineation of the stronger passions—jealousy, malignity, revenge. Young's *spécialité* was allowed to be dignity, pathos, and declamation.

On the very first night of their appearance in the same play I was present; on the very last night of their playing together I was present; and in every piece in which they acted together I have seen them. On each and every one of these occasions I should find it difficult to determine which carried off the palm. The writer of the last published life of Edmund Kean has been pleased to write in terms of measureless contempt of Charles Young's powers as an artist. He has a perfect right to his opinion; but I doubt if his hero, had he been alive, would have endorsed it, or admitted either the justice or the good taste of

his criticism. And I venture to think so for this reason. Both the rival candidates for histrionic fame were engaged on terms of perfect equality. Each received exactly the same salary, each was in turn to play the same parts: and had the manager thought there was such vast disparity between the qualifications of the two candidates he would never have given both the same terms. If Kean had considered himself so far superior to Young in public estimation he would have been indignant at his receiving the same salary as himself, and would have expected his name to be printed in the bills in larger characters than his rival's. To show that Kean did not think as meanly of Young as his secretary-biographer seems to have done, I may mention that on the first night of their playing together, while Young was in his dressing-room receiving congratulations on his success from 'troops of friends,' Kean was storming about in search of Price, the manager, and vowing that he would not give up Othello the next night to Young. On Price's telling him that he was bound by the terms of his agreement to do so, he exclaimed, in violent anger, 'I don't care! if he plays after me the same part I have just played, I will throw up my engagement, and you may seek your redress in a court of law.' On Price's trying to pacify him, and asking him what had caused him to think so differently in the evening from what he had done in the morning, he said, 'I had never seen Young act. Every one about me for several years has told me he could not hold a farthing rushlight to me; but he can! He *is* an actor; and though I flatter myself he could not act Othello as I do, yet what chance should I have in Iago after him, with his personal advantages and his d——d musical voice? I don't believe he could play Jaffiere as well as I can, but fancy me in Pierre after him; I tell you what,' said he, 'Young is not only an actor, such as I did not dream him to have been, but he is a gentleman. Go to him, then, from me, and say that, if he will allow me to retain Othello, and to keep to Jaffiere, if I succeed in it, I shall esteem it as a personal obligation conferred upon me. Tell him he has just made as great a hit in Iago as I ever did in Othello.'

Young was anxious to oblige Price, knowing how seriously refusal on his part would affect the interests of the treasury, and unhesitatingly complied with Kean's request.

My impression as to the comparative powers of Kean and Young may fairly enough be regarded with suspicion. My judgment will be supposed to be biassed by filial partiality.

But I never was a blind admirer of my father's theatrical talent. It is, therefore, in no narrow spirit of partisanship, but under deliberate and impartial conviction that I shall try to distinguish between them, and award to each his due. Each had certain physical requisites which especially qualified him for his vocation. Young had a small, keen, brown, penetrating eye, overshadowed by a strongly-defined and bushy eyebrow. Kean's eye was infinitely finer; it was fuller, blacker, and more intense. When kindled by real passion off the stage, or by simulated passion on, it gleamed with such scorching lustre as literally to make those who stood beneath its rays quail. In this feature, beyond all question, he had an immense superiority over Young. In figure, stature, and deportment, Young had the advantage over Kean; for he had height, which Kean had not; and, though Young's limbs were not particularly well moulded, he moved them gracefully; and his head, and throat, and bust were classically moulded. Kean in his gait shuffled. Young trod the boards with freedom. Young's countenance was equally well adapted for the expression of pathos or of pride; thus, in such parts as Hamlet, Beverley, The Stranger, Daran, Pierre, Zanga, and Cassius, he looked the men he represented. Kean's variable and expressive countenance, and even the insignificance of his person, rendered him the very type of a Shylock, a Richard, or a Sir Giles Overreach. Even his voice, which was harsh and husky (except in low and pathetic passages, such as 'the farewell' in *Othello*, in which it was very touching), so far from detracting from its impressiveness, rather added to it. Young's voice, on the other hand, was full bodied, rich, powerful, and capable of every variety of modulation, and, therefore, in declamatory power he was greatly superior to Kean, and Kemble too. Beautiful in face and person as Kemble was, and great as he was as an actor, his asthma put him at a signal disadvantage with my father in speeches where volume of voice and the rapid delivery of long sentences was needed. The great effects which Kean produced upon his audience were the spontaneous effusions of real genius. Young's happiest hits were the result of natural sensibility, quickness of apprehension, and study. Kean dazzled his audience by coruscations of fancy, and the vivid light which he shed on passages of which the meaning was obscure. Young hardly ever astonished; but, with the unprejudiced, rarely failed to please. Kean's acting, as a rule, was unequal, negligent, and slipshod. He seemed to be husbanding his powers for a point, or for an outburst of impassioned feeling. Young's conceptions

were good and truthful, and were harmoniously sustained. I have heard him say that the passages on which Kean had bestowed most pains, and which were chastely and beautifully delivered, he never got a hand for; while his delivery of those which, to use his own phrase, caused 'the house to rise to him,' were in bad taste and meretricious. Had he been content to follow the leadings of his better judgment, he would have scorned to pander to the ignorant appetites of the groundlings; and he would have been more than repaid by earning golden opinions from the more judicious few. In declaring my own opinion I have no desire to inoculate others with it. But I should be disingenuous if I did not avow, in the teeth of all that has been said and written, that I hold Kean to have been rather a surprising actor than a legitimate one. I humbly conceive that an actor of the highest excellence, though an artist, should conceal his art (ars est celare artem), adhere rigidly to nature, and never try to improve upon it. Now, Kean, not satisfied with looking, thinking, and feeling, as his original would have looked and thought and felt, was wont to superadd points of character which he thought would render his impersonation more effective. John Kemble never took such liberties, and still less Mrs. Siddons. She never indulged in imagination at the expense of truth. So anxious was she to adhere to accuracy, that it is well known that when she had to play Constance in *King John* she would speak to no one, but would seat herself between the wings and listen to the machinations of John and Philip, the better to realise her wrongs, and vent, with greater force and fidelity, her sense of them. Young one day dwelling in conversation with a friend on the importance of an actor's possessing the abstract power of realising character, mentioned, that, in his early theatrical career, while playing Othello, the struggle in his mind between his love for his wife, and the sense of wrong she had done him, so overwhelmed him with conflicting emotions, that, after he had smothered her, he was in such an ecstacy of remorse and misery at his crime, that he flung himself wildly on her bed, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and was only recalled to the fact of his having merely *represented* a murder instead of having *committed* one, by the rapturous applause of the audience. I am far from denying that Kean had genius; but it was fitful, wayward, and ill-regulated; and he stooped to unworthy means to obtain applause. Let me try to make my meaning more intelligible. Braham was not merely a splendid vocalist, but he was a scientific musician. No man understood better, or more thoroughly preciated in others, purity of style; yet no man oftener violated

the canons of good taste. For this reason I cannot call him a *legitimate* singer. I have heard him sing the best sacred music at the house of friends whom he knew to be refined and fastidious musicians, and then his rendering of Handel has been glorious and worthy of his theme. I have heard him, at an oratorio at the theatre, the very next night, sing the same airs to a miscellaneous audience, and so overlay the original composition with florid interpolations as entirely to distract the listener's attention from the simplicity and solemnity of the theme. This violation of propriety was attributable to the fact of his having observed, that, a display of flexible vocalisation always brought down thunder from the gods in the gallery; and therefore he was tempted by the greed of clap-trap applause to sacrifice his own convictions of propriety to the demands of the vulgar and unenlightened. It was in the same depraved taste that young amateurs, captivated by the vibrato passages of Rubini, in which, by-the-bye he never indulged without a purpose, would insert them into every song they sang, though there was nothing in the words to justify their introduction. In like manner, when Kean discovered that his imitation of the hysterical sob under powerful agitation caused fine ladies to faint, and Byron to weep, from nervous sympathy, he was perpetually indulging in it, not only when it was inappropriate but where its manifestation became absolutely ludicrous. No man in his sober hours knew better than Kean, that in condescending to such small trickery he was prostituting his art to an ignoble vanity; for, one night when he had been playing before a very intelligent audience, and had been indulging in the propensity referred to, and had been lustily hissed in consequence, he whispered to Ralph Wewittzer as he retreated behind the scenes, 'By Jove, old fellow! they've found me out. It won't do any more. I must drop my hysterics!' *

The frequent repetition of the same idea palls: and familiarity with gesture, as with anything else, breeds contempt. There are certain attitudes which, by their novelty, excite the admiration of beholders; but which, if reiterated, convert approbation into satiety.

While criticising the faults to which other actors besides Kean are liable, I am tempted to say a few words on a kindred subject, which may expose me to the charge of presumption; yet, which, as I only tender them speculatively, I hope may escape such imputation—although one of the kindest friends I have, one of

* This was told me, very shortly after, by Mathews, who was with Wewittzer at the time.

the most sagacious men I know, a scholar, and a thoughtful one, a critic, and a most accomplished one, entirely dissents from my view.

If ever the world produced writings which approach inspiration, Shakspeare is their author. But I do not think it heresy or infidelity to withhold from them the title of infallibility. It is usual to extol 'Hamlet's direction to the players' to the very skies. It is constantly cited, as embodying Shakspeare's own opinions on acting, and as a manual for all actors for all time. Now, in the first place, assuming that the words put into Hamlet's mouth—words uttered with a special purpose, even though they may have had a general application—really represent the author's own notions of good acting, why should they be of irrefragable authority, seeing that, however great he was as poet and dramatist, he was but an inferior actor himself. In the second place, I am free to confess that, excellent as Hamlet's directions to 'certain players' are, the logical justice of one of them I must take exception to. I allude to the passage wherein he tells them, that 'in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, they should acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

If Shakspeare, in making Hamlet say 'it offended him to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear *a passion* to tatters,' meant that indiscriminate rant in the representation of any of the *primitive* passions—such as love, desire, hope, joy—was offensive to him, every one of any refinement must heartily coincide with him. But if he meant to aver that, in embodying a *derivative* passion, such as 'rage,' an actor is, invariably, to be temperate and smooth, he contradicts not only common sense, but himself. The question is—Do men and women ever rant in real life? If they do, on Shakspeare's own principle of 'holding the mirror up to Nature,' actors must rant too. Do men and women, when in passion, keep themselves under such control as to be 'temperate' and 'smooth'? On the contrary, are they not apt, when they are slaves to their passions, to be so carried away by them, as often to commit acts verging on insanity? Nay, is not 'anger' proverbially a brief madness? Does not a man under the sway of vehement passion fume, and swear, and strike, and even kill? Does not a woman, under the same fell influence, stamp, and scream, and tear her hair, and even drown or poison herself? Could these intemperate acts be properly represented by 'temperance' or 'smoothness'? How is that view reconcileable with Hamlet's own conduct in the scene with Laertes by his sister's grave! Allow me to recall

the scene to the memory of my readers, and respectfully beg them to weigh the force of the following words:—

> '*Hamlet.* 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
> Wool't weep? wool't fight? wool't fast? *wool't tear thyself?*
> Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
> *I'll do't.* Dost thou come here to whine?
> To outface me with leaping in her grave?
> Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
> And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
> Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
> Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
> Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
> *I'll rant as well as thou.*'

Listen to Laertes' language, when he leaps into his sister's grave just before Hamlet grapples with him:—

> 'Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
> Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
> To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
> Of blue Olympus.'

I would ask any one—if passion such as this, or the desolating, devastating passion, fitly figured by such forcible imagery as Hamlet uses in his direction to the players, is compatible with 'temperance'? Does not *the torrent* as it brawls, and boils, and seethes, and plunges headlong down the valley, sweep away all intervening obstacles from out its path? Does not *the tempest*, where it rages, tear up huge trees by the roots, and smite houses to the dust? Does not *the whirlwind*, in its fury and its rapture, whirl men off their feet and dash them helpless to the ground? How then, at such times, and under the impulse of such resistless agencies, can we look for 'calm'? To tell, then, an actor 'whose end, both at first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,' that in delineating a man carried away by the uncontrolled violence of rage, he should be 'temperate and smooth,' seems to me as reasonable as to give an order to an artist to paint a landscape, in which an impetuous torrent should be the prominent feature, and, at the same time, to impress on him the propriety of depicting the angry, swollen stream as 'calm' and unruffled as a lake.

Passion is multiform, and covers a wide area in the human heart. And fitly as the images produced typify one kind of passion, it is, after all, only passion vented: they are totally inapplicable to passion suppressed. The direction to the players is too general and sweeping.

And here, by the way, I should like to say a word, on the subject of passion suppressed. I have never read one line of Schlegel or Coleridge, or any other commentator on our great

Bard's plays. If I had, possibly my opinions might be modified; but, with no light but instinct to guide me, it strikes me no better illustration of suppressed passion could be adduced than in the character of Shylock. I must say that I have never had my ideal of Shylock realised. In all the attempts I have seen made to represent this most difficult part the malignity has been too patent and superficial, instead of being latent and profound. Surely the passion Shakspeare meant to portray in the *Merchant of Venice* was *not vengeance*, but *revenge*—words which are too often confounded together, as if they were not merely synonymous, but identical, in signification.

Vengeance may be, and often is, a righteous act.

Revenge never can be other than a base one.

Vengeance is retributive punishment, in behalf of another.

Revenge is the punishment of another, in one's own behalf.

Vengeance, though attended with the infliction of pain, is often a simple act of justice.

Revenge loves to inflict pain wantonly, and even without prospect of advantage; and is opposed to Christian principles.

Vengeance is God's own attribute.

Revenge is the Devil's.

Vengeance is *quick* and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword.

Revenge is *slow* to anger, and nurses wrath to keep it warm.

Vengeance, when devoid of righteous purpose, is a raging fever.

Revenge, which never can be righteous, is a malignant disease.

Vengeance flashes like the forked lightning, which scathes the forest oak or mountain pine.

Revenge is like the snake that creeps and crawls and coils itself around the sleeping traveller; then wreathes itself around the trunk of some high tree, from whence it can gloat on its intended victim; hiss at him, fascinate him by its basilisk glance; paralyse him with its noxious fœtor, and, in its own good time, destroy him.

I humbly submit then, that it is not by *vengeance*, but by *revenge*, that Shylock's every pulse is stirred. Antonio hated his sacred nation—Antonio had lowered the rate of discount—Antonio had spurned him like a usurious dog—and, therefore, Antonio had heaped up unto himself the treasures of Shylock's envenomed wrath.

If my definition of 'revenge' will stand analysis, then assuredly, Kean's version of the Jew, effective as it was, as a representation of violent rage, was out of keeping with the character of one possessed by the Demon of Malignity. A Jew,

'a bye-word among all nations,' would not be very ready among a prejudiced community to *give way* to choler: and one possessed with an intense and bloodthirsty desire for revenge, would rather his yearnings should sink down and prey upon his heart, and eat out his vitals, as the serpent Tityus' liver, than that he should betray its inward gnawings by premature and tell-tale demonstration. If this is not far remote from truth, then it follows 'as night to day,' that all ebullition of feeling on Shylock's part should *be kept down* as much as possible (except where his daughter is concerned, for there other passions come into play—avarice and affection); aye, and even in the speech which might seem to give license to an outburst, 'Hath not a Jew eyes?' I doubt whether, instead of gesticulating violently with both hands, eyes flashing, and voice elevated to a scream, it would not have been more real if Kean, with eyes viciously half-closed, and hands nervously but unconsciously clutching at his gaberdine with the effort to restrain explosion, and step stealthily advancing, now to Salanio, now to Salarino, had rather hissed out in a half-whisper his bitter expostulation to them both.

Reasoning from analogy, I would say, that, as a light's flaring up is the precursor of its extinction, so, if Shylock, according to Kean's rendering, had given the reins to his passion in the speech alluded to, he could not have retained the implacable resentment he did against Antonio.

CHAPTER IV.

In 1823-24, Young re-appeared at his old quarters, in Covent Garden, on the same terms as the Drury Lane ones. Indeed, till the day of his retirement from the stage, he never received less than 50*l.* every night he played. The following letter received during this year I copy, chiefly for the sake of one sad sentence in it:—

'Paris le 16 Avril, 1823.

'Mon cher Young.—Permettez-moi de vous addresser Monsieur Vignier, l'un de mes anciens camarades de collége dont la fortune détruite par la révolution l'a forcé de chercher dans son instruction des moyens d'existence. Il se rend à Londres pour y donner des leçons de Français et l'Espagnol. Si vous pouvez lui être utile dans le project qu'il entreprend, vous m'obligerez beaucoup, et je vous en aurai une grande reconnaisance.

'Nous avons, donc, perdu ce pauvre Kemble. On dit qu'on

doit lui élever un monument par souscription. J'ai chargé Mons. Darby de me faire mettre au nombre des souscripteurs. Il est de mon devoir de lui donner cette distincte marque de la sincère amitié que j'avois pour sa personne, et de la haute admiration que je professois pour son talent. Je reconnois là vos compatriotes, mon cher ami.

'*Je serai trop heureux ici, si les prêtres me laissent une tombe dans mon jardin !*

'Recevez, je vous prie, mon cher Young, l'assurance des sentiments d'estime et d'amitié que je vous ai voués.

'TALMA.'

January 1, 1824.—Young made his first appearance as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. The following critique is from the *Monthly Magazine*:—

'All the world which is yet in London, is astonished and delighted at the success of Mr. Young as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in *The Man of the World*. We are delighted, but not astonished at all. We have long thought we discerned in Mr. Young's acting, indications of a genuine comic vein which we were assured he would turn, when he pleased, to excellent advantage. Of absolute gaiety we did not suspect him; but we knew that he could exhibit a solemn humour, hit off a plausible knavery, and play a grave impostor to the very life. In the famous scene with Hubert in *King John*, for example, his promises and fawnings are exactly of the tone which fain would belie the heart, but dares not, and the oily smoothness and pretence, for which comedy affords ample scope. Among his friends he has been long remarkable for the facility with which he catches dialects, peculiarities, and tones; and, therefore, we were prepared for a very clever exhibition in Sir Pertinax, and were quite satisfied—never having seen Cooke in the part. His Scotch, whether true or not, was wonderfully consistent with itself, and he spoke it as "if native and to the manner born;" his bowing was so perfect, so submissive, so full of servile meaning, that it must have made his fortune had he been destined to a diplomatic career; and his disdain of all common honesty and good faith was absolutely magnanimous. The good-natured pity with which, on Egerton's spouting forth some piece of life morality, he exclaimed, "Ah, Charlie! you're very young," was almost redeeming, and carried the indulgence of a man of the world to its highest pitch, without trespassing on the romantic. His account of his life was a fine example of climax; his utter amazement at the resist-

ance of his son and the clergyman to his proposals was comical; and his last rage and disappointment admirably kept within bounds for a tragedian.'

In 1827, Young still continuing at Covent Garden, again agreed to play with Kean at that house. The cast of the play *Othello* was even better than it had been at Drury Lane; for it gained a potent auxiliary in C. Kemble as Cassio. Whenever he played a second part he made it a first one. Antony, Mercutio, Orlando, Falconbridge, and Cassio, became so in his hands. Cassio is a very difficult part to render faithfully. The old adage 'in vino veritas,' is irrefragable. The real nature of a man is apt to show itself when he is under the poisonous influence of 'the invisible spirit of wine.' The mere surface gentleman is very likely to betray his innate propensities when he is drunk, and to become a noisy blustering, sensual, hiccup-ing roysterer. But the real gentleman, though his articulation may be thickened, and his movements unsteady, will not swear or forget his deference for the fair sex. And thus we see Cassio in his cups bewildered, and betraying an anxiety to be thought sober; but clouded as his perceptions are (so much so, indeed, that he can hardly distinguish his right hand from his left), never using foul language, and never forgetting his manners. 'For mine own part—no offence to the General—nor any man of quality,' &c. Charles Kemble throughout, never forgot he was a gentleman, overtaken in liquor—not a sot, addicted to it.

In August, 1828, Young for the first time had an original part written for him by Miss Mitford, in the play of *Rienzi*. This was a subject of great satisfaction to him, for he had often deplored his ill-fortune in never having had a playwright to his back, as C. Kemble had had in *Fazio*, and Macready in *Virginius*.

There were good reasons why C. Kemble should have had the part of Fazio assigned to him. In the first place, its author was his personal friend and great admirer; and, in the second, his great physical requisites, and his practised ability in lovers' parts, gave him a prescriptive right to it.

Again, until Sheridan Knowles wrote *Virginius* for Macready, villains had been considered his speciality. But his successful impersonation of Richard III., and his masterly delineation of Virginius, at once determined his position as an actor of the first class—second to none. All the parts in which I ever saw him, such as Orestes, Mirandola, William Tell,

Rob Roy, and Claude Melnotte, he certainly had made his own. He was a man of more reading and cultivation than Young; and, while the latter amused himself in the hunting field, or the drawing-rooms of his aristocratic patrons, the former gave himself heart and soul to the study of his art, and greatly improved his powers by intellectual friction with such minds as those of Bulwer, Forster, Dickens, Knowles, and Albany Fonblanque. Moreover, he was what is called an original actor. I am very far from wishing to detract from his signal excellence if I confess that it appears to me to be a popular fallacy, to speak of any actor as an original one, and for the following reasons:—

A tragedy is a poem cast in a dramatic mould, in which actions of great pith, evoked by the higher passions, and culminating in catastrophe, are performed by historic or ideal personages.

An actor is one who represents such characters in different situations, and under different circumstances; and his primary essential, is fidelity in putting into action, what the author has put upon paper.

Him, then, I take to be the most consummate actor, whose impersonations are the most life-like, and bear the closest affinity to their prototypes. But resemblance, however startling, does not constitute originality. Conception is the author's proper function; execution is the actor's. And the moment the actor prefers his own conception to his author's, he becomes, in a measure, his own author—he manufactures for himself; he transgresses his province, and trenches on a domain over which he has no right to trespass.

I can understand an audience liking to have their passions roused by startling effects; but I cannot understand any dramatist liking to have an *original* actor as the representative of his characters; for the actor ought to be the author's mouthpiece and agent. And, while the author's prerogative is to dissect the workings of the human heart, it is the actor's business to describe them. The only real original is Nature, and the greatest actor the world ever produced, but her copyist.

The very 'purpose of playing,' Shakspeare has told us, is 'to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature.' I, therefore, humbly submit that, as the mirror does not conjure up, create, or invent, but simply reflects the objects presented to it, so the actor is not the originator, but the reflector of objects,

traits, and passions presented to his mind's eye by Dame Nature.

I am aware that a superior actor sometimes, by a certain novelty in the interpretation of a passage, or by the introduction of felicitous by-play, electrifies his audience, and thus acquires the title of an original actor. But all that he has done in such instances has been to evince a range of observation more extended and microscopic than his predecessors in the same part. If what he does at such time is really original, then must it be out of nature, and therefore an offence against probability. The fact is, there is no such rarity in art, or literature either, as originality. If Shakspeare himself had composed none but historical plays, *he* could scarcely have deserved the appellation of an 'original poet'; a claim which no one would withhold from him after reading his sublime creations of *The Tempest* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. And here, writing as I am of authors and actors, I should like to drop a few remarks about the former. Sprung as I am myself from the loins of an actor, I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to diminish the actor's hold on public estimation though I grudge him his monopoly of it. Play-writers have not their due.* If their works live and endure among the standard literature of their country, posterity may do them justice; but, during their lifetime, it is the actor who gets the lion's share of admiration. Even Shakspeare's present colossal reputation was not a contemporary one; and I question whether the actor Burbage's name was not oftener on the lips of his fellow men than that of Shakspeare, the dramatist.

No doubt, as a rule, the popular playwright is liberally remunerated by those who employ his services. But lucre is not all to which the author is entitled, or which he values most; and I must think that, equally indispensable to each other as author and actor are, the meed of public approbation awarded to them is disproportioned. If a powerfully reasoned sermon were composed by one clergyman for another to deliver, which would be entitled to the greater share of admiration—the man who wrote it or the man who read it? Now, reasoning by

* The name of the author of *The Lady of Lyons* will, no doubt, recur to the minds of my readers, as a refutation of my theory. But his case is an exceptional one. It retains its hold on public favour, not more on the score of its construction and the beauty of its poetry, than as the production of one who can prefer a higher title to the admiration of his fellow countrymen, as poet, novelist, dramatist, orator, and statesman, than any man who has ever written for the stage, Sheridan alone excepted.

analogy, let us compare the results of the success of a drama in the case of the author and the actor.

On the first night of a play which has hit the public fancy, the author may be called for, and taste the short-lived sweets of popular applause. He may occasionally hear his name whispered in drawing-rooms as the writer of the last new play; but, generally speaking, when paid for his production, he is considered to have had his deserts, and is expected to repose contentedly on his laurels. If his glory has not actually departed, it is at all events eclipsed by the more brilliant success of his rival the actor. One night's applause is all the author earns: whereas, every night the play runs, the actor is greeted with reiterated plaudits from crowded audiences for his impersonation of the character the author drew. Again, passages of exquisite poetic force shall occur, and, though their merit is the author's, the actor receives not only the tribute due to his delivery of them, but also that approbation which of right belongs to the writer. Night after night, too, on the *dénouement* of a thrilling tragedy, the actor receives not only the promptest recognition of his own ability at the hands of his audience, but also, during the progress of the piece, the superadded sympathy elicited by the construction of the plot, which the writer's ingenuity originated.

But to return to Miss Mitford and her play. The following letters, while they show her estimate of her interpreter not valuing his services for their originality, but for their fidelity, possess also an interest of their own.

'Three Mile Cross, Reading, August 28, 1828.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I sit down with malice prepense to write you a long letter; and, if that be a great liberty, it is your own fault that I take it; for you are, and always have been, so very kind to me, and I hear every day so many testimonies of your kindness, that I cannot help considering you as one of my most indulgent friends. What I want to talk to you of is *Rienzi*. It would have been still pleasanter to me to talk to you about it really in our little garden; and I was half in hopes, when I heard you were at Bath, that Reading would have lain in your way, and that we should have seen you here. I should not at all mind asking you to our poor cottage, although it is a hut that would probably go into your drawing-room. I should no more regard asking you than I should a Duke or a Lord—persons accustomed to magnificence on a large scale, and quite above minding the want of it. Some day or other I hope that you

will prove that I judged you rightly in being sure that you would not regard the smallness of our rooms by giving us the pleasure of seeing you in them. Now for *Rienzi*. I have to-day returned the MS. with your alterations almost verbatim, for they were so good, and so well managed, as to require nothing except here and there a few words to eke out the verse. *One* or *two* lines that *you* put out, I have, however, retained; not more, I find, than three where Lady Colonna acknowledged Claudia as her daughter (and I do this partly in compliment to Mr. Haydon,* who mentioned *that* to me as the finest stroke in the play; and partly because Mr. Talfourd† wished it kept in). I know that you were right in wishing to condense the scene as much as possible; but the sentence in question is so short that you will, I'm sure, excuse it. One other alteration I have made. It is in the speech in the banquet scene, act iv., beginning with "My death were nothing." It now runs so:—

> "My death!
> They who are sent, one in a thousand years,
> To renovate old empires and to bid
> Cities once famous, like the fabled bird,
> Rise stronger from their ashes—they, the few,
> The chosen, the peculiar, tread in the light
> Of their own peculiar star, the glorious path
> Of destiny. My death! Ye might as soon
> Hurl your dark bolts at that bright star. I soar
> Too high above ye, sirs. I cannot die
> Whilst Fame commands me live. For ye, foul slaves," &c.

I have made this alteration, to bear out Angelo's reproaches on Rienzi's overweening pride, and to account in some measure for the defection of the citizens; but I must chiefly rely on the growing haughtiness of *your* demeanour to convey to the audience the perfect idea of the remarkable historical character which I have attempted to depict. You will see that I intended to make him not a buffoon, but a bitter jester in the first acts (Lady Colonna conveys my idea of him), condescending as a king in the levée scene and the banquet scene, or rather in the first parts of these scenes; but flaming forth in uncontrollable pride when contradicted or thwarted,—always, however, softening into tenderness at the sight or thought of his daughter. Mr. Macready said that the whole character reminded him of Napoleon, and that, in the scene which I have called the levée scene, *he*, if he were even to play it, should not be able to avoid

* I believe, the artist. † Afterwards Sir T. N. Talfourd.

copying Talma in Nero. I confess that I did think of Napoleon in writing the play; and surely there is some resemblance in their story and fate. You know, of course, that I took my tragedy from the splendid narrative of Gibbon; but you will find a very graphic account of *The Tribune* in the second volume of the quarto edition of l'Abbé de Sode's *Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque*. Have you seen the French tragedy? I had not till Mr. Kemble lent it to me last year. There is no resemblance at all except in the last two or three lines, the summing up of the character, which is pretty similar in both. I have not heard of any English play on the subject, except one translated from the French original, which Mr. K. told me they had in Covent Garden, and one begun and abandoned when about half written by my neighbour Mr. Milman, who took, he told me, the same view of the character, but on a totally different plot. Mr. Talfourd tells me that they are going to bring it out the second week after the opening of Drury Lane. Is not this unusually early? Will not the town be a desert then? *I* have not hinted an objection to them, because I know so little of theatrical matters that it would be presumption in me to interfere. Besides, I am quite unacquainted with Mr. Price and Mr. Cooper; but *you*, who are such a judge, will, I know, give your opinion if *you* think the time too early. The play certainly deserves a fair chance; and from all I hear of Mr. Price he is determined to give it one. But its best chance, after all, will be in your talent and popularity, and the interest with which it has been so fortunate as to inspire you. I cannot thank you enough for the kind pains that you are taking with it; and, great as the subject is to me, I assure you that failure would be doubly painful from disappointing your kind efforts. But I will not apprehend such a catastrophe. When we meet I have a little prose book for you. My father says you are so good as to like my prose. He joins in kindest regards and sincerest thanks for your goodness to his daughter.

'I am, ever very sincerely yours,
'MARY R. MITFORD.'

1828.

'Three Mile Cross, Monday.

'MY DEAR SIR.—My way of writing is so peculiar, and so very unmethodical, that although I have parts of every act of *Otto* written, I have not one readable. This is always my way. *Foscari* was written so, *Rienzi* was written so, *Charles I.* was

written so, *Inez de Castro* was written so. In fact, I can sooner do anything than begin at the beginning, or go on from a fixed point; and any one, to see the intolerable confusion of my MSS., would think it impossible that anything like order could spring from such chaos. The play ought to have been finished long ago, but I have been partly waiting for the words and ceremony of the *Ban of the Empire*, which many distinguished literary friends have been hunting for in vain in England, and which has at last been sent for to Germany; and mainly, I have been prevented from going on by a great degree of nervousness and depression, under which I have been suffering nearly the whole winter. I have not been ill, though not so strong as I look; but so out of spirits as no tongue can tell, with a sense of inability on the one hand, and a consciousness that it is my duty to struggle against it on the other, that none but a woman of weak nerves and feeble character can comprehend. However, I am much more comfortable now. My dear friend Miss James has been so good as to come and see me, and the very sound of her voice does my heart good. She knows exactly how I am situated, all that I have to bear, and all that is expected of me. It is that sense of being overweighted that seems to paralyse the powers that I have; and precisely because it is my duty to do *so much* I feel as if I could do nothing. I am pouring out my whole heart before you, my dear Mr. Young, as I have scarcely done to any one except Miss James in all my life; but I know your singular kindness and your high honour, and I wish at once to account for the play's not being completed, and to interest you in a request which I have to make on the subject. Besides, there is nothing like truth. I am now completely roused from my dejection, perfectly well in health, and able to command all the power I ever have in composition; and I have *little* doubt—*no* doubt (if it please God to continue my health and faculties) but that, using strong exertion, I shall be able to send you *Otto* finished in a very few weeks; but, at the same time, it would be an unspeakable relief to me, and certainly for the good of the play, if that tragedy might rest till next season, and *Inez* be substituted in its place. Will you read that play with a view to performing Pedro, and with a wish to find it do? And if you do so find it, will you have the further goodness to put it into Mr. Price's hands? The play is still at Covent Garden, but I could write instantly to withdraw it; indeed, I did, under your advice, forbid their playing it, as they meant to do after the production of *Rienzi*. I have no doubt they would

play it there now if I chose; but *that* is quite out of the question. If there were no other reason, *the cast* would be perfectly unsatisfactory. Now, with you for Pedro, and Miss Phillips for Inez, I should have no fear. Inez is (although *I* say it that should not) a splendid part, and *you* would *make* a great part of Pedro. Pedro is not a boy, not a lover, not a Romeo,—and I would even make him older if you chose (for I foresee your possible objection), although the *only Hamlet* on the stage may surely play a character quite as old as his other characters, The Stranger and Beverley. I could make Alphonso an old man for Mr. W. Farren, if he would accept it, with half-a-dozen touches, or I could shorten the part for Mr. Cooper; but to give some effective touches to Alphonso, for Mr. W. Farren, would be best, and that I could do in a few days; and Miss Ellen Tree would make a beautiful Constance. Any part that you liked I would alter, especially that scene in the first act, between Pedro and Inez, the beginning of which is too much like that of Angelo and Claudio; and Mr. Cooper would be excellent in Marvel, although I suppose Mr. Vining could do that part in case Mr. W. Farren would not play the King. Pray think of this. I would not urge it if I did not expect a real success. Why should I? But with Miss Phillips for Inez, and you for Pedro, I should have no fear; for assuredly the piece is interesting, and of an interest too which would come home to men's bosoms; and I think the opportunity for Miss Phillips would recommend it to Mr. Price. Pray think of this, and let me hear soon. I will get on with *Otto* as well as I can; but you will remove a mountain of lead from my head if you do Inez, and then you shall have Otto next year. It will come better then, because Inez has less of the character and mark of Rienzi, and is more absolutely different in kind than Otto will be. *What* gratitude do I not owe you for Rienzi! But *this* will be even a deeper obligation. It will give me such freedom, such ease, and enable me to write for The Annual people, and oblige them who have so much power with the press. I am ashamed of my own importunity; but the thing is near my heart. Adieu, my dear sir,

'Ever very gratefully yours,
'M. R. MITFORD.'

'Three Mile Cross, November 17, 1828.

'MY DEAR SIR.—I can but thank you most sincerely for all your kindness, lamenting unfeignedly the state of health which

must make all exertion troublesome to you. How, when unwell, you can contrive to play Rienzi in the manner that every one says you do, is to me most astonishing. God grant it may not permanently injure you. I should feel a guilty creature if it did. Tell Mr. Price that Albert may be played by almost anybody. He need not sing the first song, which is performed off the stage; nor the second, which may be performed by the other minstrels, or by one other and a chorus, although he must be by; and the third I can manage to make him turn over to another. Indeed, I think it would be better in acting to make him suggest the song to one of his brother minstrels, and then take the responsibility on himself. I suppose it is permissible to have a song behind the scenes supposed to be sung by one actor, when in reality it is sung by another. If that be not allowable, I could re-write the scene in the first act, where the situation occurs, or make any other alteration that Mr. Price may desire. You are quite right about Charles. The very name of religion is at present a war cry. And you are quite as right about Otto. It is impossible for you or Mr. Price either to tell what so wretchedly written a scheme is likely to turn out; but you will think better of it when you see it put into form or life—above all, when the latter part is united and harmonised with the beginning; for instance, the commander of the pursuing forces must be the man whom Otto has injured and insulted in the first act, and so on. Motive must be given, unity preserved (I don't mean the writer's, but that singleness of interest and action which are really important), and as much of individual character given as I can contrive. You may depend on my observing your hint respecting the domestic *

—copying oneself would be a very fatal error. Might I do much with the boy? Could a clever child be found? And if he could, would he be heard in that great theatre? And how old, or rather how young, might I make him? I wish I could see sweet Miss Phillips—but hers shall be a fine part, and I have not the slightest doubt of her success. I wish I were half as certain of my *own* power in the play, but I will do my best; and what *you have* done for me ought to be my inspiration.

'Most gratefully yours,

'M. R. Mitford.'

1828.

'Three Mile Cross.

'My dear Sir.—A thousand thanks for all your kindness. I have met with a great deal in the course of a life otherwise

* The word here wanting is illegible.

unprosperous, but *never* I think with so much, except from Mr. Talfourd;* no, never with so much, or with half. Will you have the goodness to send the plot of *Otto* to my friend Mr. Talfourd. I told him that I should beg you to do so, therefore you have only to put it in an envelope addressed to T. A. Talfourd, Esq., 2, Elm Court, Temple, and send it to the two-penny post. I shall get on as fast as possible with the writing. For the last fortnight I have had a cough, which has jarred my head so much that I could hardly write a letter; but it is much better, almost well, and I will undoubtedly set to work diligently and send you the result as soon as possible. Remember that at any time I am ready to make alterations. To my mind it shows as much want of resource as redundancy of vanity not to submit to the advice of those whose experience must make them the best judges. *Yours* I shall always take as the greatest favour. Would you like to see my tragedy of *Inez de Castro?* The female part in it is (if I may say so) exceedingly fine. When Mr. Kemble showed it to you, it was with a view to know whether you would play Alphonso if he played Pedro. Now, if you would like to do Pedro, and the other male parts could be cast, and Miss Phillips were in physical power equal to Inez, perhaps you might prefer that play to *Otto*. But this I should leave entirely to you, taking care of course that it should not be named to Mr. Price or any one. The great progress that Miss Phillips has made under your auspices has of course been my motive for thinking of this. But I shall undoubtedly go on with *Otto*, and take care that, except through you, neither that play nor *Gaston*, nor *Inez*, shall be mentioned to Mr. Price, leaving all that concerns the tragedies to your choice, and not worrying or hurrying him about the melodrama. How sorry we are to hear that you are still so ill, and how very glad we should be to see you in our poor cottage. Some day or other I trust that we shall have that great pleasure. I certainly believed my letter to have been franked; but my friend Mr. Monck, who took the letter from my father, promising to frank and send it to the post with his own letters, is one of the most absent as well as the kindest of persons in the world, and doubtless the mistake originated with him. I will not trust him again, and you will forgive me this time. Will *Rienzi* run on? Shall I get the fourth hundred? I hope so. They say it is playing very successfully in the country. Adieu, dear Sir.

'Always most gratefully yours,

'M. R. MITFORD.'

* Afterwards Lord Talfourd.

'December 19, 1828.

'My dear Sir.—I have had to-day a request from Mr. Cumberland (the person who purchased the copyright of *Rienzi*) that I would ask you to allow Mr. Wageman to take your portrait in that character. It is to be, as I understand, first exhibited in the Royal Academy, and then to be engraved by Woolnoth; and according to some specimens of theatrical portraits which he has sent me (*e. g.* Mr. Cooke and Mr. Braham), seems likely to be creditably done, provided you are so good as to allow the artist a sitting. I have great scruples of conscience in asking you this, because I know how very troublesome an operation it is, and because I am just about to undergo it, for a different purpose, myself; but I could not well refuse Mr. Cumberland to transmit his request to you, and can only beg you to act just as you would have done if the petition had come directly from Mr. Cumberland. Of course the expense will be defrayed by him, and the favour—a very great one he will consider it—is that of giving a sitting to Mr. Wageman.

'I am involved in a good many puzzles about *Otto*. It was certainly an historical fact—I mean his killing the emperor. Would it (that being the case) be too bold an experiment to make him kill him on the stage? In the German play he does it behind the scenes, but goes out purposely to do it, and returns with the bloody sword, like Macbeth.

'Now my notion is, to make Otto kill the emperor in the *mêlée*, whilst aiming at another, and before the audience. Another puzzle is, that the competitor for the imperial crown was a Duke of Brunswick. I really think that I must falsify history in this particular, because in these days of Brunswick Clubs, the very name would be dangerous. One is quite ashamed of these precautions, and really they fetter one more than they ought to do. I hope and trust you continue better. Those who see you play find it difficult to believe you have been ill: but *mind* and *will* are, in you, singularly victorious over bodily ailments. How glad I am to hear of Miss Phillips' success. She is a sweet creature, and does honour to her most kind and able instructor. It is a moot point whether she or I owe most to your goodness and genius. Having superintended Mr. Monck's doings, whilst directing the cover, I hope you will not have to pay double for this.

'Most respectfully yours,

'M. R. Mitford.'

In the year 1829, the offer of a splendid engagement was made to Charles Young, from the other side of the Atlantic, viz. £12,000 for ten months; but his heart was so set on quitting the stage, that he was proof against the tempting bribe.

On May 31, 1832, when but fifty-three years of age, he bade a final farewell to the public in his favourite character of Hamlet. It being usual for actors to apply to the owners of private boxes for permission to let them, in the event of their not using them, my father wrote to Sir John Conroy to ascertain the Duchess of Kent's pleasure in the matter, and received the following reply:—

'Sir John Conroy presents his compliments to Mr. Young. He begs to relieve him of the feeling which he has had about the application for the box, by stating that the Duchess of Kent was gratified to receive it; and that, although her Royal Highness does not, from motives which he can easily understand, go to benefits, that she may avoid shewing preferences, yet, *on this occasion*, where it is a farewell one, her Royal Highness is anxious to shew the interest she takes in the drama of this country, as also, *especially*, to evince the same feeling towards Mr. Young, in recollection of the many occasions on which she has been gratified by his admirable representations.

'Kensington Palace, May 22, 1832.'

Subjoined is a copy of the balance sheet of his night's receipts *at the doors*. (See opposite page.)

The band was removed behind the scenes; and so great was the demand for places, that the orchestra was converted into two rows of stalls. Eighty-one pounds were returned to persons who were unable to procure standing room. Charles Mathews, the elder, 'for that night only,' played Polonius; and William Macready, with a generosity that did him honour, condescended to undertake the spiritual function of the shadowy Ghost. There were many present on the occasion, who had watched the retiring actor throughout the whole of his career to its very close, who declared they had never seen him play with greater effect. At the close of the tragedy, after the curtain had fallen, there was an interval of a few minutes, when it was raised again, and disclosed Young surrounded by the whole *corps dramatique*. He came forward, and thus addressed the audience:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I have often been before you with a fluttering heart and a faltering tongue; but never, till now,

MR. YOUNG'S BENEFIT.

1832. WEDNESDAY, 30th MAY. 179 NIGHT.

Hamlet. Song. Gretna Green.

Total No.	First Account. No. Paid.					Tickets Sold.	Second Account.				Third Account.			
	Boxes		£.	*s.*	*d.*		*Boxes*	£.	*s.*	*d.*	*Boxes*	£.	*s.*	*d.*
320	Dress	3				317	..		..		..		..	
117	K. S.	41				59	K. S.	6	2	6	K. S.	0	10	6
316	P. S. 1	206				110	P. S. 1	20	6	0	P. S.	2	1	0
254	P. S. 2	160				94	P. S. 2	2	12	6				
1007		410	143	10	0									
	Pit						*Pit*				*Pit*			
428	K. S.	409				4	K. S.	0	2	0	K. S.	0	12	0
352	P. S.	304				..	P. S.	1	18	0	P. S.	0	6	0
371	Extra	357				7								
1151		1070	187	15	0									
	Gallery						*Gallery*				*Gallery*			
237	K.S.	224				1	K. S.	1	8	0	K. S.	0	2	0
317	P. S.	309				..	P. S.	2	5	0	P. S.	0	4	0
554		533	53	6	0									
262	U. G.	251	12	11	0		U. G.	1	1	0	U. G.		..	
			396	12	0	592		35	15	0		3	15	6

	£.	*s.*	*d.*
First account	396	12	0
Money with Tickets	0	1	0
Second account	35	15	0
Third account	3	15	6
Total Money	436	3	6
Value of 592 Tickets	207	4	0
Total	643	7	6

with a sense of pain and a degree of heaviness which almost still the beating of the one and impede the utterance of the other. I would fain have been spared this task; but if I had not complied with long-established usage, I should have laid myself open to the charge of want of respect for you. To usage, then, I bow.

'I very proudly acknowledge the indulgence, the great and continued kindness, you have shewn me for five-and-twenty years. You first received and encouraged my efforts with a Kemble, a Siddons, a Cooke and an O'Neil; and by their side I shared with them your applause. In this the very last hour of my theatrical life, I still find myself cheered, supported, and upheld by your presence and approbation. Although retirement from the stage, and from the excitement of an arduous profession, has been long my fervent wish, yet, believe me, there are feelings and associations connected with these walls, and with the very boards on which I stand, and where I have been so often cheered by your applause, which make me despair of finding words sufficient to express my gratitude. I throw myself on your indulgence to measure the extent of it by the kind rule you have always observed when you have secured it. I surely say no more than the truth when I state, that, whatever of good name or fortune I may have obtained, or whatever worldly ambition I may have gratified, I owe them all to you. It has been asked why I retire from the stage while still in possession of whatever qualifications I could ever pretend to, unimpaired. I will give you my *motives*, although I do not know you will accept them as *reasons:* but reason and feeling are not always cater-cousins. I feel, then, the toil and excitement of my calling weigh more heavily upon me than formerly; and if my qualifications are unimpaired, so I would have them remain in your estimate. I know that they were never worthy of the approbation with which you honoured them; but, such as they are, I am loth to remain before my patrons until I have nothing better to present to them than tarnished metal. Permit me, then, to hope that, on quitting this spot, I am honourably dismissed into private life, and that I shall carry with me the kind wishes of all to whom I say respectfully and gratefully—"Farewell."'

Young was often called an imitator of Kemble. A devout disciple of his school, he acknowledged himself to be; and considering that they played the same parts, and held the same

principles of art, it were no wonder if community of sentiment begat similarity of style. But, intentional copyist he was not.

Before bringing this crude sketch to a close, I cannot resist telling three or four anecdotes of Charles Young, each of which reveals a different phase of his character.

1. He was always very glad to hear good preaching; and when residing at Brighton, in old age, was a constant attendant on the ministry of Mr. Sortain. Mr. Bernal Osborne told me that, one Sunday morning, he was shown into the same pew with my father, whom he knew. He was struck with his devotional manner during the prayers, and by his rapt attention during the sermon. But he found himself unable to maintain his gravity when, as the preacher paused to take breadth after a long and eloquent outburst, the habits of the actor's former life betrayed themselves, and he uttered, in a deep undertone, the old familiar 'Bravo.'

2. He was sitting at dinner next a lady of rank and considerable ability, who was rather prone to entangle her neighbours at table in discussions on subjects on which she was well 'up,' when she, suddenly, appealed from the gentleman on her right to my father, who was on her left, and asked him if he would be kind enough to tell her the date of the Second Punic War. He, who had not the remotest idea whether it was 218 before Christ, or 200 after, and who was too honest to screen his ignorance under the plea of forgetfulness, turned to her and said, in his most tragic tones, 'Madam, I don't know anything about the Punic War; and, what is more, I never did. My inability to answer your question has wrung from me the same confession which I once heard made by a Lancashire farmer, with an air of great pride, when appealed to by a party of his friends in a commercial room: "I tell ye what, in spite of all your bragging, I'll wedger (wager) I'm th' ignorantest man i' coompany."'

3. He was once dining at the house of a well-known nobleman, when a fashionable scion of the aristocracy, as if bent on insulting him, began to inveigh, in terms of more than ordinary rancour, on the degradations of the stage, and to insist, pertinaciously, on the invariably vicious lives of actresses. Charles Young admitted that there was, unhappily, too much truth in his charges, but humbly submitted that they were too sweeping, and required qualification. 'They are all alike!' was the retort. 'Unhappily,' replied my father, 'a harshly-judging world, which winks at, and countenances, by its presence, suc-

cessful vice in high places, has nothing but the cold shoulder and the harsh epithet for many whom destitution has driven, first, to despair and then to evil courses.' He then cited the honoured names of the late Countess of Derby, Countess of Craven, Countess of Essex, Lady Thurlow, and Lady Beecher, as instances of stainless characters, who had passed through the furnace of temptation and come forth scathless. One lady, whose life and conduct had been from her childhood, as an open book, to Young, was, then, assailed by this gentleman, in the most unscrupulous manner. He boasted of his own familiarity with her, in terms so coarse that the indignant player rose from the table, uttering these words before he left the room:—'If, Sir, you will prove the truth of your assertion, I will tender you, in the presence of these same gentlemen, the most abject apology on which they can insist; if you do not, whenever I hear your name I will brand it as that of a calumniator and braggart.' Bowing, then, politely to his host, he left the room, expecting that the matter would not end there. However, he never heard more from the gentleman in question.

4. On one of the very foggy nights of November, as Charles Young was stepping out of the stage door of Covent Garden theatre, on his way home (in such weather, he preferred braving the perils of the *trottoir* on foot to those of the *pavé* in a hackney coach), he heard the link-boy, whose aid on such nights was indispensable, apply abusive epithets to one of the many Circes who used to hang on the skirts of the great theatres, and saw him push her rudely aside into the gutter. Young angrily remonstrated with him on his unmanly violence; and turned to look at the object of his ill-usage. She bore herself so meekly, and cast so sad and deprecating a look at him, that he called her to his side, snatched the link from the boy, and bade him follow, while he spoke to her. The direct and artless way in which she replied to his questions, the diffidence of her manners, and the plaintive accents of her voice, encouraged him to hope that she was not yet so hardened in vice as to be irreclaimable; that, in short, she had been the reluctant victim of circumstances rather than a volunteer in the ways of sin. He gave her half a-crown and his card, at the same time (with his address), and invited her to come to him the next morning at ten o'clock. She curtsied her acknowledgments, and forthwith vanished in the fog. The link-boy resumed his torch and his office, and, casting a familiar grin behind him, preceded his employer, and pioneered him safely home.

At the hour appointed on the following morning the young woman made her appearance. The particulars of the interview I never heard pass from my father's lips; in fact, the poor Magdalen's errors were never once alluded to by him to any one. From what I know of her story as told me forty years ago by a friend of her own, she was in the first instance *blameless;* for, she was no consenting party to her own undoing. Outraged by a villain, whose statement it was her father's interest to prefer to hers (he was the squire of the village in which she had been born, and was her father's landlord), she was disowned, thrust from the door, and flung penniless upon the streets.

As soon as Young, after rigid enquiry, had verified her statements, he offered to ensure her against penury, if she would promise to retire to some secluded spot and try to employ her remaining days usefully and virtuously. For two-and-thirty years—in short, until the day of her death—her annuity was paid to her quarterly, without fail. She settled in a neat little cot in Bakewell, in Derbyshire, where she led not only a most respectable but a most useful life; for, out of her own slender pittance, she always found something to spare for those still poorer than herself; and wherever sickness or sorrow entered, in that house was she a willing and a welcome visitant. So prudently did she administer the funds at her disposal, that she not only died owing no man anything, but left upwards of twenty pounds behind her to defray her funeral expenses. The last act of this poor Magdalen's life was to raise her emaciated hands and invoke a blessing on her benefactor's head.

Having told all the little I have to tell of my father in his public capacity, it may, not unreasonably, perhaps, be expected of me, that I should say something of him as he appeared in the daily relations of private life. All I can recall of it, during the years in which he was on the stage is, that it was characterized by its remarkable simplicity, uniformity, and temperance.

Two or three days in the week, when the managers were playing old stock pieces, and there was no need for rehearsals, he would be sure to be found in the hunting-field. As a rule, he played three nights in every week; and on the mornings of those days, he would keep as quiet as he could, to save his physical powers for the coming exertion of the evening. He would read or write till one; and, ride from one to three o'clock, when he would dine. Dinner was followed by an hour's siesta; a

cup of coffee followed; and at 5·30 he was off to his dressing-room at the theatre. The instant his work was over, without staying—generally without entering—in the 'green room,' he would return to his apartments, and rarely be out of bed after 11·30 p.m.

When not 'on duty,' no man mixed more with society (and that the best); and no man relished his dinner more (though he never exceeded). Yet, whenever engaged in his calling, he was singularly, I may say, exceptionally, abstemious. I have known him, during the whole of one theatrical season, allow nothing but carrot soup and a pint of porter to pass his lips. Two mutton chops, dry bread, and half-a-pint of dry sherry, I have known to have had an uninterrupted run for two seasons. And I well remember his writing to me, once, from Dublin, where he was engaged for five weeks, and telling me that he had been 'indulging'; for, that, except on three days, two of which he had dined with the Lord Lieutenant, and the other with the Chancellor, he had rioted in boiled fowl, mashed potatoes, and a pint of weak brandy-and-water, every day, without intermission.

He had very marked peculiarities of taste and habit; but they were so harmless and original that they made intercourse with him all the more racy. He considered humidity the besetting sin of our insular climate; and, therefore, thought it expedient to counteract its effects by scientific rule. He had but little scientific knowledge, and, as I have less than none, I will not attempt to define what I do not understand: but he *talked* much of the benefits of the rarefaction of the air by means of heat. The practical results of his theory I could understand, when I would enter his bed-room in the month of July, at night-time, and see a perfect furnace blazing up the chimney—his bed-room candle, lighted, on a chest of drawers; two wax candles, lighted on the chimney; two, lighted, on his toilet-table; a policeman's lantern, lighted for the night; and the handle of a warming-pan protruding from his bed, and remaining there, till he was prepared to enter it.

Town-bred, as well as town-born, he was a thorough cockney in his predilections and prejudices. He was of the street, streety; he hated green lanes, and loved the neighbourhood of shops; and preferred to hear the rumbling of cabs and omnibuses to the sound of the scythe or the note of the nightingale. There was one thing in the country for which, however, he had a perfect passion, and, that was, to watch the sunsets. Other

wise, but for the hunting, and the social intercourse he enjoyed in large country houses, he could not be said to appreciate rural life for its own sake. He believed that almost everything we eat and drink, except beef, mutton, game, and fish, was more or less adulterated. Not that he resented this as a wrong. In many cases, he reckoned it an improvement! For example, he greatly preferred coffee cum chicory, to coffee pure and simple. He preferred Champagne, compounded of tartar, sugar, alcohol, and the unripe gooseberry and currant, to the mere fermented juice of the grape. He preferred porter, concocted of pale malt, burnt sugar, liquorice, and coculus indicus, to plain honest brown malt. Of course, in the abstract, he would not have justified the want of principle involved in debasing a pure article by dishonest admixture with other things; but, practically, he relished the result. Thus, for instance, he had a perfect aversion to a home-baked loaf—such a genuine horror, that I never knew him pay us a visit in the country without making a descent on some baker's shop on the road, and filling the carriage with white, vicious, alumy bread, sufficient to have lasted our household throughout a siege of moderate duration.

He had always been used to have his fires lighted with daintily-prepared chips; and as, in each fresh residence we had, he doubted our supply of the necessaries of life, as much as if our tent had been pitched in Lapland, he would generally bring with him a store of such goods as he considered indispensable for his own comfort. Any one following him through our hall, a few minutes after his arrival, would have taken it for a general colonial store; so full would he have found it of the most incongruous articles,—portmanteaus, carpet-bags, saddles, Mackintosh cloaks, Mackintosh cushions, Mackintosh stomach-warmers, three or four double-actioned bellows, and, invariably, a large sack full of mysterious firework-looking articles, which were, in fact, bits of wood glued together in this shape ✳, and coated over with a preparation of resin to make the pieces ignite more readily.

But, a truce to the enumeration of harmless peculiarities, which were the growth of the solitary life he had so long led, and which in no degree detracted from his sterling worth.

I shall now present to the reader a letter, written, at my request, by one who knew Charles Young intimately and loved him well, and whose keen appreciation of his drolleries, as well as of his amiability, still lingers in her heart and memory, after a lapse of fourteen years.

Before, however, I give her letter, I ought to mention that the last years of his life, with the exception of such visits as he paid to us, were spent entirely at Brighton. He would have ended his days under our roof at Fairlight, but for the nature of a painful malady, which made him dependent on prompt and frequent medical attendance; which he could only have in a town. Hastings, from its proximity to us, would have seemed the natural place for him to have settled in; but he had had too much experience of the great skill, fertility of resource, and tender care of Dr. James Oldham, of Brighton, to be happy under any hands but his.

'September 10, 1820. London.

'TO THE REV. JULIAN YOUNG.

'MY DEAR FRIEND.—It is not easy for me to do what you ask of me. I wish I could give a faithful sketch of your dear father as I knew him in his age. I fear to mar the beauty and dignity of the subject by bald and imperfect delineation; but I will, nevertheless, try to give a faint outline of the individuality of Charles Young; for it really ought not to be lost. Many, I am sure, who are too young to remember the actor, will love to retrace the social charm and domestic virtues of the man. I was very young when first I saw him. He must have been nearing his sixth decade; but the forty odd years which were between us did not seem to make any wide difference in our tastes and sympathies. He was singularly fitted to attract to him the young, of both sexes; but it was perhaps the fairer half who understood him best. His long exposure to the corrupting influences of the theatre had never soiled the purity and innocency of his mind and heart. No Galahad ever wore a whiter shield! In many homes, where family life and the pure rule of motherhood were seen in all their sacred beauty, Charles Young was welcomed as a trusted and devoted friend and adviser. Until you became a husband, he was thrown, as it were, on other homes for domestic life; for never since the death of his fair young wife had he desired to marry again.* Her memory reigned in his deepest affections; and, possibly, the remarkable blamelessness of his walk and conversation was attributable to his perfect remembrance of the thirteen or fourteen brief months of wedded life which had been granted to his

* The writer was not aware that, fifteen years after, he would gladly have married the daughter of a valued friend of his in Edinburgh: but it was not to be. Though the lady in question was pre-engaged, she and her husband continued his fastest friends for upwards of forty years.

youth. His gifts and accomplishments were various. His musical taste, his melodious voice, his wide range of anecdote, his extensive knowledge of life, his humorous power of portraying character, his arch, droll, waggish ways and stories, lent to his companionship a charm, which rendered him a desired guest in many of the stateliest homes of our aristocracy; where young men and maidens would gather round him eagerly, the one to discuss the incidents of 'the run' and the comparative merits of dogs and horses (for your father, as you know, rode well and delighted in the chase); the other to beg for hints over their song-books, and to listen to his exquisite recitations, while all, of every age and degree, could thoroughly enjoy the waggery of his spirit, and join in the laughter called forth by his innocent peculiarities. He had a somewhat stately manner, tinged, no doubt, by the old dramatic element, which was so pronounced in him; and so far he certainly was artificial: but this was easily distinguishable from his true nature; so that it only imparted a kind of grotesque flavour to his quaint and, sometimes, grandiloquent treatment of trifles. It is difficult, in writing, to give any illustration of this; but to the old friends who still cling with love and honour to his memory it will recur at once, as having given a piquancy to his manner quite irresistible. As time ran on and the black hair became silvered, and the Roman features lost something of their classic sternness, and the well-balanced figure began to stoop, a deeper tenderness and seriousness gave new interest to his character. Naturally, he had a devout frame of mind; and now he declined reading any of the lighter literature of the day, and confined himself to meditation on the sublimer mysteries of the Christian faith with the simple heart of a little child, often asking questions, on these subjects, of persons much younger than himself, and receiving their answers with a docility that was touching. His charity was large and fervent; and he could not understand the divisions and disputes, which seemed to him to disfigure the beauty of the spiritual life of, otherwise, good men. His person was well known at Brighton, at this time, where he passed the decline of his days. Friends, in plenty, clustered round his couch, or gladly sat with him, in the gloaming, as he hummed his songs of the olden time; for his piano was a never-failing resource—a beloved companion, up to within a few hours of his death. He had a faithful heart for humble friends; and those who had known him through his upward career were cherished by him to the last, and remembered in his parting bequests.

Many were the acts of large and thoughtful liberality, that signalized his life throughout long years, and which became known, only, when infirmity and failing memory obliged him to lean on others, as his almoners. By the side of his sick-bed stood a little mahogany table with an ever-opening drawer, into which the large white hand would be thrust, as oft as any tale of sorrow or application for help reached his ear. "What will ye have?" was the only question asked, and out came the gold and silver without stint: and, "Mind ye, let me know when ye want more for the poor creatures!" was sure to be his parting injunction. The profile sketch, made by yourself, is very like what he was at this period of his life, though it needs colour to give the fine Rembrandt tone, which really made his head a study for a painter. I have often wished that Gainsborough or Sir Joshua could have drawn him, as he sate in his richly-brocaded dressing-gown and black velvet cap, with the dark eye gleaming from under the great eyebrow, the snowy hair and grave, serene mouth firmly closed, until some sally of nonsense from one of his grandsons, or some stray joke from an odd nook in his own memory, would light up the old face with the rippling sunshine of mirth, and show how light a heart he carried beneath the burden of his four score years.

'There are kind eyes and loving hearts who, perhaps for his sake, may read your memoir, and these words of mine, and who will know that what I have briefly set down in memoriam of Charles Mayne Young is strictly within the limits of truth. Much more might be told of his kindly generous heart and simple mind; but more than enough has been said for those who knew him not. To those who did, and who count it a joy for ever to have loved and been beloved by him, I commend his dear memory. Actor though he was, he wore the grand old name of gentleman unsullied to the end, and died in the fulness of his years beloved, honoured, and lamented. R. I. P.'

After a lapse of sixty-five years, I hope I may be excused for introducing here a letter of my father's, lately sent me by my aunt. The Christian spirit which it evinces throughout is delightful. One of my mother's brothers, a highminded, generous creature, but possessing the hot Italian temper, had written a very severe letter to one to whom he had once given a miniature of my mother, and which, after her death, he wished to have restored to him. The fact was, this gentleman had passionately loved Julia Grimani, yet, after her marriage with

my father, retained for her the most chivalrous devotion, and, at the same time, bestowed on his successful rival the most genuine friendship.

'8, Chapel Row, Bath. July 25, 1806.

'Dear Frank.—I am waiting here in expectation of a letter from Lady Catherine Howard, whom I propose to see as soon as I know whether she is at Charlton or at Cheltenham. I will explain to you, when we meet, the object of that visit, and why I have come here before seeing dear Mrs. Grimani and yourself. Poor H. has been bitterly wounded by the extreme severity of your letter. I hardly think, if you had thought twice, that you would have been so cruel. His motives for not parting with the miniature were anything but mean or mercenary. But this we will speak of when we meet, and at greater length than this letter will admit of. Possibly I may bear the miniature with me. But if you have any respect for my judgment, or confidence in the rectitude of my sentiments, you will make some sort of atonement to poor H. I feel most gratefully to him for his brotherly conduct to my adored, my sainted Julia, and I hope you do. Frank, I enter into *your* feelings as well as his, and can be sorry for you; but sometimes excess of feeling begets injustice; and I think it has done so in this instance. You know the mild, forgiving spirit of our beloved one would have endeavoured, always, to heal a breach of friendship and to allay imprudent warmth. For her dear sake, then, act *now*, as she would have wished, had she but lived. I will not delay flying to comfort you all, the very moment I know what I have to bring.

'You will be pleased (as far as your misery will let you be pleased at any thing) with the views I have for the future. May God's mercy permit them to prosper. Kiss my poor suffering mother for me! Dear creature, how my heart bleeds for her! Tell her she may hope that the cup of her woe is nearly full, and that an all merciful Providence, who, so mysteriously, but, no doubt, wisely, chastens his creatures—expects they should meekly kiss His rod, and bow with penitential submission to His will. Oh! Frank! If you feel her loss, what must I do, her loving, doating, adoring husband? And yet, Frank, I feel, in the midst of mental agony unutterable, a religious faith and hope which calms me into submission and resignation, though I cannot boast it has decreased my grief. My happiness is gone for ever—in this world. My tranquillity may return, no doubt,

and with it my health; and this will help me to fulfil the duties which lie before me. God's gracious goodness grant they may, till He be pleased to restore me again to my heart's idol —my best beloved Julia!

'Dear, dear name! How often I invoke thee. May thy loved spirit hover over and direct me now, as in thy life it ever did! Adieu, dear Frank, and pray remember to control the violence which, else, my poor suffering brother, will bring yet more misery (if more can be) upon your already sorely afflicted family.

'Yours affectionately,

'C. M. YOUNG.

Julia Ann, the wife of Charles Mayne Young, died in the first week of July, 1806, aged 21. She lies in Prestwich churchyard, near Manchester, where her grave is often visited by those who knew her story.

Charles Mayne Young died on the 28th of June, 1856, aged 79, just fifty years after his young wife. He lies in the churchyard of Southwick, near Brighton, Sussex.

FIFTY YEARS of separation might well have dimmed the bright image of the one love of his youth.

FIFTY YEARS, the first half of which were passed amid the fevering influences of the stage, the latter half in the pleasant circles of social life, where he was welcomed by the very highest in the land.

FIFTY YEARS, during which he was treated with such flattering confidence and affection by women, as might well have obscured, if it did not obliterate, the memory of his lost wife. But it was not so.

In moments of family intercourse, when his tongue was unloosed, and when he would give utterance to the deeper secrets which a loyal heart holds sacred, he loved to revert to her beauty, her tenderness to him, her devotion to her parents, her renunciation of a far higher station than that of an actor's wife, from delicate consideration for the pride of those who had loved and cherished her.

At such times he would take from out the recess of a secret drawer her miniature, and as he gazed upon it, till the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, he would deplore its unworthy presentment of her sweet face, and then he would produce from out a cherished morocco case a long tress of chestnut hair cut from her luxuriant locks; and as he grew older and drew nearer to the solemn portal of the unseen state, whither she had so long

J. C. Y. *del.*

CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG.

Six months before death.

To face p. 86.

preceded him, the reality of that love, stronger than death itself, became more evident. A few words spoken by the old man, as he lay half unconscious—aye, while the damp dews of death were gathering over his brow—revealed how truly and how fondly he had clung through life to the memory of his beloved, and how solely and supremely she had reigned over his purest affections.

'Thank God, I shall soon see my Julia,' were almost the last words that fell from his dying lips.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNAL—JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG.

1806. June 30. I made my first appearance on the stage of life only ten days before my poor mother's farewell from it. So inconsolable was my father for his loss, and so painfully was the fact of my existence associated in his mind with his bereavement, that for the first six years of my life he could not endure the sight of me.

1812. During this year I was withdrawn from the fostering care of the lady I have mentioned in my memoir of my father, and made over to that of the late Dr. Charles Richardson, the celebrated lexicographer, who then had a school at Clapham. For ten years I was under his tuition and tutelage, in company with Charles James Mathews, the son of the comedian, and John Mitchell Kemble, the son of Charles, who afterwards distinguished himself by his proficiency in Anglo-Saxon literature.

My own scholastic attainments during those ten precious years deserve no mention; for, if they were not below the average of boys of my own age, they were certainly not above it. There can be no intrinsic interest in my life for any one; therefore I mean to write as little about myself as I well can. My name will rarely appear, except where its connection with others makes it necessary. I have acknowledged the superficiality and insignificance of my acquirements as a scholar. But it would be mock modesty if I hesitated to avow, that, if as a scholar I was commonplace, as a horse, I distanced all competitors.

There prevailed throughout the school the propensity which appertains to most boys, viz., that of aping the tastes and manners of their elders and their betters. As the keeping a horse

and carriage of some sort was deemed an infallible criterion of worldly position, there were few who could afford it (in other words, whose pocket-money amounted to threepence a week) who did not deny themselves other indulgences, that they might compass the luxury of purchasing and maintaining a horse. The monied men among us—that is to say, 'the big boys' and 'parlour-borders'—in their dealings with each other, whether as buyers or as sellers, invariably affected the slang phrascology and adopted the questionable fashions of the Turf. A wisp of straw between the teeth, hats cocked on the side of the head, legs straddled wide apart, the faculty of whistling and spitting, as the comparative perfections or blemishes of horses put up for sale were descanted on, were deemed essential qualifications for those who aspired to be leaders of *ton* among us.

We had our Tattersall's. We had our 'Ride' (the shed meant to protect us against rain), in which animals of all kinds were trotted out for the satisfaction of purchasers—'Suffolk punches' (always fat stocky chaps), 'Irish horses with plenty of bone' (always thin boys, with big joints), 'thoroughbred hacks' (always the tallest and most gentlemanlike lads). We had our rostrum for the auctioneer (a wheelbarrow turned topsy-turvy) from which Tom Husband, hammer in hand, held forth. We had our circulating medium—not vulgar coin, as gold, or silver, or copper; but an equivalent, in the shape of lemon-cakes, and parliament, and toffee.

When anything in horseflesh more than usually spicy and showy was wanted, I was always the first brought to the hammer; and after much animated competition invariably realized the highest price. Not that my merit consisted in the beauty or harmony of my proportions, but in the splendour of my action. The auctioneer would generally describe me as 'a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go.' I remember when first, after much wrangling between two bidders, I was knocked down to Charles Mathews. From that moment my pre-eminence was established. He had been at Merchant Tailors'—a *Public* School! therefore he was considered an accomplished man of the world compared with the rest of us. He was two years older than any of us; he was richer than any of us. A sovereign in gold, and nearly a sovereign's worth of silver, had been seen in his purse! His allowance, besides, was a shilling a week, whereas no one else had more than threepence. His stud of horses was the largest and best appointed. Where most were obliged to be content with a single horse and chaise (the chaise was a myth)

he never drove less than two, in tandem; and sometimes four in a drag. Everything belonging to him was well turned out. His bits, with checks of different lengths, for touch or tender mouths, were made of boxwood; his traces were of broad webbing; his reins were of ribbon; his whip was one of Crowther and Callow's best—(I can swear to that from painful experience). If our coats stared, it was not from want of grooming: for his stable-boys had such a passion for wisping and curry-combing and strapping, that, if it had not been for 'the dread of something after,' I should have jumped over the palings and run away, to escape the irritating manipulation of their 'itching palms.' If, on the other hand, anything could have reconciled our equine natures to our destiny, it would have been the liberality with which we were treated at 'feeding time.' I must say that a tendency to use the whip too freely was the besetting sin of all who drove their own horses. I am sure I had more than my share of castigation. Fearfully so, whenever the two fair daughters of our Gamaliel appeared at the windows of their bedroom; for then a violent but unequal rivalry ensued between the horse and his driver, each doing his best to win their notice. As for myself, conscious of the eyes that were on me, I would arch my neck, and foam at the mouth, and indulge in such high action, bending my knee nearly to my chin, prancing, curvetting, plunging and kicking, that my inhuman driver, incensed at the admiration I was exciting, and not less anxious to display his own dexterity as a Jehu, would uncoil the thong of his whip to its utmost length, and malignantly flank me in the most sensitive part of my body, and send me howling to my stable a sadder and a humbler brute.

1813. I forget in what month it was in this year that I was taken to see a man pilloried in the Haymarket. He was placed on the parapet above a small house just above Charles-street, and exposed to the merciless peltings of a truculent mob. At the time I felt shocked, to think of so much power being put into their hands to wound and bruise a fellow creature in cold blood. But now I revert to it with horror. Thank God it has been expunged from the Statute Book. It was a disgrace to a civilized community that such a relic of barbarism should have been tolerated so long.

1817. June 18. I was taken to lunch with the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie, in Somerset Place, Somerset House, to see Waterloo Bridge opened by the Regent, the Duke of Wellington, and others. The Duchess, Mrs. Bouverie's intimate friend, was of the party to lunch.

In the year 1821, being considered too old to remain longer with advantage at a private school, and too young for admission at Oxford, my father, who had been assured that my youth (I was fifteen) would not disqualify me for admission into the Scotch University of St. Andrews, wrote to Walter Scott to ask him his opinion on the subject. He replied that, though he had a very high one, he would rather my father did not take any decisive step until he had seen his son-in-law Lockhart, who had greater familiarity with the place than any he could boast. To this end he proposed that we should go and stay a few days at Abbotsford. Before describing the visit itself, I may as well state its result. It was arranged that I should pass a three years' course at St. Andrews; but as 'the term' did not commence for three or four months, that I should spend the interim under the care of a Dr. Gillespie, a personal friend of Lockhart's, a joint contributor with him to *Blackwood's Magazine*, an excellent scholar, and the son-in-law of Dr. John Hunter, the Professor of Humanity at St. Andrews.

We left Edinburgh the day before we were expected at Abbotsford, in an open carriage, for Melrose. There we dined and slept. Shortly after eight o'clock next morning we proceeded, by invitation, to breakfast at Abbotsford. As we drew near the house, which had been designated 'a romance in stone and lime,' the thought of soon beholding the Great Magician in 'his habit as he lived,' caused my heart to throb high with joy —a joy not altogether unmixed with awe.

As we turned into the gate, and were being driven round towards the stables, my father jogged my elbow, and told me to look to the right. On doing so, I perceived, at a table in a window, a figure busily engaged in writing, which was none other than the Wizard's self. I saw his hand glibly gliding over the pages of his paper—the hand whose unwearied activity had dispensed pleasure to so many thousands—the hand whose daily perseverance had so excited the astonishment of its owner's opposite neighbour * when he lived in Castle Street, Edinburgh —the hand which, years after, when his daughter put the pen into it, forgot its cunning and fell powerless by his side.

As soon as we had disencumbered ourselves of our luggage and our wrappers, we were ushered into a handsome dining-room, in which the breakfast equipage was set, and the loud-bubbling urn was emitting volumes of steam. The party gathered

* Vide Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 128.

there together consisted of Lady Scott, Miss Scott, Charles Scott and his friend Mr. Surtees.

It was not long before we heard the eager tread of a stamping heel resounding through the corridor, and in another second the door was flung open, and in limped Scott himself. Although eight-and-forty years have passed away since that memorable morning, the great man's person is as palpably present to me as it then was in the flesh. His light blue, waggish eye, sheltered, almost screened, by its overhanging penthouse of straw-coloured bushy brows, his scant, sandy-coloured hair, the Shakspearian length of his upper lip, his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both, his abrupt movements, the mingled humour, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile, all recur to me with startling reality. He was dressed in a green cut-away coat with brass buttons, drab vest, trowsers, and gaiters, with thick shoes on his feet, and a sturdy staff in his hand. He looked like a yeoman of the better class; but his manners bespoke the ease, self-possession, and courtesy of a high-bred gentleman. Nothing could exceed the winning cordiality of his welcome. After wringing my father's hand, he laid his own gently on my shoulders, and asked my Christian name. As soon as he heard it, he exclaimed with emphasis—'Why, whom is he called after?' 'It is a fancy name in memoriam of his mother, compounded of her two names, Julia Ann.' 'Well! it is a capital name for a novel, I must say,' he replied.

This circumstance would be too trivial to mention, were it not, that, in the very next novel which appeared 'by the Author of Waverley,' the hero's name was Julian. I allude, of course, to *Peveril of the Peak*.

We sat down at once to breakfast; such a one as I had never seem before, and never have seen since. It reminded me of a certain one at Tillietudlem given by a certain Lady Margaret Bellenden. Besides tea and coffee and cocoa, there was oatmeal parritch, wheaten bread, and 'bannocks o' bárley meal,' and rolls; and on the sideboard, venison pasty, ham, collared eel, kippered salmon, reindeer tongue, and a silver flagon of claret. Though the bill of fare was tempting, and the keen morning air though which we had driven might be supposed to have given an edge to my appetite, I was so excited by everything I saw around me, that it failed me altogether. I could but sit still and nervously crumble my bread, and listen to the sparkling conversation at the table.

Breakfast ended, Scott told us that 'the lion must retire to his den till lunch-time, when he should be at large, though perfectly tame and submissive to orders. Meanwhile,' said he, 'I consign you, Young, to my lady's care, or, if you prefer it, to Charles's. You will find him an experienced master of the ceremonies; and if Julian would like it, I can lend him a gun, and he might bring us home a hare or two for dinner.'

As I was no shot, I preferred accompanying my father round the house and grounds, under the guidance of our *cicerone*, who justified his father's commendations by the readiness with which he gave us chapter and verse for the many curiosities within and without, and thus pleasantly wiled away the time till luncheon was announced. The nature of the conversation which took place during the despatch of that meal I am unable to recall; although I have rather an uncomfortable recollection of a speech of Lady Scott's, which startled me by its apparent want of appreciation of her husband. I daresay it was said without any real meaning, but none the less it had a discordant sound which grated on my ears. My father had been admiring the proportions of the room and the fashion of its ceiling: when observing his head uplifted, and his eyes directed towards it, she exclaimed, in her droll Guernsey accent, 'Ah! Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses on the ceiling as long as you like, but you must not look down at my poor carpet, for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense-books and buy me a new one!'

As she was in the secret of the authorship of the novels and was pledged, in common with all the family, to keep it inviolate, it is clear that, when she spoke of his nonsense-books, she must have referred to his poems, about which there was no disguise.

Luncheon concluded, it was proposed that we should ride, under Scott's guidance, to Dryburgh Abbey. As soon as he had seen us mounted on his two well-bred hacks, with an alacrity striking in a lame man, he flung his right leg over the back of his iron-grey cob, and summoning around him Maida his deer-hound, Hamlet his jet-black greyhound, and two Dandie Dinmont terriers, between all of whom and their master there evidently existed the freemasonry of a common attachment, he put spurs to his horse and started off at a sharp trot for our destination. He seemed to enjoy the exhilaration of fast riding; for he soon broke into a hand-gallop with all the high animal spirits of a boy just out of school. Now and then he would

rein up his steed rather abruptly to point out to our notice objects of romantic or legendary interest: here, were sites memorable because of raids and forays committed on them by Border chiefs; there, our attention was called to changes effected in the outline and surface of the country, since my father's last visit, through improved agriculture. Then we listened to his hopeful auguries of the tale his fir plantations would tell when they should have attained to larger growth! When we arrived at Dryburgh, the stores of archæological lore connected with the abbey, which he poured forth with lavish volubility, astounded me; although I must own I was a far more appreciative listener when he told us racy anecdotes of Lord Buchan's eccentricities and Harry Erskine's wit.

By the time we had reached home, after our delightful ride, the gong was sounding for dressing. On descending to the drawing-room, we found several friends and neighbours of Scott's assembled there. They were all strangers to me, and therefore it is no wonder that I should forget their names. The dinner, in point of profusion, was exactly what I might have expected from the foretaste I had had at luncheon and breakfast. The characteristic feature of the meal was its absence of all stiffness and restraint—indeed, its joyous hilarity; and yet the laws of *bienséance* were never violated. There was, however, one material drawback to my entire enjoyment of my dinner, in the droning notes of the bagpipe, which never intermitted till the cloth was about to be removed. I can well believe that, to a native Scot, the historical associations of the bagpipe may be most endearing; nor will I deny that, in certain states of the atmosphere, when sound is mellowed by distance, or when it is heard on a march by the hillside, or used as a stimulus to exhausted nerves in action, as was the case at Waterloo, or as a cordial for the drooping hearts of captives, as at Lucknow, it must have a music of its own which none else can equal. But, to unfamiliar and sensitive English ears, its buzzing din interrupting conversation, distracting attention, and irritating the temper, it certainly is a nuisance. Walter Scott was a Scotchman, and loved to keep up feudal habits, and therefore to him it was the very reverse. It was an established *usage de maison* that John of Skye, a grand fellow, in full Highland costume—a lineal descendant of Wallace, by-the-bye—should, during the hour of dinner, parade up and down the front of the windows, and squeak and squeal away, until summoned to receive his reward. When the cheese had been removed, and

the cloth brushed, a footman stood at the *right* of 'the sheriff' (as his retainers loved to call him), and the piper at his *left*, still bonneted. The former poured forth a bumper of Glenlivet and handed it to his master; who, in turn, passed it on to John of Skye. There was a smack of the lips, a stately bow to the company, and the Highlander was gone.

After the gentlemen were supposed to have had their quantum of wine, they withdrew to the armoury for coffee, where the ladies joined them. In the centre of a small, dimly-lighted chamber, the walls of which were covered with morions, and claymores, and pistols, and carbines, and cuirasses, and antique shields and halberds, &c., &c., each piece containing a history in itself, sat the generous host himself in a high-backed chair. He would lead the conversation to the mystic and the supernatural, and tell us harrowing tales of glamor and second-sight and necromancy; and, when he thought he had filled the scene enough, and sufficiently chilled our marrows, he would call on Adam Ferguson for one of his Jacobite relics, such as *Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?* or *The Laird o' Cockpen*, or *Wha wad na fecht for Charlie?*—and these he sang with such point and zest, and such an under-current of implication, that you felt sure in what direction his own sympathies would have flowed had he been out in 'the '45.' When he had abdicated the chair, my father was called upon to occupy it, and he gave us, from memory, the whole of *Tam o' Shanter*. It seemed to be an invariable custom at Abbotsford, that every one admitted within its circle should utilize the gift within him, so as to contribute to the common stock of social amusement. As I have mentioned my father's recitation of *Tam o' Shanter*, I may as well introduce here Lady Dacre's lines addressed to him after hearing him read them years before.

TO MR. YOUNG.

On his reading 'Tam o' Shanter' with peculiar spirit.

'The same rude winds wi' mighty sweep
Upheave the waters of the deep,
To dash them on ilk jutting steep
Their fury meets,
And cozie 'mang low flowrets creep,
Stealing their sweets.

And suns that rear the forest's pride,
To bear upo' the subject tide
Britannia's thunders far and wide,
Wi' milder ray
Will glint adown the copsewood side
On ilka spray.

So thou wi' learned and tunefu' tongue
Wilt pour, mellifluous, full and strong,
Great Shakspeare's bold, creative song
Wi' master skill
Resistless to the listening throng
Thou sway'st at will:

And Tam o' Shanter, roaring fou,
By thee embodied to our view,
The rustic bard would own sae true,
He scant could tell
Wha 'twas the living picture drew,
Thou, or himsell.'

When we had retired to bed, my nerves were so much on the stretch, in consequence of all I had seen and heard, that I could not sleep till morning. As I lay pondering on the character and qualities of our host, I could not help thinking how much the circumstances which surround a man, conjoined, no doubt, with organization and temperament, help to mould the poet. Thus, for instance, if he take 'man' for his theme, he will write best of that class of men with which he has mingled most: while, if he look to 'Nature' for his subject, he will paint her best in those of her forms with which he is most familiar. I think there can be no question, that the early life and bodily training of Scott had much to do with the formation of his mind, and with the character of his compositions. 'A wild and woodland rover,' of so much thew and muscle, spending so much of his youth in the open air, now dashing through the foaming flood after the otter, now stalking the roe-deer, 'free to tread the heather where he would,' could hardly fail to have his sense of beauty enlarged and quickened by the romantic scenery around him; while the legendary tales and the historic associations with which the Highlands and the Lowlands teem, would impregnate his ardent fancy with a fecundity of imagery which, while it explains his marvellous descriptive power, and the masculine vigour of his verse, also accounts for its utter absence of passion and of sentiment.

Nothing in Walter Scott struck me more than his ignorance of pictures and his indifference to music. There was not one picture of sterling merit on his walls! A young lady in the house sang divinely; but her singing gave him no pleasure. He was much too honest to affect to be what he was not, or to have what he had not; thus he admitted 'that he had a reasonable good ear for a jig,' but confessed that 'solas and sonatas gave him the spleen.' The late Sir Robert Peel also hated

music; and Rogers used to say, when speaking of Lord Holland, that 'he had so little appreciation of art, that he firmly believed painting gave him no pleasure; while music gave him absolute pain.' Byron, again, like Tasso, cared so little for architecture, that he lived nine months in Pisa before he cast an eye on the Baptistery; and Madame de Staël cared so little for the grandest scenery in the world, that though she lived so long at Copet, she never cared to see the glaciers. In the instances I have cited, deficiences in taste do not much surprise me; but it did disappoint me to find that one who had painted natural scenery with such artistic power and fidelity, and who had composed lays as tuneful as those of *The Last Minstrel*, could be insensible to the charms of the twin sisters, Music and Painting.

Each day that we remained at Abbotsford, fresh visitors came to dine, or sleep, or both, with two exceptions. Once we dined at six, and went to Melrose by moonlight to see the abbey. Every one who has read *The Lay* remembers the opening of the second Canto,

> 'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight.'

Now, I have so often heard it confidently asserted that the writer of those lines never visited Melrose, himself, by moonlight, that, considering the lapse of years and the infirmities of a treacherous memory, I am disposed to doubt the correctness of my own impressions. But that my father, Ferguson, and I, went one night after dinner, in Scott's sociable, to Melrose by moonlight I will swear; and, but for the many statements to the contrary, I would have sworn that I distinctly remembered Scott himself sitting opposite to me in a queer cap with a Lowland plaid crossed over his breast, and saying, after my father had repeated in the churchyard Gray's Elegy, 'Bravo, Young!' but I so often find myself mistaken, where memory is concerned, that I doubt my own evidence. Until I am contradicted, however, I shall believe that another day we all went to Chiefswood and dined with Lockhart and his sweet wife. I was much struck with Lockhart's beauty. He was in the prime of life: the sorrows of after years had not grizzled his jet black curly locks; nor had time dimmed the lustre of his splendid eye. His deference and attention to his father-in-law, it was delightful to witness. After dinner I had another opportunity of observing Scott's insensibility to music, when detached

from association. Two sisters sang duets in French, Italian, German, and Spanish, with equal address. One had a clear soprano voice, the other a rich contralto. Their vocalization was faultless, their expression that of real feeling. I was so bewitched with their singing, that I could not refrain from an occasional glance at Scott, to see if he were proof against such captivation. But the more they sang, and the better they sang, the more impenetrable did he appear. He sat, absent, abstracted, with lip drawn down and chin resting on his gold-headed crutch, his massy eyebrows contracted, and his countenance betokening 'a sad civility.' At last, Mrs. Lockhart, thinking she had sufficiently taxed the good nature of her gifted friends, uncovered her harp, and began to play the air of 'Charlie is my darling.' The change which instantly passed o'er the spirit of the poet's dream was most striking. Pride of lineage, love of chivalry, strong leanings to the Stuart cause, were all visibly fermenting in the brain of the enthusiastic bard. His light blue eye kindled, the blood mantled in his cheek, his nostril quivered, his big chest heaved, until, unable longer to suppress the emotion evoked by his native melodies in favour of a ruined cause, he sprang from his chair, limped across the room, and, to the peril of those within his reach, brandishing his crutch as if it had been a brand of steel, shouted forth with more of vigour than of melody, 'And a' the folk cam running out to greet the Chevalier! Oh! Charlie is my darling,' &c.

This honest, irrepressible outburst of natural feeling would have thrown his friend Tom Moore into convulsions; for he once told Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at Bowood, when I was present, that he had been invited, when in Edinburgh, by Blackwood, to one of his suppers at Ambrose's. On going there he found many he knew—Scott, Lockhart, Jeffrey, Muir, John Wilson, James Ballantyne, and three or four ladies; and, among their number, two peeresses, who had, only that very day, begged for an invitation, in the hope of meeting Moore. Their presence being unexpected by the majority of the club, the members had dropped in in their morning dress; while the two ladies 'of high degree' were in full evening costume, or, as Moore described it, 'in shoulders.' When supper was half over, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, appeared. A chair had been designedly left vacant for him between the two aristocrats. His approach was discernible before his person was visible; for he came straight from a cattle fair, and was reeking with the unsavoury odours of the sheep and pigs and oxen, in whose

company he had been for hours. Nevertheless he soon made himself at home with the fair ladies on each side of him: somewhat too much so; for, supper over, the cloth withdrawn, and the toddy introduced, the song going round, and his nextdoor neighbours being too languid in their manner of joining in the chorus to please him, he turned first to the right hand, then to the left, and slapped both of them on their backs with such good will as to make their blade bones ring again; and then, with the yell of an Ojibbaway Indian, shouted forth, 'Noo then, leddies, follow me! "Heigh tutti, tutti! Heigh tutti, tutti!"'

Moore expressed himself as horrified at Scott's want of refinement in giving his countenance to such people as Hogg, and taking part in such orgies as the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

On quitting Abbotsford, my father took me to Cults, and left me there, under the temporary charge of the gentleman who, I have already stated, had been recommended by John Gibson Lockhart. Cults was a retired country manse, in rather a pretty and very liveable country, where there were no distractions if I wished to study, and capital trout fishing if I wished for recreation. It was four miles from Cupar, of which, at that time, the late Lord Campbell's father was the rector. Here it was that David Wilkie first gave indications of his genius. His picture of 'Pitlessie Fair' was his earliest work of mark, and Pitlessie was within a mile of Cults. Over the gate of the entrance of the manse, carved on the stone lintel, were the following lines from 'Gil Blas':—

> 'Inveni portum, spes et fortuna, valete!
> Sat mihi lusistis, ludite, nunc, alios!'

which a friend of mine thus rendered:—

> 'At length I've reached the wished-for port!
> Fortune and Hope, for you
> I long enough have furnished sport!
> Seek other game—Adieu!'

I have nothing to tell of my temporary *séjour* in this place, except to say that I found in the Doctor an accomplished scholar and a kind friend, whose keen sense of the ludicrous made him a most congenial companion in leisure hours.

On the commencement of term I left Cults for St. Andrews, and found myself a stranger in a strange place, and *horresco referens*, at fifteen years of age, my own master; living in lodgings of my own choice; uncontrolled by any one; with

license unlimited to do as I listed, to select my own tutor, and to attend whatever lectures I pleased.

It was, if I remember rightly, in October 1821 that I first went up to college. The session used to last from October till May, so that I had to return to England from May till October for the three years during which I was considered a St. Andrews scholar—ample time for me to have unlearned all I had acquired, had I been so minded. The transition from the restraints and discipline of boyhood to the life and independence of premature manhood was very startling. It was a great mercy that no harm resulted from the latitude of action allowed me. The town itself, from its proximity to the sea, its healthiness, its remoteness from any place of dissipation, and the quietude of its streets, seemed marked out by the finger of Nature as a place meant to be dedicated to study; and certainly, if any one who went there with the professed object of education, failed to improve his opportunities, it was not from want of efficiency on the part of its professors. I doubt if any one college in either of the great English universities could have boasted, at that time, of more scholarly names than those of Dr. John Hunter, Professor of Humanity, and Alexander, Professor of Greek; or of men of greater scientific attainment than Dr. Jackson, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Duncan, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. James Hunter, Professor of Logic; Buist, Professor of Hebrew; and Dr. Chalmers, Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Many of these names may be unknown to English ears, but they are all embalmed in the affectionate recollection of those who studied under them.

On my return to St. Andrews in 1822, after spending the vacation in London, I found that, by going back a week or two before the opening of the classes, I should have a chance of being in Edinburgh when George IV. paid his visit there. I took care, therefore, to arrive the day before he was expected in the Scotch metropolis. It would be absurd for me to attempt to reproduce, in detail, scenes which have already been described with such graphic ability by Lockhart. But I may be pardoned, perhaps, for saying that the impression made on my youthful imagination, at the time, was so powerful, that the lapse of eight-and-forty years has failed to blunt the edge of retrospection. I still see, through the mists of memory, the same multiplicity of objects which flashed in rapid review before me as I landed from the steamer and drove through the crowded, busy streets of Auld Reekie. I can hardly, now, dis-

abuse myself of the notion of having been suddenly transported into some continental city during the gayest season of its carnival.

The general aspect of the principal thoroughfares, sparkling with every imaginable variety of colour and costume—the native beauty of Arthur's Seat, heightened by scores of picturesque tents, and giving it the air of a mountain invested by a hostile force—the rarely frequented road on Salisbury Crags, crowded with soldiers in scarlet uniforms—the grim old castle, with its yawning cannon, its bristling bayonets, and banners flaunting and fluttering from the outer walls—the motley crowds of handsomely-dressed strangers hurrying to and fro—the buoyant step of the Royal Archers, in their Lincoln Green—the sturdy limbs and lofty bearing of the Highland clans, who had never left their heathery braes save at the bidding of their chiefs—the variegated tartans, the nodding plumes, the parti-coloured plaids of the Camerons and Grants, the M'Leods, the Macphersons, the M'Gregors, the M'Kays,—all, all now rise before me like the shifting changes of a kaleidoscope; and present such a rich and rare combination of the historic, the poetic, the romantic, and the dramatic, as to have made me doubt whether I was not the dupe of a fantastic dream. If the balance of my mind were upset by the whirl of excitement in which I found myself plunged, I only shared, after all, in the national intoxication under which sober-minded Scotland and her lovely capital literally reeled. What with the gathering of the clans, the influx of English, and the eagerness of country lairds to greet their king, 'the land of brown heath and shaggy wood' appeared to have poured forth the whole of its mountain and lowland population, like a flood, upon the modern Athens. There were many more heads in the town than there were roofs to cover them. The demand for beds was greater than the supply. Hundreds of decent folk gave fabulous prices for the rudest accommodation that could be extemporized for them on the common stairs; and many of the rural poor were said to have sold the very beds from under them that they might be able to get but a peep at their sovereign, and pour forth the tribute of their loyal hearts at his feet.

1822. August 14. The Royal yacht, 'The George,' arrived this day in the Leith Roads; but the rain poured down in such torrents and so unceasingly, that Scott was commissioned to put off to the King and humbly request that he would postpone his landing till next day. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' says, that as soon as the King heard that Scott was alongside, he

exclaimed, 'What! Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland I most wish to see! Let him come up.'

'He then ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter-deck; where, after an appropriate speech, in the name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he presented his Majesty with a St. Andrew's Cross, in silver, which his fair subjects had provided for him.' This Lockhart inserts in his book as an extract from the newspaper of the day; but he does not tell of the following speech made by Sir Walter to the King:—'Impatient, Sire, as your loyal subjects are to see you plant your foot upon their soil, they hope you will consent to postpone your public entry until to-morrow. In seeing the state of the weather, I am forcibly reminded of a circumstance which once occurred to myself. I was about to make a tour through the Western Highlands with part of my family. I wrote to the innkeeper of a certain hostelrie,* where I meant to halt a day or two, to have rooms prepared for me. On the day appointed it rained, as it does to-day, ceaselessly. As we drew near our quarters, we were met on the hill over his house by our Boniface, with bared head, who, backing every yard as I advanced, thus addressed me:—'Gude guide us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu'! Sic an a downpour! Was ever the like? I really beg your pardon! I'm sure it's no fault o' mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, o' a' men of the warld, should come to see us! It looks amaist personal! I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" And so. Sire, I do not know that I can improve upon the language of the honest innkeeper! I canna think how it should rain this way, just as your Majesty, of all men in the world, should have condescended to come and see us. I can only say, in the name of my countrymen, I'am just ashamed o' the weather!'

August 15. The King and his people were amply rewarded for their patience during the clouds of yesterday, by the sunshine of to-day. The public entry, unique in its arrangements, and in the care which had been bestowed on its details, was a most august and thrilling spectacle. The procession had been got up and was arranged by Sir Walter. Nothing struck me more forcibly than the towering indifference with which the privates of the Highland clans regarded the illustrious visitor, some of them hardly deigning to cast a look at him. Glengarry's men and tail, who preceded the royal carriages, instead

* It was the inn at Arroquhar, on Loch Long.

of playing the National Anthem, or some other air appropriate to the occasion, struck up 'The Campbells are coming, oh! oh!' I well remember the undisguised astonishment expressed in the King's face as, on passing the High School, and casting a glance to his left, he beheld, on Arthur's seat, a huge hill of human life, and the pallor which overspread it as, on looking down the whole perspective of Prince's Street, he saw the sea of men and women surging from one end of it to the other! He rose—threw up his hands and arms; then sank back in his carriage, and burst into tears.

I was not at the theatre when the King visited it; nor at the banquet given to him in the Parliament House; still less likely was it, at my age, and in my humble position, that I should have been at the *levée;* but I was present on the occasion of his public visit to the Castle, and also in St. Giles' church when he went there on the Sunday. When he paid his visit to the Castle, a very picturesque incident took place.

After standing on one spot in the streets for upwards of an hour—my attention divided between the fussy self-importance of sundry provosts and baillies and deacons, who were exulting in their petty brief authority, and the bewilderment of certain of the town council who had not read the programme of the day's proceedings—the approach of the Royal *cortége* was trumpeted forth. Many were the men of mark who, at any other time, would have called for notice, who, on this occasion, passed unheeded by. There were no eyes for any one but him whom all had come to see. When the procession had filed by, and had moved quite out of sight, there was a pause—then some moments of suspense—interrupted, at last, by the speculations of the crowd. 'D'ye think the King has got to the Castle yet?' Some thought 'he must have got there;' others thought 'he could not;' others, again, said 'they'd gae hame! We'll see his sonsie face nae mair, be sure! He'll gang hame to Dalkeith anither way.'—When, with an abruptness that was electrifying, all the cannon planted on Arthur's Seat belched forth their welcome in one deafening discharge. The Castle guns were not slow to acknowledge and return the compliment; and, as the smoke cleared off, the first object that met the gaze of thousands of spectators was the King in the centre of one of the embrasures, waving his hat to those below.

Perhaps the finest and most edifying sight of all the many of those few days was the King's visit to the cathedral on the Sunday. To see the same mighty concourse of people, who

before had cheered him to the echo whenever he had shown himself, standing as he passed with bared heads, uplifted hats, and mute voices—thus marking their sense of the sacredness of the Lord's Day, and of the higher reverence due to Him by whom kings themselves do reign—was in itself an impressive sermon. By-the-bye, I must not close this brief notice of a very remarkable event without committing to paper an anecdote which was told me shortly after the *levée* had been held at Holyrood House.

A laird of old family and no mean estate, previously to the day of the reception, had sent in his name for presentation. He arrived, to his own great discomfiture, late on the scene of action; and, as he was passing through the antechamber, and saw many whom he knew, coming out, he asked them to tell him 'whether his being late was of any material consequence: what he had got to do, &c., as he had never been at Court before,' &c. 'Oh,' said one who had passed through his own ordeal without let or hindrance, 'there is no difficulty about the matter. It is very plain sailing. You have only got just to go in, make your bow—lower, by-the-bye, than you would to any one else—and pass on, and pass out.'

The old gentleman, constitutionally shy, and rendered doubly so, in the present instance, by the fear of having incurred the royal displeasure by the tardiness of his arrival, like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, kept 'aye bow-bowing;' and, with ghastly smirk, sidling and edging his way towards the door of exit; when Lord Erroll, observing his embarrassment, and pitying it, kindly shouted to him, under his voice, 'Kiss hands! kiss hands!' On which, to the delectation of the King, and the dismay of all around him, the poor startled man faced about, and then retreating backwards, kissed his own hands to the King, as if wafting a cordial recognition from a distance to an old and intimate friend.

1822. September. Most kindly received by Dr. Hunter and Professor Alexander; and, though last not least, by Dr. Chalmers. Of all our professors, Dr. Chalmers has earned for himself the greatest reputation. In point of physique, Chalmers fell short of my expectation. Truly impressive as his character was, when known, from its moral elevation and godly sincerity, in person he was deficient in dignity and of homely aspect.

In height and breadth, and in general configuration, he was not unlike Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I have, since I knew Coleridge, sometimes thought, that if Chalmers' head had been

hidden from sight, I could easily have mistaken him for that remarkable man. His face was pallid and pasty; and, I rather think, showed slight traces of small-pox. His features were ordinary; his hair was scanty, and generally roughed, as if his fingers had been often passed through it; his brow was not high, but very broad and well-developed.

His skull, phrenologically speaking, argued great mathematical power; but showed deficiency in the very qualities for which he was conspicuous, viz., benevolence and veneration.

There was one feature in his face which struck me as so very peculiar, and, I may say, anomalous, that I have often wondered never to have heard or read any comment made upon it by others; I allude to his eye. The eye, by its mobility, its power of expressing the passions, and the spirit it imparts to the features, is usually considered as the index of the mind. Now, I never beheld so mute, impassive, inexpressive an eye as that of Chalmers. It was small, grey, cold, and fishy. When, either in preaching from the pulpit or lecturing in the class-room, he was excited by his subject; when his heart grew hot within him, and the fire burned; when the brilliancy of his imagery and the power of his phraseology carried the feelings of his auditory away with all the impetuosity of a torrent; nay, when he seemed transported out of himself by the sublimity of his conceptions, and the intense reality of his convictions, so as to cause him to defy conventionalities and set at nought the artifices of rhetoric, and make him swing his left arm about like the sails of a windmill; when every fibre of his body throbbed and quivered with emotion; when his listeners' mouths were wide open, and their breath suspended, the cheeks of some bedewed with tears, and the eyes of others scintillating with sympathy and admiration—*his* eye remained as tame and lustreless as if it had been but the pale reflex of a mind indifferent and half asleep! *

Whether Chalmers preached *extempore* or *memoriter* when he was the minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, or whether he preached from book when he was followed in crowds by the best intellects in London, I have no means of knowing; but I can declare, with confidence, that I never heard him at St. Andrews—and I have heard him often—that he had not his manuscript in full before him. It is a well-known fact, that

* In a charming letter received from Mrs. Hanna, I am assured that Dr. Hanna (her husband and her father's biographer) confirms the justice of my remark.

Presbyterians think that the duties of the pulpit are the most important which devolve upon a minister; and that, with few exceptions, they have an invincible repugnance to a sermon conned over and composed in the study, on the ground of its apparently lacking spontaneity and the impress of the Spirit. Therefore it was always a subject of wonder to me how Chalmers managed to reconcile his hearers to his sermon-reading,* which, in any other case, would unquestionably have been to them a stumbling-block and an offence.

I have a distinct recollection, one Sunday, when I was living at Cults, and when a stranger was officiating for Dr. Gillespie (who had been summoned to Edinburgh on business), observing that he had not proceeded five minutes with his 'discourse,' before there was a general stampede. The exodus, at last, became so serious, that, conceiving something to be wrong, probably a fire in the manse, I caught the infection, and eagerly inquired of the first person I encountered in the churchyard what was the matter, and was told, with an expression of sovereign scorn and disgust—'Losh keep ye, young man! Hae ye eyes and see not? Hae ye ears and hear not? *The man reads!*'

At the time when the authorship of the Waverley Novels was yet a mystery, and Walter Scott's familiar appellation was 'The Great Unknown,' he paid a visit to my good friend Dr. Mudie, and, on the Sunday, accompanied him to the Town Kirk to hear Dr. Chalmers. The presence of so distinguished a man was soon whispered about; and many an eye which ought to have been riveted on the preacher was diverted towards the poet. During the prayer and the psalm something like decorum was maintained, but when the Doctor gave out for his text

'*To the Unknown*,'

so prevalent was the conviction of its intended application, that all the restraint generally imposed by the sanctity of the place was discarded, the heads of the most reverential were turned in the same direction, and the commotion became so universal as to put both its object and its cause completely out of countenance.

Dr. Chalmers' testimonial, given me on leaving his class, now lies before me. I value it beyond all price. He was a man, in his special vocation, unrivalled in his day. His gifts

* Sermon-reading though it was, there was no slavish adherence to the MS. Every word came from the heart, and it was terribly in earnest, or, as one said of it, it was '*fell*' reading.

were manifold and his acquisitions varied. He was a profound mathematician, a great political economist, a far-seeing politician, a recondite scholar, a considerable astronomer, but, though a most eloquent preacher of the Gospel, not a great theologian. His character might be summed up in the language applied in Scripture to another—'He had wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart.'

The only other St. Andrews professor, of whom I remember anything worth the telling, was Dr. Haldane. He was one of the most estimable of men; universally respected by all who knew him; and yet, in spite of a pleasing person, a genial manner, a good position, a good house, and a handsome competency, he was well advanced in life before he could make up his mind to marry. No misogynist was he! Womankind he loved, 'not wisely, but too well;' and yet, when in their presence, his self-possession forsook him, and he became a much oppressed and bashful man. Shortly before I left St. Andrews, the nephew of his patron, Lord Melville, who had been his inmate and companion for three years, was also about to leave. The loss of the society of one whose great ability had led all who knew him to expect he would one day fill high place in the councils of his sovereign, grieved him much. When it was reported that he had fitted up his house afresh, and this at the very time when appearances were of less consequence to him, it was generally supposed, and currently reported, that he was going to change his state. There is no doubt the rumour was well founded; for, on a given day, at an hour unusually early for a call, the good Doctor was seen at the house of a certain lady, for whom he had long been supposed to have a predilection, in a bran-new coat, wiping his 'weel pouthered head' with a clean white handkerchief, and betraying much excitement of manner, till the door was opened. As soon as he was shown 'ben,' and saw the fair one, whom he sought, calmly engaged in knitting stockings, and not at all disturbed by his entrance, his courage, like that of Bob Acres in the *Rivals*, began to ooze out at the tip of his fingers, and he sat himself down on the edge of his chair in such a state of pitiable confusion as to elicit the compassion of the lady in question. She could not understand what ailed him; but felt instinctively that the truest good-breeding would be to take no notice of his embarrassment, and lead the conversation herself. Thus, then, she opened fire:—'Weel, Doctor, hae ye got through a' your papering and painting yet?' (A clearing of the throat preparatory to speech, but not a word

uttered.) 'I'm told your new carpets are just beautifu'.' (A further clearing of the throat, and a vigorous effort to speak, terminating in a free use of his handkerchief.) 'They say the pattern o' the dining-room chairs is something quite out o' the way. In short that everything aboot the house is perfect.' Here was a providential opening he was not such a goose as to overlook. He 'screwed his courage to the sticking-place,' advanced his chair, sidled towards her, simpering the while, raised his eyes furtively to her face, and said, with a gentle inflection of his voice, which no ear but a wilfully deaf one could have misinterpreted, 'Na! Na! Miss J——n. It's no *quite* perfect. It canna be quite that, so long as there's ae thing wanting!' 'And what can that be?' said the imperturbable spinster. Utterly thrown on his beam-ends by her wilful blindness to his meaning, the poor man beat a hasty retreat, drew back his chair from its dangerous proximity, caught up his hat, rubbed it the wrong way of the nap with his sleeve, and, in tones of blighted hope, gasped forth his declaration in these words—'Eh! dear! Eh! Well 'am sure! The thing wanting is, a—a—a— sideboord!'

In association with Dr. Haldane's name stands that of a certain lady, wife of one of our professors, and a near connection of Lord J——y's, who was equally distinguished for the self-possession of her manners and the pithiness of her sayings. On a certain occasion she had invited a party to dinner, while renting a small cottage a short distance out of St. Andrews. To supply the culinary deficiencies of her cook, who was not a first-class artiste, she had recourse to the skill of the confectioner of the town, and ordered of him a savoury veal pie.

The company duly assembled, the appointed dinner-hour struck; the parlour-maid in waiting, noiselessly opening the drawing-room door, and beckoning to her mistress, told her that the pie had not arrived. No way put out by the announcement, and fertile of resource, she merely ordered another knife and fork to be laid, and then returning to her friends, expressed her astonishment at the non-arrival of Dr. Haldane. 'What can hae become o' our Doctor? Aweel, aweel, he's a preeveleged mon, so we mon e'en gie him a few minutes' law.' Shortly after, a telegraphic wink from the maid to the mistress from behind the door, intimated that the looked-for dainty was on the table; when Mrs. H., with well-feigned annoyance, turning to the company, declared she would 'wait nae mair for the Doctor—he'll nae doubt hae forgotten the day.' The much-maligned

worthy, on being taxed with his flagrant delinquency, declared that he had never been invited!

Again:—The same eccentric lady, after the birth of one of her children, received a visit of congratulation from one of her country connections. As a matter of course, great curiosity to see the baby was expressed, and as the little article was not in company-trim, Mrs. H., never at a loss in an emergency, said to her nurse, 'Guse, step over to Mrs. Tompson (the grocer's wife, whose babe was about the same age, and always clean and neatly dressed), and ask her to send her bairnie over for a wee while.' The babe soon appeared, and met with due admiration; the visitors discovering a marvellous resemblance to various members of the family on both sides of the house, to the infinite delectation of the supposed mother.

This same lady, knowing her son-in-law, Mr. S——, was very fond of attending funerals, turned to her nurse on her own death-bed, and said, 'Aye, aye, there'll soon be a fine ploy for S——g!'

If I thought my reader would never repeat a little incident of those days which my tongue itches to tell, I would take him into my confidence, even at the risk of incurring his reproach. (The reader assures me I may trust his discretion—puts his hand on his heart—*parole d'honneur*, &c., &c.).

Satisfied, then, that he will not betray me, and hoping he will not judge me harshly for having played a boyish prank (I was not 18), I will my plain, unvarnished tale deliver. While yet a student at St. Andrews, I was invited to spend a week with Col. and Mrs. Murray at Lintrose. I had not been long in the house before Mrs. Murray informed her party that Dr. Haldane was expected next day. The announcement was received with general acclamation, for he was a general favourite with all who knew him. Naturally enough we discussed his merits, qualifying our laudatory remarks by expressions of regret that a man so formed to make a partner happy, and one, himself, so anxious to be married, would, in all probability, doom himself to a life of cheerless celibacy, simply from lack of decision of purpose, a sheepish bashfulness, and a nervous dread of falling a victim to the arts and wiles of woman. 'Ah!' said I, in a spirit of rhodomontade, 'what he wants is a lady of a strong mind, who would, by the help of a frank nature and feminine tact, and a well-chosen bait, land him at her feet before he was aware that he was caught.'

Hereupon it was unanimously suggested that I should dress myself as a woman, and make the experiment. The proposal met with such general concurrence that I consented.

Preparations were at once entered on by our charming hostess. The skill of her maid was enlisted in my behalf; and she was ordered to take one of her mistress's smartest evening gowns and adapt it to my figure.

At 65, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying that, without the slightest pretension to good features, I had a lively eye and a white throat, so that, with the accessories of burnt cork to my brows, a delicate *soupçon* of rouge to my cheeks, and chestnut ringlets adroitly adjusted to my own hair under cover of a handsome tiara, I sufficed for a very decent representative of a bouncing, light-hearted, rather rollicking Diana Vernon.

For a good hour before the expected arrival, I was steadily practising my walk. I discarded masculine strides, and affected mincing steps. With my voice I had no difficulty. About 6 P.M. the Doctor arrived, soon followed by the gentleman who was an inmate in his house. Each went to his dressing-room to prepare for dinner.

Mrs. Murray, her maid, and myself repaired to my dressing-room, when I was in fit condition to receive the finishing touches at their hands. The pains they bestowed on me were not in vain; for so effectual was my disguise, that not one of the servants in waiting recognized me during the evening. And when with low-cut gown, bare neck decorated with a beautiful topaz necklace, gloved hands, bracelcted wrists, a laced shawl over my shoulders, and a well-perfumed handkerchief in my hands, I descended the stairs, and felt what a precarious task I had undertaken, my heart palpitated as perceptibly as if I had been a veritable fair one about to meet the man she wished to captivate.

On my entering the drawing-room, all the gentlemen rose from their chairs, and I was formally presented as Miss Mackenzie, a niece of Mrs. Murray's. There was so much attention shown me, and something so uncommon in my appearance, that I observed the Doctor's eyes frequently wandering towards me, and whenever they met my gaze I dropped my lids as a modest maiden should.

'Dinner on the table,' said the butler.

'Dr. Haldane, will you take in Miss Mackenzie?' said Mrs. Murray.

The Doctor sprang forward with alacrity and offered me his arm.

In passing through the hall to the dining-room, I contrived to let my lace shawl slip from my shoulders, on purpose that I might put my squire's gallantry to the proof. He instantly picked it up and replaced it for me. I thanked him diffidently with my lips but fervently with my hands; for I squeezed his arm with such good-will that he blushed 'like the red, red rose' from the apex of his powdered head to the very edges of his shoe-buckles. My artless demonstrativeness had penetrated to his very marrow.

As the ingenuous blush died away his moral courage rose, and screwing it to the sticking-place, he entered on his conventional labours very creditably—deploring the harshness of the weather—asking me if that was my first visit to Lintrose—if I liked it as much as W—w—; if I had travelled all the way from London alone, &c., &c., until, the hackneyed topics pretty well exhausted, he struck upon a new, and, to me, more amusing vein. 'I thought,' said he, 'that that droll chiel, Julian Young, was here—when did he leave?' I began to suspect I was discovered. But, finding this was not the case, I replied in a tone of affected indifference, 'I fancy he returns to-morrow.'

By degrees, as dinner advanced and conversation became more general, I dropped into a sentimental vein, affected disgust with light literature and desultory reading, deplored the want of sympathy I met with at home, confessed that I would give the world to have a friend considerably older than myself who would direct me in my studies, and should be so grateful if he could help me. And at every word he uttered in reply, I raised my eyes with reverent homage to his, and with languishing tenderness of intonation, exclaimed, 'Oh! thank you! thank you!' at the same time pressing his foot with mine, until from red he waxed blue; and, what with the pain I fear I inflicted on his corns, and the mental perturbation my unseemly advances threw him into, I suspect he would soon have had to leave the room, had not a timely signal for the ladies to rise released him from his dilemma. Of such susceptible stuff was the reverend professor made, and so successfully had I wrought upon his feelings during the remainder of the evening, that when he lighted my candle as I was retiring to bed, he said a *something*—(it was a mere NOTHING—but it suited my book to construe it into 'a proposal'), on which, with a gentle smile and an eloquent pressure of his hand, I had the effrontery to whisper, 'You must speak to my aunt.'

How he felt, or how he interpreted these words, I know not. Whether he was undeceived or not as to the sex of the counterfeit Miss Mackenzie, I do not remember, for neither he nor the pseudo young lady ever met again; he had beaten an ignominious retreat the next morning before the breakfast hour, alleging a prior engagement as the cause.

1824. In May of this year I left St. Andrews, with infinite regret. In the month of January, while still there, I read the trial of Hunt, Probert, and Thurtell, for the murder of Mr. Weare, which took place in a lane some three hundred yards from Gill's Hill Lane Cottage, where I had stayed a year or two before with my friends the Tomkisons. The dead body was dragged across two or three intervening fields, and flung into a pond in the grounds. That done, the gentlemen adjourned to supper, and ate their pork chops with the blood of their victim still red and unwashed upon their hands.

1825. In this year I was admitted as an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford. My father, finding that my heart was set on taking holy orders, and learning that, before doing so, I must go through a preliminary course of three years' study at one of the universities, was at a loss to know at what college to enter me. At this juncture he happened to meet the Duke of York, who, with his usual condescension, asked him how his boy was getting on. 'Why, Sir, I want to send him to Oxford; but I know none of the big-wigs there, and have not an idea which is the proper college to send him to.' 'Oh, said the kind Prince, 'send him to Christ Church: Christ Church, by all means.' 'I am afraid, Sir, it is too aristocratic a place for my son; he might be led into expenses I could ill afford, and into society above his class.' 'Pooh, pooh!' replied the Duke. 'You leave it to me. Egad,' he added, 'I know what I'll do. I want an excuse for a ride. You have given me an object; I will ride down to Combe Wood and see Liverpool about it.' Without another word he turned his horse's head, and, followed by his groom, rode all the way to Lord Liverpool's to ask the Premier himself to help us. Lord Liverpool said, 'I assure your Royal Highness, that it is no easy matter for any one—be his rank what it may—to get admittance into Christ Church at present. But if any one in the kingdom can serve your *protégé* it is Peel. I will write to him by to-night's post. He is the man; for, as Member for the University itself, he is omnipotent; and Dr. Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity,

lives in Christ Church. . . . He was Peel's tutor, and is his personal friend.' 'Instead of writing by post to-night, my dear Lord,' said the Duke, 'write at once, and I will be the postman, and take your letter to Peel myself.' Lord Liverpool sat down at once, and wrote. The Duke instantly trotted off to Whitehall Gardens, found Mr. Peel at home, stated his wish to 'serve Charles Young, the tragedian, whom he had known intimately for twenty years,' and obtained a promise that Dr. Lloyd should be written to that night.

In three days' time my father received a letter from Sir Henry Cooke—better known as Kang Cooke—the Duke's aide-de-camp, to say that rooms at Christ Church were not to be had, for love, or interest, or money; and that, therefore, Dr. Lloyd had secured rooms for me at Worcester College, where Dr. Whittington Landon, Dean of Exeter, and Provost of the college, would be glad to receive me on the following Monday.

On that day I went; and, as no one will care to hear of the university career of one who neither distinguished nor disgraced himself while there, I will simply state that, after taking my degree of B.A. on the 17th of December, 1827, I went up to London to read, under a private tutor, for Holy Orders.

1827. December 22. As my father was driving me in his mail phaeton to Brighton, two carriages-and-four passed us. The first was quickly pulled up, and a voice called from the window, 'Young! Young!' It was the Duchess of St. Alban's, who, after detaining my father at her carriage door for full ten minutes, desired that I might be presented to her—which accordingly I was.

1827. December 25. At Brighton. Dined at Pedder's, who told the following story:—

'Some few years ago, a gentleman, a bachelor, residing in lodgings on the first floor of a respectable but small house in this town, appeared before the bench of magistrates, with a charge against the maid of his lodging of having robbed him of a ring.

'It appeared that he occupied the front drawing-room on the first floor, and slept in the back; that, one night, having undressed by the drawing-room fire, and wound up his watch, he deposited it, with his chain, two seals, and a ring attached to it, on the chimney-piece, and jumped into bed in the next room. In the morning, on dressing himself and going to the chimney-piece for his watch, he discovered that the ring, which

he valued, was gone. As he was in the habit of sleeping with the folding doors between the rooms ajar, and was always a light sleeper, he felt confident that no one had entered the room since he had left it over-night, except the maid, who had come in early, as usual, to dust and sweep the room, and lay the table for breakfast. The servant was so neat in her person, so pretty, gentle, and well conducted, that he felt loth to tell her his suspicions; but the moral certainty he entertained of her guilt, and the great value he set on the ring, determined him to conquer his scruples. On hearing herself charged with the theft, she started and stared, as if doubting the evidence of her ears; indignantly denied the charge, burst into tears, and told her mistress that she would not remain another hour under her roof; for that her lodger had taxed her with dishonesty. The landlady espoused the cause of her maid, and used such strong language against her accuser, that his blood, in turn, was roused; and he resolved to bring the matter to a determinate issue before the magistrates. Pedder said he was on the bench; and that, prepossessed as he and his coadjutors were by the girl's looks and manners, they felt quite unable to resist the weight of circumstantial evidence produced against her, and never had a moment's hesitation in committing her for trial at the next assizes.

Five or six weeks after she had been in jail the prosecutor went into Shaw's, the pastry-cook's, in the Old Steyne, to eat an ice. While he was pausing, deliberately, between each spoonful, the sun burst forth in all its strength, and darted one of its beams across the floor of the shop, bringing into light an object which glistened vividly between the joists of the flooring. He took out his penknife, inserted the point of it between the boards, and, to his utter amazement, fished up his lost ring. He ran back to his lodgings, and, on referring to his diary, he found that, on the evening of the very night on which he had left his watch and its appendages on the chimney-piece, he had been at Shaw's having some refreshment; and he therefore conjectured that, as half the split-ring from which his seals hung, had been, for some time, a good deal wrenched apart, it must have come into contact with the edge of the counter, and thus liberated the ring from its hold; that it had fallen on the ground, been trodden under the feet of some of the visitors to the shop, and in this way been wedged in between the boards of the flooring. Stung to the quick by self-reproach, at the thought of having tarnished the good name of an innocent girl,

by false accusation, and of having exposed her to the unmerited sufferings of prison life, he instantly took a post-chaise and drove off to the jail in which she was confined, asked every particular about her from the governor, and found him enthusiastic in his admiration of her, and utterly incredulous of her guilt. 'She's the gentlest, sweetest-tempered creature we have ever had within these walls; and nothing shall make me believe she is a thief,' said he. 'No more she is,' was the eager answer. She has been falsely charged by me, and I have come to make her every reparation in my power.' In one brief word, he offered her his hand, and married her.

1828. February 2. Went up, once more, to Oxford, to keep my Master's term, and to attend the Divinity Lectures of Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity.

February 4. After my first lecture to-day, to my surprise, Dr. Lloyd came up to me, and asked me to follow him to his house. On entering his library, the first thing he did—he was Bishop of Oxford—was to fling off his wig. 'You smile at my getting rid of that article,' said he, 'but the fact is, as you see, I am of a full habit of body; and, for the first three months after appointment, every bishop, unless he is as thin as a whipping-post, suffers terribly from determination of blood to the head, in consequence of the pressure of the spring of his wig on the temporal artery; and *my* determination is never to wear my wig, except when I am obliged to do so.' (N.B. It is a curious fact that the first bishop who ever dispensed with the wig, *was* a Bishop of Oxford—Richard Bagot.) 'Mr. Peel wrote to me about you when first you came up, three years ago. Why did not you go up for honours? Eh? You've lost a good friend in the Duke of York. He was well disposed towards you,' &c.

1828. March 20. Bade farewell, finally, to Alma Mater.

May 1. Started for the Isle of Man. Left it, heartily sick of it, on

May 8. For Liverpool and London.

June 28. Left for Rotterdam.

July 1. Arrived at the Hague.

July 2. Dined with Sir Charles Bagot. George Tierney and others there.

July 3. Dined again with Sir Charles Bagot. Lady Bagot wrote me several letters of introduction; among others, one to her sister, Lady Burgersh, at Vienna. Sir Charles is a handsome, thoroughbred gentleman, and a capital *raconteur*. On my

speaking of the exceeding cleanliness of the Dutch, he said, 'In spite of all the scrubbing and scraping you see bestowed on their houses, they are not personally a cleanly people. The attention paid to doors, and windows, and brass knockers, is a matter of imperious necessity. Water and paint are used to ward off the injurious consequences of the humidity of the atmosphere.' We spoke of the village of Broek, reputed the cleanest in the world. On my saying I was going there, 'Well, then,' he said, 'you had better get a letter of introduction from my banker to a friend of his, who lives there; for, in consequence of the greater number of dwellings there being the private residences of merchants or retired tradesmen, it is not easy for strangers to see the interiors without the help of some friend. The inmates of most of the houses leave their shoes or sabots at the door, and put on slippers before they enter. This is *de rigueur*, and they expect every one else to do so too. The Emperor Alexander of Russia and suite once visited Broek; and, on presenting themselves at the door of a certain house, they were most ungraciously received by the owner, who told them that, unless they conformed to the rule of the place, they should not enter. "Doucement," said one of the Emperor's suite, "you don't know whom you are speaking to! This"—pointing to him—"is the Emperor of all the Russias!" "I don't care who he is! Unless he take off his long boots, he shall not enter—no, *not if he were the Burgomaster of Saardam himself!*"'

1828. July 6. Mrs. Aders, an old London friend of mine, who was in the habit of spending her summers at a chateau she had on the Rhine, hearing I was going for a twelvemonth's tour on the continent, begged me to visit her at Godesberg on my road south. I had read so much of the beauty of the place, and heard so much of the cultivated society she contrived to attract around her, that I was only too glad to avail myself of her invitation. When I had been under her roof for a fortnight, fearing to outstay my welcome, I announced my intention of leaving on the morrow. The declaration was received with flattering indignation. I was accused of being *ennuyé* with the place and the people in it. On my expatiating on the enjoyment I had had in my visit, I was challenged to prove the sincerity of my protestations by consenting to prolong my stay another fortnight. 'You will not regret doing so,' said my hostess, 'for I expect those here to-morrow whom I am sure you would like to meet. Who they are I shall not tell you, till

I introduce you to them.' She then reiterated her invitation with such cordiality, that I felt no longer any hesitation in accepting it.

In the evening of the following day, having overwalked myself in the morning, I retired early to my room, and had not been many minutes in bed before the cracking of postilions' whips, the rumbling of carriage wheels, the ringing of bells, the slamming of doors, and the other discordant noises common to a late arrival, told me that the expected visitors had come.

Next morning I was down, and in the breakfast-room betimes, awaiting with curiosity the entrance of the strangers. After a while, Mrs. Aders made her appearance, and told me they were so fatigued, that they had asked leave to have their breakfasts sent up to their bedchambers. Our meal concluded, I once more tried to ascertain the names of the new comers. But my hostess evaded the question, and withdrew to her boudoir; and I was compelled to adjourn to the saloon, that I might despatch my letters before I was interrupted. I had scarcely entered the room, and was trying to improve a bad sketch I had made the day before when an old gentleman entered, with a large quarto volume beneath his arm, whom I at once concluded to be one of the anonymous gentry about whose personality there had been so much mystery. As he entered, I rose and bowed. Whether he was conscious of my well-intentioned civility I cannot say, but at all events he did not return my salutation. He appeared pre-occupied with his own cogitations. I began to conjecture what manner of man he was. His general appearance would have led me to suppose him a dissenting minister. His hair was long, white, and neglected; his complexion was florid, his features were square, his eyes watery and hazy, his brow broad and massive, his build uncouth, his deportment grave and abstracted. He wore a white starchless neckcloth tied in a limp bow, and was dressed in a shabby suit of dusky black. His breeches were unbuttoned at the knee, his sturdy limbs were encased in stockings of lavender-coloured worsted, his feet were thrust into well-worn slippers, much trodden down at heel. In this ungainly attire he paced up and down, and down and up, and round and round a saloon sixty feet square, with head bent forward, and shoulders stooping, absently musing, and muttering to himself, and occasionally clutching to his side his ponderous tome, as if he feared it might be taken from him. I confess my young spirit chafed under the wearing quarter-deck monotony of his promenade, and, stung by the cool manner in which he

ignored my presence, I was about to leave him in undisputed possession of the field, when I was diverted from my purpose by the entrance of another gentleman, whose kindly smile, and courteous recognition of my bow, encouraged me to keep my ground, and promised me some compensation for the slight put upon me by his precursor. He was dressed in a brown-holland blouse; he held in his left hand an alpenstock (on the top of which he had placed the broad-brimmed 'wide-awake' he had just taken off), and in his right a spring of apple-blossom overgrown with lichen. His cheeks were glowing with the effects of recent exercise. So noiseless had been his entry, that the peripatetic philosopher, whose back was turned to him at first, was unaware of his presence. But no sooner did he discover it than he shuffled up to him, grasped him by both hands, and backed him bodily into a neighbouring arm-chair. Having secured him safely there, he 'made assurance doubly sure,' by hanging over him, so as to bar his escape, while he delivered his testimony on the fallacy of certain of Bishop Berkeley's propositions, in detecting which, he said, he had opened up a rich vein of original reflection. Not content with cursory criticism, he plunged profoundly into a metaphysical lecture, which, but for the opportune intrusion of our fair hostess and her young lady friend, might have lasted until dinner time. It was then, for the first time, I learned who the party consisted of; and I was introduced to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, and his daughter Dora.

The reported presence of two such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth soon attracted to Mrs. Aders's house all the illuminati of Bonn—Niebuhr, Becker, Augustus Schlegel, and many others. It is matter of lamentation to me, now, to think that I have not preserved any traces of the conversations at which I was privileged to be present. But, alas! my ignorance of German, and my inaptitude for metaphysics, debarred me from much information that, but for those accidents, I might have obtained. I recall nothing but a few fragmentary remarks, which, for a wonder, I *could* understand. Schlegel was the only one of those I have named who spoke English, so that his were the only remarks I recollect, and they hardly worth repetition. I fancy I see him now, twitching his brown scratch wig, and twisting a lock of artificial hair into a curl, and going to the glass to see how it became him. He talked admirably, yet not pleasingly, for whatever the topic, and by whomever started, he soon contrived to make himself the central object of

interest. The perfect self-satisfaction with which he told of his involuntary successes with the fair sex, was both amusing and pitiable. He said that when he lived with Madame de Staël at Copet, he supplied her with all the philosophical materials for her *L'Allemagne*. Coleridge told him that there never had been such a translation of any work in any language as his of Shakspeare. Schlegel returned the compliment, scratched *his* back in turn, and declared that Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* was unrivalled for its fidelity to its original and the beauty of its diction. Both of them praised Cary's *Dante* highly. Schlegel praised Scott's poetry. Coleridge decried it, stating that no poet ever lived, of equal eminence, whose writings furnished so few quotable passages. Schlegel then praised Byron. Coleridge immediately tried to depreciate him. 'Ah,' said he, 'Byron is a meteor "which will but blaze and rove and die:" Wordsworth, there,' (pointing to him) 'is a "star luminous and fixed." During the first *furore* of Byron's reputation, the sale of his works was unparalleled, while that of Wordsworth's was insignificant, and now each succeeding year, in proportion as the circulation of Byron's works has fallen off, the issue of Wordsworth's poems has steadily increased.'

I observed that, as a rule, Wordsworth allowed Coleridge to have all the talk to himself; but once or twice Coleridge would succeed in entangling Wordsworth in a discussion on some abstract metaphysical question: when I would sit by, reverently attending, and trying hard to look intelligent, though I did not feel so; for at such times a leaden stupor weighed down my faculties. I seemed as if I had been transported by two malignant genii into an atmosphere too rarefied for me to live in. I was soaring, as it were, against my will, 'twixt heaven and the lower parts of the earth. Sometimes I was in pure æther—much oftener *in the clouds*. When, however, these potent spirits descended to a lower level, and deigned to treat of history or politics, theology or belles lettres, I breathed again; and, imbibing fresh ideas from them, felt invigorated.

I must say I never saw any manifestation of small jealousy between Coleridge and Wordsworth; which, considering the vanity possessed by each, I thought uncommonly to the credit of both. I am sure they entertained a thorough repect for each other's intellectual endowments.

Coleridge appeared to me a living refutation of Bacon's axiom, 'that a full man is never a ready man, nor a ready man a full one:' for he was both full and ready.

Wordsworth was a single-minded man: with less imagination than Coleridge, but with a more harmonious judgment, and better balanced principles.

Coleridge, conscious of his transcendant powers, rioted in a license of tongue which no man could tame. Wordsworth, though he could discourse most eloquent music, was never unwilling to sit still in Coleridge's presence, yet could be as happy in prattling with a child as in communing with a sage.

If Wordsworth condescended to converse with me, he spoke to me as if I were his equal in mind, and made me pleased and proud in consequence. If Coleridge held me by the button, for lack of fitter audience, he had a talent for making me feel *his* wisdom and my own stupidity: so that I was miserable and humiliated by the sense of it.

I remember reading, once, in a life of Plato, that if ever Aristotle were absent from his master's lectures, Plato would say to his other scholars, 'Intellect is not here to-day;' and if Coleridge could have divined the confusion of my mind, when he was trying to indoctrinate me with his own extravagant speculations, he would probably have tapped my skull and applied the same words to me, though in a less flattering sense.

While he confined himself to his 'judgments, analytic and synthetic,' I had a glimmering conception of his meaning; but when he gave tongue on 'a priori knowledge and a posteriori knowledge,' and spake of 'modality,' and of the 'paralogism of pure reason,' my feeble brain reeled, and I gasped for escape from the imaginary and chimerical and for a refuge in the material and the practical.

I had occasional walks with Coleridge in the garden, and many with Wordsworth over the fields. The former was an indifferent pedestrian, the latter a practised one. I revert with great delight to a long expedition I one day made with Wordsworth alone. He had heard of the ruins of an old Cistercian abbey, Heisterbach, on the side of the Rhine opposite to that on which we were staying. He asked me, playfully, to join him, in these words:—

> 'Go with us into the abbey—there;
> And let us there, at large, discourse our fortunes.'
>
> *Shakspeare.*

Hitherto I had only seen Wordsworth in the presence of Coleridge; and had imagined him, constitutionally, contemplative and taciturn. To-day I discovered that his reticence was self-imposed, out of consideration for the inordinate loquacity of his brother poet.

Coleridge always speechified or preached.

'His argument
Was all too heavy to admit *much talk*.'

Wordsworth chatted naturally and fluently out of the fulness of his heart, and not from a wish to display his eloquence. As I listened to him in this happy walk, I could not but apply to him one of Hooker's wise saws, 'He who speaketh no more than edifieth is undeservedly reprehended for much speaking.'

Idolatry of nature seemed with Wordsworth both a passion and a principle. She seemed a deity enshrined within his heart. Coleridge studied her rather as a mighty storehouse for poetical imagery than from innate love of her, for her own sweet sake. If once embarked in lecturing, no landscape, however grand, detained his notice for a second: whereas, let Wordsworth have been ever so absorbed in argument, he would drop it without hesitation to feast his eyes on some combination of new scenery. The union of the great and the small, so wonderfully ordered by the Creator, and so wondrously exemplified on the banks of the great German river, had little attraction for the author of 'The Ancient Mariner.' The grander features of a landscape he took in at a glance; and he would, with signal power of adaptation, dispose them into a magic world of his own. The rolling mist, as it hung suspended over the valley, and partially revealed the jagged tower and crag of Drachenfels, the river shooting out of sight the burden on its bosom with the velocity and force of an arrow; the presence of elemental power, as exhibited in the thunderstorm, the waterfall, or the avalanche, were stimulus enough to stir the pulses of his teeming brain, and set his imagination afloat with colossal speculations of hereafter. With him terrestrial objects soon expanded into immensity, and were quickly elevated above the stars. The more Rasselas-like mind of the recluse of the Lakes, on the other hand, who 'loved the life removed,' would direct itself to the painstaking investigation of nature's smallest secrets, prompt him to halt by the wayside bank, and dilate with exquisite sensibility and microscopic power of analysis on the construction of the humblest grasses, or on the modest seclusion of some virgin wild-flower nestling in the bosom, or diffidently peering from out the privacy of a shady nook composed of plumes of verdant ferns. In that same stroll to Heisterbach, he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample under foot, that I felt as if almost every spot on which I trod was holy ground, which I had rudely

desecrated. His eyes would fill with tears and his voice falter as he dwelt on the benevolent adaptation of means to ends discernible by reverential observation. Nor did his reflections die out in mawkish sentiment; they lay 'two deep for tears,' and, as they crowded thickly on him, his gentle spirit, subdued by the sense of the Divine goodness towards his creature, became attuned to better thoughts; the love of nature inspired his heart with a gratitude to nature's God, and found its most suitable expression in numbers.

The melody of Coleridge's verse had led me, as in the case of Scott, to credit him with the possession of the very soul of song; and yet, either from defective ear or from the intractability of his vocal organs, his pronunciation of any language but his own was barbarous; and his inability to follow the simplest melody quite ludicrous. The German tongue he knew *au fond*. He had learned it gramatically, critically, and scientifically at Göttingen: yet so unintelligible was he when he tried to speak it, that I heard Schlegel say to him one evening, 'Mein lieber Herr, would you speak English? I understand it: but your German I cannot follow.' Whether he had ever been before enlightened on his malpronunciation of German, I know not; but he was quite conscious that his pronunciation of French was execrable, for I heard him avow as much. He was a man of violent prejudices, and had conceived an insuperable aversion for the *grande nation*, of which he was not slow to boast. 'I hate,' he would say, 'the hollowness of French principles: I hate the republicanism of French politics: I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion: I hate the artificiality of French cooking: I hate the acidity of French wines: I hate the flimsiness of the French language:—my very organs of speech are so anti-Gallican that they refuse to pronounce intelligibly their insipid tongue.'

He would inveigh with equal acrimony against the unreality and immorality of the French character of both sexes, especially the female; and, in justification, I suppose, of his unmeasured invective, he told me that he was one day sitting *tête-à-tête* with Madame de Staël, in London, when her manservant entered the room and asked her if she would receive Lady Davy. She raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders, and appeared to shudder with nausea, as she turned to him and said, 'Ah! ma foi! oh! mon cher ami, ayez pitié de moi! Mais quoi faire? Cette vilaine femme. Comme je la deteste! Elle est, vraiment, insupportable!' And then, on her entry, flung her arms around

her, kissed her on both cheeks, pressed her to her bosom, and told her that she was more than enchanted to behold her.

Query. Have our neighbours across the water a monopoly of such conventional duplicity? or has honest John Bull his own proper share of it?

I have heard Coleridge say, more than once, that no mind was thoroughly well organized that was deficient in the sense of humour: yet I hardly ever saw any great exhibition of it in himself. The only instance I can recall, in which he said anything calculated to elicit a smile, during the two or three weeks I was with him, was when he, Wordsworth, and I, were floating down the Rhine together in a boat we had hired conjointly. The day was remarkably sultry; we had all three taken a considerable walk before our dinner; and what with fatigue, heat, and the exhaustion consequent on garrulity, Coleridge complained grievously of thirst. When he heard there was no house near at hand, and saw a leathern flask slung over my shoulder, he asked me what it contained. On my telling him it was Hock Heimer, he shook his head, and swore he would as soon take vinegar. After a while, however, finding his thirst increasing, he exclaimed, 'I find I must conquer my dislike—eat humble pie, and beg for a draught.' He had no sooner rinsed his mouth with the obnoxious fluid, than he spat it out, and vented his disgust in the following impromptu:—

> 'In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
> The thing called wine doth come from *grapes;*
> But, on the noble river Rhine,
> The thing called *gripes* doth come from wine.'

It must not be assumed that the reciprocal admiration entertained by the two poets for each other's gifts made them blind to each other's infirmities. Wordsworth, in speaking of Coleridge, would admit, though most regretfully, the moral flaws in his character: such for instance, as his addiction to opium, his ungrateful conduct to Southey, and his neglect of his parental and conjugal obligations. Coleridge, on the other hand, ever forward as he was in defending Wordsworth from literary assailants, had evident pleasure in exposing his parsimony, aye—even in the same breath in which he vaunted the purity and piety of his disposition. An illustration of this at once occurs to me.

After the trio had left Godesberg, and were returning homewards viâ Amsterdam and Rotterdam, they paid a visit to Haarlem. Mrs. Aders received a letter from Coleridge, dated

from that place, in which he told her that they had not arrived many minutes at their hotel before one of the principal waiters of the establishment entered the room, and asked them if they would like to accompany a few other persons in the house to hear the celebrated organ played, as a party was then in the act of forming for that object.

'Oh,' said Wordsworth, 'we meant to hear the organ! but why, Coleridge, should we go with strangers?' 'I beg your pardon,' interrupted the waiter, who understood and spoke English well, 'but it is not every one who is willing to pay twelve guilders (1*l.*); and as the organist will never play privately for less, it is customary for persons to go in parties, and share the expense between them.' 'Ah, then I think I will not go: I am tired,' said Wordsworth. 'Then you and I will go together, Dora,' answered Coleridge. Off they went, arm-in-arm, leaving Wordsworth behind them, reclining on a couch. They had not been long in the Church of St. Bavon, listening to the different stops which the organist was trying to display to the greatest advantage—the solo stop, the bell stop, the trumpet stop, the vox humana stop—before Coleridge was made sensible of the unwelcome intrusion of a strong current of air throughout the building. He turned his head to see the cause; and, to his amusement, descried his gentle friend, noiselessly closing the door, and furtively making his way behind one of the pillars, from whence he could hear without being seen, and thus escape payment. Before the organist had concluded his labours, Wordsworth had quietly withdrawn. On the return of his friend and his daughter, he asked them how they had enjoyed their visit to St. Bavon, but said nothing of his own!

When Wordsworth was in London, during the height of the season, he was aware it would be expected, after his appointment to the laureateship, that he should present himself at one of the *levées* of the sovereign. As his means had never been large, it was rather a proof of wise economy, than of meanness, that he should have shrunk from the idea of buying a costly court-suit for one day's wear. In this dilemma Rogers came to his rescue, and told him that, as he should never go to court again, he was welcome to make what use he could of his clothes, bag-wig, sword, buckles, &c. By the help of a little tailoring he was enabled to avail himself of Rogers' kindness, and attend the *levée*. When it was over, he called in St. James' Place, and accompanied Rogers to Miss Coutts'. As they were

walking together up the footway (under the gardens of the Arlington Street houses) which leads into Piccadilly, and is directly opposite to Stratton Street, Wordsworth's attention was arrested by the prepossessing looks of a little girl, who was sitting on the grass alone. He stopped and talked to her, and asked her of her parents, her home, whether she went to school, &c., and being well pleased with the ingenuous answers that she gave him, he put one hand on her head, and with the other dived down into the recesses of his coat-pocket, and drew forth a little copy of his minor poems, telling her to look at him well, and note his person; to be sure also to observe well the time of day, and the spot; and to recollect that that little book had been given to her by the author, the celebrated William Wordsworth!

N.B. The narrator of this story was Rogers himself.

I hope that no one will infer from my inserting these two anecdotes of Wordsworth, that, because I am not his unqualified eulogist, I therefore wish to throw ridicule or discredit on so great and good a man. I know the stories to be true, and, if true, they should be told; for such details serve to elucidate character: and what man so strong that has not his weak side? There is no greater monster than a faultless man. Personal partiality has often tempted biographers, who have meant to be honest, to yield to a *suppressio veri*, from fear of doing injustice to their subject. Now I conceive that none but a purblind hero-worshipper would deny that the real wrong is knowingly to allow a mistaken impression of a character to go forth uncorrected. There are shades as well as lights in the idiosyncracy of every man on earth.

I regard Wordsworth as having been so essentially eminent and virtuous, that no man can better afford to have the truth spoken of him.

When Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his daughter, had left Godesberg, I felt that I had no longer excuse for lingering in quarters where I had already tarried but too long, and therefore proceeded to visit some friends at Frankfort. After a few days' stay there I went on to Heidelberg, with the object of studying German.

With the exceeding beauty of the spot I was as much enchanted, as disgusted with the manners of the students. I had seen something of them in Bonn, but in Heidelberg they out-Heroded Herod. When Coleridge heard that I was going to Heidelberg, he said, 'If I were not pledged to the dear

Wordsworths, I would go with you, for I long to see Tiedemann, the great anatomist; and with that arch-heretic Paulus, I want to measure swords—I mean in argument. And by-the-bye, talking of measuring swords, let me give you a piece of advice, which, as coming from one who has himself been at a German university, you should not despise. You will, ten to one, be wantonly insulted by some of the students, who will challenge you on the slightest pretext. Instantly accept, but name pistols as your weapons.' I did not forget this advice, which was well-timed, for I had not been long in Heidelberg before I was struck with the offensive rudeness of the students, who, with their fancifully embroidered frocks, and bare throats, and long hair, and long pipes, and swaggering strut, seemed to infest the main street with the express object of provoking a quarrel with passers by, challenging them, and thus 'renowning' at their expense. I owe it to Coleridge's hint that I did not get into a serious scrape. A young man, without the slightest provocation, deliberately jostled me off the *trottoir* into the middle of the street, and then charged me with having been the assailant. He was so insolent and voluble, that, being unable to speak his language, I knocked him down. He sprang up, and challenged me to meet him at the Hirschgasse, the inn for duels. With an indifference which, God knows, I did not feel, I bowed to him, and told him in French I would meet him at the appointed place and bring my pistols with me at eight on the morrow.' He then called me a coward, said he only fought with the weapon established by German usage, the rapier; and, to my unbounded satisfaction, retired. Luckily no other students were by, or they might have made us proceed to extremities.

While in Heidelberg, I used to take daily lessons in German, from a certain Dr. Hühle, who had been for some years the minister of the German Lutheran chapel in the Strand. Although, personally, of irreproachable reputation, his discourses had been so distasteful and unprofitable to his congregation, that, not knowing how otherwise to get rid of him, they clubbed together to purchase him an annuity. They then deputed some of the more influential of their members to wait on him and assure him of a fact (hem!) of which he seemed to be strangely unconscious—viz., that his health was rapidly declining, owing to his exertions in their behalf. They begged him to retire, before it was too late, to his birthplace in Germany, where, revived by his native air, they hoped he would end his declining years in that tranquillity which he had so nobly earned, and to which they

hoped their little offering might, in some degree, contribute. On that pittance he retired to Heidelberg, where, with the help of teaching English, he managed to eke out a sufficient livelihood for his slender wants.

He was, without exception, the dirtiest and dingiest man on whom I ever set eyes. He lodged at a tanner's; and I sometimes found it no easy matter, in mounting his stairs, to pick my way through the blood-stained skins which were spread upon them to dry, and which had just been purchased from the butcher. On my first visit to him, I was saucy enough to ask him how he came to select such a house for his quarters. 'Surely,' said I, 'however odorous you find the tanyard, the smell of the reeking skins of newly-slaughtered beasts must be very disagreeable?' 'Nod at all, Saar. I took dese lodgings on brincible! Know you not vat your myriad-minded poet says? Ven Hamlet asks de Clown by de grave shide, "How long vill a man lie i' de earth ere he rot?"—de Clown say, "Iv he be not rotten before he die, he'll last eight or nine years. A tanner vill last you nine years." And vy? Because, for de same reason vich kept flesh-butchers from catching de cholera ven all else in deir neighbourhood had it.'

I said he was the dirtiest man I ever saw. I may safely add, he was the vainest! I found him, on a particular occasion, seated in a filthy old dressing-gown, with a pipe in his mouth, enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, overlooking, sorting, and making selections from, a large pile of sermons and manuscripts. I said to him, 'Have you never published any of your many compositions?' Looking over his pipe at me, with an air of great importance, he thus addressed me:—'Saar! You are not de erste persone who have asked me dat question mit surbrise. Der Herr von Nöhden, die Librarium of die Breeches Mooseum at London, von day said to me ver plain—"Mein goote freund, vy do you not bublish?" I shook mein head. "Oh," said dat great man, "you musht bublish! You musht indeed! I vill speak out! You musht evacooate your brain, or, by ——! you vill bursht!"'

1828. August 2. My stay in Heidelberg, which at first promised ill for my peace of mind (for I was in daily dread of being insulted by one or other of the ill-conditioned young men improperly called 'students') was afterwards rendered most agreeable, mainly through the hospitality of two or three English families then residing there. The kindness of the Tobins, Count and Countess de Salis, Dr. Wiss (Tom Campbell's

nephew), Mr. Mitchell, and, above all, *longo intervallo*, the Rigby family, I remember with gratitude. The present accomplished and amiable Lady Eastlake was one of the Miss Rigbys, and the authoress of *Letters from the Baltic;* and many of the most charming articles ever published in the *Quarterly*.

1829. February 5. My father was on a visit the other day to Mr. Johnnes Knight's at Welwyn. Among other *beaux esprits*, Theodore Hook was there. In the course of the evening he was asked to improvise for the amusement of the company. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'if you will only give me a subject which will fire my muse. Remember how often I have played Punch for you before, and how many subjects I have turned into song: therefore be lenient, and give me something new, but easy.'

After thinking over several subjects, it was at last suggested that he should take for his theme the very village in which they were all assembled—Welwyn.

Without one minute's pause for reflection, he ran his fingers over the key-board of the pianoforte, and sang the following lines impromptu:—

IMPROMPTU ON WELWYN, BY THEODORE HOOK.

1.

'You ask me where, in peaceful grot,
I'd choose to fix my dwelling?
I'll tell you; for I've found the spot;
And mortals call it Welwyn.

2.

'Its shade a quietude imparts,
All other shades excelling;
The county where it stands is Herts,
And hearts are lost at Welwyn.

3.

'I feel my own throw off its load
When passing by the Bell Inn!
And why?—Because I know the road
Will lead me on to Welwyn.

4.

'And when arrived beneath those trees,
Secure from storm or felling,
The charms of Beauty, Friendship, Ease,
All welcome me at Welwyn.

5.

'In other times, ere mute his tongue,
His 'Thoughts' there Young sat telling;
Now I, although I am not Young,
Give all my thoughts to Welwyn.

6.

'And when my sorrows or my grief
I wish to be repelling,
I always pray for such relief
As kindness gives at Welwyn.

7.

'Shall I implore those heathen dons
On high Olympus dwelling?
No, faith! I'll write to Mrs. Johnnes
To ask me down to Welwyn.'

1829. February 7. My father told a story to-day which he heard from James Welch, a solicitor of Wells, too good to forget.

A mile or two from some town in Somersetshire there was a manufactory—I think, of cloth—the treasurer and cashier of which lived some distance from it in a cottage of his own. He was known to pass to and fro every Saturday with a large sum of money in specie on his person, with which to pay the workmen their weekly wages.

A man in the neighbourhood, pressed by want, under a sudden impulse, determined, as a means of extricating himself from his difficulties, to waylay and rob him.

As there had been no premeditation or malice aforethought in the case, he had not provided himself with any offensive weapon. He wrenched, therefore, a strong rail out of some palings which skirted the roadside. Before he could extract a long nail by which the rail had been fastened to the boarding, the very man he was waiting for came by. He followed him stealthily, and beat out his brains. His victim despatched, he was alarmed by the distant tramp of horses' feet, and was barely able to drag the body into the nearest ditch, and cover it over with dried leaves and rubbish, when two horsemen came in sight. As there was no time for him to possess himself of the spoil, he decamped as fast as he could to a farmyard, about a mile off, where he knew the hay harvest was not yet concluded. Seeing no better place of retreat, he climbed up, by the help of a ladder, to the top of one of the large ricks which had been left to settle before being thatched,

and burrowed his way into it backwards, leaving out enough of his head to admit of his breathing. He had no alternative but to spend the night there, meaning, at early dawn, after rifling the body left in the ditch, to make for some point near the coast. Thirty years after, when he had confessed his guilt, he described, with terrific force, the unutterable horror of that night, haunted, as he was, with remorse, and in momentary dread of detection; buried up to his chin in fermenting, newly-made hay, and menaced, for an hour or two, by flights of angry, hungry crows, which, shortly after his arrival in his quarters (attracted by the smell of blood), had swooped down upon him, and kept hovering about, cawing and screaming, and wheeling and whirling, round and round, within a foot of his face, and only deterred from pecking at his eyes by the sudden movement of his head and an occasional gruff whoop, which daunted them. About four in the morning he extricated himself from his feverish hot-bed, and retraced his steps towards the ditch in which his victim and his treasure were secreted. The murdered body was undisturbed. He ransacked the large pockets of the coat, which were heavily laden with gold and silver. He found, also, a belt filled with bank-notes strapped round his waist, and under his waistcoat. With these he fled —on—on—till he reached the sea-port for which he was making. On his arrival there he jumped into the first packet which was starting for America. In due time, and without any untoward accident, he arrived at the place for which he was bound—set up a school there, and soon acquired a first-rate reputation as a teacher. At the end of thirty years of uninterrupted success, during which he amassed an independence, he thought he might safely return and settle in his native country. I think the first county to which he repaired was Yorkshire. He had not been long there before he felt irrepressible yearnings to revisit his birthplace, a spot fraught with miserable reminiscences, yet endeared to him by the associations of early days, ere blood-guiltiness had poisoned his existence. Satisfied that, from the cessation of intercourse with friends for thirty years, the effects of time on his person, the wear and tear of an arduous profession, and the change produced by his altered dress and manners, he might defy detection, he repaired to the village in which he had once dwelt.

As a precaution against risk, he thought it prudent to shun frequented thoroughfares, and to approach the cottage he had once called 'home' by a by-path across the fields. In following

the road he had selected, he had to pass through the village churchyard. On entering it, he was much struck by the vast improvements effected since his absence. Old crumbling walls had been razed to the ground; neat iron railings had been substituted in their place; villas of pretension now reared their chimneys where there had been only barns, hovels, and cow-sheds; the church itself had been restored, and its yard extended and beautified.

As he sat on a tombstone, smoking his pipe, and ruminating on the strange metamorphoses of thirty years, he noticed that the sexton was busy digging a grave. He drew nigh, and, finding him to be a stranger, entered freely into conversation with him. While thus engaged, the grave-digger threw up several human bones, of which the listless visitor took but little heed. Presently he jerked from his shovel, at his very feet, a human skull. That did not disturb him, though it was remarked by the sexton that he suddenly ceased talking. Bitter memories sat heavy on his soul. All at once his eyes began to open, and then became transfixed: his cheeks grew deadly pale, his body trembled, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. And why? An inanimate skull could have no terrors for him. It could tell no tales! no! But there was that protruding from the back of the skull which kindled the dormant fires of conscience within him, as if they had been fires of hell. A nail! He stood petrified and breathless; 'Cold fearful drops stood on his trembling flesh,' and, as his gaze became more rivetted, he beheld—horror of horrors!—the skull turn slowly round, without any visible agency, and direct its empty sockets upon him. He shrieked out, in irrepressible agony of spirit, 'Guilty! guilty! O God!' and fell insensible to the earth. When his faculties were restored, he told those whom the sexton had summoned from the parsonage to his help, that 'this was none other than the Lord's doing.' He made an ample confession before the authorities, was tried, convicted, and executed.

The seemingly miraculous incident, viz., the moving of the skull, was explained on natural grounds. A dormouse, revived by the outer air, had woke up from his slumbers, and, in running from one side of his resting-place to the other, had caused the movement which had so disturbed and harrowed the conscience of the guilty one.

1829. June 11. Left London on a visit to friends in Scotland. Stayed in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Stirling, until

1829. June 24. When I saw the contest between the Caledonian and Bannockburn societies. At 5 p.m. left by coach for Callender, and slept at Macgregor's hotel.

1829. June 25. I saw the Pass of Leny, the Brig o' Bracklinn, and left at 3 p.m. for The Trosachs. On the road, there rushed out from a wretched hovel of mud and peat, not six feet high, a revolting-looking creature, half man, half brute—a hirsute, red-haired, semi-nude 'natural' or 'innocent,' who ran by the side of the chaise, gibbering and demanding alms. I was mentioning him in the evening to my friends, when one of them remarked that he had been once travelling the same road in the same sort of vehicle, when he saw the same daft animal dart from his lair and, on the sound of approaching wheels, vault over a little burn that rippled its course between him and the high road, run abreast of the carriage at a jog trot, gnawing a bare bone the while with as much apparent relish as if it had been substantial meat. 'How are ye the day, Sawney?' asked my informant. Distainful silence! 'What ails ye, man?' Still no answer. 'I gie ye the day, and ye wunna speak to me!' The poor creature, more used to the kicks of travellers than their halfpence, turned round, with a look significant of his insight into the interested motives of the questioner's civility, and answered him at last. 'Ou aye, ou aye! Mighty ceevil we are the day! To-day it's, How are ye? To-morrow 't will be, Gae wa' wi' ye? There's aye plenty o' freends when there's onything going!'

1829. June 26. Stayed with my friends, who had taken the inn, at Arroquhar, till August 6, 1829, when I left for Edinburgh. Put up at Gibb's hotel, and found my uncles there ready to receive and welcome me.

1829. August 9. Edwin Landseer spent the evening with us, on his road home from a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Rothiemurchus.

August 25. Left Edinburgh for the Lakes.

September 2. Reached London.

September 10. I had a long walk round and round Fitzroy Square with Macready. I was charmed with him. He is a reader, a thinker, and an actor.

1829. September 18. Spent the evening with Tom Campbell, the poet, and his nephew, Dr. Wiss. We talked much of Mrs. Siddons, for whom his admiration is unbounded.

1830. January 10. Ordained deacon by Bishop Gray, at

Bristol, having had letters dimissory to him from the Bishop of Chichester, in whose diocase my cure is situate. A memorable and momentous epoch in my life!

1830. February 11. Heard William Cobbett lecture. Strong sense, masculine English, extravagant prejudice, political economy, currency, radicalism, universal invective,—all jumbled together! Personally, a homely, independent, vigorous farmer, dressed in blue coat, brass buttons, broad-brimmed hat (a white one), drab breeches, top-boots.

1830. February 16. Saw the English Opera House burnt to the ground. A sad sight.

1830. June 16. I went with Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to call on Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams* and *Political Justice*. However hetorodox, a mild, kindly old gentleman. I did not stay long enough to have a taste of his mental quality. I recollect his saying that there was no poem Shelley read so often, or with such enjoyment, as *The Book of Job*. Afterwards called on Jack Bannister, the handsomest old man alive. Hair white as snow! He is the only man now living who has played with Garrick! He was taught by him, and gives one an inkling of what he must have been, by his imitation of him.

1830. June 17. Went to Sir Thomas Lawrence's with Tomkison. On our way, after to the Royal Academy, Tomkison told me that he took Sir Thomas, not long ago, to see some paintings of a very promising young artist, in whom he felt interest. Lawrence said many encouraging things to the young man, which he received with becoming modesty. As he was leaving, the youthful aspirant to fame said to his visitor,—'You have been kind enough to praise what you have seen. Would you give me some piece of advice which may help me in my pursuits for the future?' 'I do not know that I have anything to say, except this,' said Sir Thomas: 'You have round your room two or three rough, clever, but coarse, Flemish sketches. Were I you, as a young man desirous to rise in my profession, I would not allow my eye to become familiarized with any but the highest forms of art. If you cannot afford to buy good oil-paintings of the first class, buy good engravings of great pictures; or, have nothing at all upon your walls. You allow, in intercourse with your fellows, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." So it is with pictures. If you allow your mind to become familiar with what in art is vulgar in concep-

tion, however free and dashing the handling, and however excellent the feeling for colour, your taste will, insensibly become depraved. Whereas, if you habituate your eye only to look on what is pure and grand, or refined and lovely, your taste will, insensibly, become elevated. An artist of well-earned reputation, who owed his position in his profession entirely to his own genius, and who had never seen any of the works of the greatest painters, went with me to see one of the grandest collections on the continent. It was arranged according to the different schools. It began with the German—the Albert Durers, the Quentin Matsys, and Holbeins. It then proceeded with the Flemish and Dutch—the Vandycks, the Breughels, the Ostades, the Teniers, the Gerard Dows, the Ruysdaels, and the Rubenses. He was so enchanted with the vigour of pencil, the audacity of invention, the mastery of form, and the superb feeling for colour which characterized the works of Rubens, that I had difficulty in dragging him away from them. We then visited the Spanish school, with its Murillos and Velasquez, &c.; the Bolognese school, with its Guercinos and Caraccis, and Carlo Dolces and Guidos; then the Venetian school, with its Tintorettos, and Giorgiones, and Paul Veroneses, and Titians; and, lastly, the Umbrian, with its Peruginos, Francias, Michael Angelos, and Raphaels. When the custodian came to tell us it was the hour for the gallery to close, my friend's taste had been so educated by what he had seen, and his appreciation for art had been so developed, that, after contemplating the heavenly and chastened expression of the highest Italian types, on his repassing the Rubenses, which a few hours before had so delighted him, he positively shuddered at their grossness, and hastened away from them as if he were in a low neighbourhood.'

1830. July 24. Ordained priest this day, by Carr, Bishop of Chichester—a day much to be remembered!

1830. October 31. Appointed sub-chaplain of the Palace, Hampton Court; my chief, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Gerald Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's brother, being non-resident.

1830. November 2. I sat a long time with Constable the artist, and watched him paint. He is a most gentle and amiable man. His works will have greater justice done them by posterity, when they have become mellowed and toned down by time. His theories of art are original and instructive. I was

surprised to see the free and frequent use he makes of his palette-knife in painting; often, where he wants to impart force and breadth to his subject, preferring it to his brush. He told me that, if he lived in the country, and could afford it, he would never paint a landscape anywhere but in the open air; that he believed most artists sketched their subjects out of doors, and finished them in; and that he could always distinguish the parts of a picture which had been painted *al fresco* from those which had been elaborated in the studio.

My uncle, George Young, mentioned to me a beautiful instance of Constable's imperturbable sweetness of temper. He called on him one day, and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat, the artist proposed to repair to the back, to show him a large picture on which he was engaged. On walking up to his easel, he found that one of his little boys, in his absence, had dashed the handle of the hearth-broom through the canvas, and made so large a rent in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him, and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted that he had, he took him on his knee, and rebuked him in these unmeasured terms:—'Oh, my dear pet! See what we have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think—can *you?*'

1830. December 13. I sat two hours with Jane and Anna Maria Porter, the authoresses of *Sir Edward Seward's Narrative*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Field of the Forty Footsteps*, &c., &c. They are very feminine and ladylike, and utterly devoid of pedantry or Bas-Bleu-ism, or any other ism, except rheumatism, to which one of them is a martyr. I am glad to learn their excellent brother, Sir Robert Kerr, is coming home soon.

1831. January 10. I dined with Colonel and Mrs. Schenck. No one there but Merrewether, the Rector of Hampton. Colonel Schenck is a Dutchman, and, originally, came over here with the Stadtholder, with whom he was a favourite. At Kingston-on-Thames he was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a Mrs. Rolls, the widow of a rich brewer, and to marry her. They are a very original couple, and are a striking contrast to each other. He is tall, with eyes so prominent as to excite fears in the minds of his friends that, in some sudden accession of anger, they may drop out of their sockets: she is short, with eyes so sunk in their lids, that it would not surprise one if they, some day, disappeared behind them altogether.

He is thin: she is fat. He is choleric: she is phlegmatic. He is as loquacious as a magpie: she is as mute as a mouse. In her movements she is as measured as a tortoise: whereas he is as mercurial as quicksilver itself. Certainly, if contraries in wedded life best assimilate, this couple ought to be the very model of connubial bliss. The gallant Colonel had a habit, if any sentiment were broached in his presence in which he did not acquiesce, of discharging an indignant 'What?' with such electric abruptness, rapidity, and reiteration, as to cow the timid, and effectually to silence the bravest, if they wished to avoid a quarrel. It was not often that his meek lady ventured to hazard a remark, even on the weather; but I *have* known her so bold; and if she chanced to say it was warm, when he thought it was chilly, he would fire a volley of 'Vat? vat? vats?' into her, and roll her over directly. It is difficult to convey, on paper, an idea of the irresistible power of one of those vocal discharges—each vat? vat? vat? increasing in intensity on repetition, and delivered with a rapidity and precision, against which there was no standing up. It was a case for fight or flight. And, as one did not go out to dinner to engage in single combat, one laid down one's arms, and surrendered at discretion. Not long since I was dining with these good people, in company with the Rector of Hampton and three or four others. The coldness and hauteur of our national temperament was severely dwelt on by the Colonel, and unfavourably contrasted with the more genial natures of the Dutch. From men and manners, he descended to soil and climate, 'Here, surely,' said I, 'you will award us the preference? I am sure, after having become almost naturalized, and having married and settled here, you would be sorry to tear up the attachments and associations you have formed, and re-establish yourself in Holland.' I had no sooner hazarded my thoughtless remark, than I foresaw the explosion that would come. 'Vat? vat? VAT? I tell you vat, Sir! Mrs. Schenck is breaking very fast! Just look at her! I see a change in her every month! Look at her, I say!' (She was flushed with dinner, and looked likely to outlive him, unless carried off by an apoplectic fit). 'She's vasting avay fast; and, as soon as I have paid friend Merrevedder de fees, and put her under de mould, I am off to live and die in my bootiful Hague!'

Let me do justice to Mrs. Schenck, who was by far the more amiable of the two, though not without her own weaknesses. I was rather a favourite of hers; and when my forthcoming mar-

riage was made known among my friends, she went to pay her congratulatory call on my future mother-in-law. After speaking of me in favourable terms, she wound up her eulogium of me in these words :—'Ah! my dear madam, you may rely on it, your daughter is going to have a treasure! I never knew any man, in my life, so easily satisfied. Although he dines out so much, and at such grand houses, yet, if I only give him a basin of clear soup, a bit of fish, a slice of chicken and tongue, a snipe, a tart, a head or two of asparagus, and a glass of good wine (it must be dry), he is as contented as if he had dined at Bushey. Well, I do congratulate you once for all; so good-bye; and you may as well bear in mind what I told you, eh?' My mother-in-law elect, not exactly knowing what she alluded to, asked her. 'Why, don't forget—his sherry *must be* dry!'

CHAPTER VI.

1831. JANUARY 15. To-day, Horace Seymour came to me to request my attendance, ministerially, on a private of the 9th Lancers, who had shot himself in the night, but not fatally. It would appear that, for some misconduct or other, he had been put in confinement all day: and, for precaution's sake, during the night, as he was known to be of choleric temper, his feet had been chained together, and a sentry placed on each side of him. As soon as his brother soldiers, who were to watch him, and who were on good terms with him, and had no reason to apprehend any violence at his hands, heard him snoring, they fell asleep; and, when he had ascertained that they were not, like himself, shamming, he gently drew a pistol from the belt of one of them, put it to the pit of his stomach, and pulled the trigger. He succeeded in wounding himself dangerously. A piece of the cloth of his waistcoat and trowsers was propelled by the ball into the lungs; but the ball itself struck against the edge of the lowest of the small ribs, glanced from it, traversed round, and sank in the fleshy part of the back, from whence it was extracted. I begged, and obtained, leave to keep the bullet as a curiosity; for, incredible as it may appear, instead of its having bruised or broken the rib, the rib had indented a groove in it.

1831. April 13. I was this day, for the first, and I sincerely hope the last, time presented at the *levée* at St. James's. It

was no 'vaulting ambition' on my part which caused me to 'o'erleap myself,' but a royal summons. The fact is, Sir Horace Seymour, one of William the Fourth's equerries, had called on me and told me that the King had said to him, 'I hear you have got a new clergyman as chaplain in Gerald Wellesley's place. Why has he never been to pay his duty to me?' Sir Horace told his Majesty he was sure I had kept away from diffidence. 'Nonsense! Tell him Hampton Court chapel is a Royal one; and, as he is now its minister, I expect to see him here at my next *levée*.'

After this, I had no alternative but to submit—and go.

Sir George Seymour was kind enough to take me in his carriage, and Sir Horace to present me. Before going into the large waiting-room, where all the presentees were waiting for the doors to be thrown open, I expressed my fears to Sir Horace that I should be guilty of some solecism in good manners, from my utter ignorance of court usages. He ridiculed my nervousness, and promised to stand by me and pilot me through the quicksands and shoals by which I conceived myself surrounded in such a place. 'Follow in the wake of others, and imitate their example. Bow lower than you would to any one else; and, when you have kissed hands, mind you don't turn your back upon the King; were the simple instructions given me. My turn came in due time, and in spite of all the cautions given me, the very instant I had kissed hands I turned my back upon the sovereign and hurried off. I had no sooner thus committed myself, than Sir Horace came hurrying after me, and laughingly caught hold of my shoulders, saying, 'Take heart; your retreat has been covered by a Surrey baronet, who, on seeing the royal hand outstretched, instead of reverently kissing it, caught hold of it and wrung it lustily.'

Still further to comfort me in my embarrassment, he told me, that, a few days previously, at a former *levée*, a city alderman, more familiar with the yard measure than the sword, in backing from the presence, got the martial weapon so entangled between his legs, that he was tripped up by it and thrown prostrate on the floor. As he lay floundering there, the Sailor King, in utter defiance of all the established rules of regal reserve and dignity, whispered, with infinite glee, to those around him, 'By Jove, the fellow has caught a crab!' and then burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

1831. May 3. I dined with a large party at 'The Pavilions,'

at General Moore's. His charming residence, on the skirts of the Home Park in one direction, and of the Thames in another, and immediately opposite Boyle Farm (celebrated for its Dandy's Ball), was once occupied by the late Duchess of Gloucester. It was assigned to its present tenant in recognition of important services rendered by him to the Duke of Kent, when his life was endangered in the Pig-tail Mutiny at Gibraltar.

In the evening there was a ball, at which I was witness to an introduction between two gentlemen, which tickled my sense of the ludicrous acutely. A Colonel W—— had been dining with an old brother officer, who had but just returned from India, and whom he had not seen for some years. He brought him in the course of the evening to the ball at the Pavilions. The Colonel, with high broad shoulders, epaulettes up to his ears, a stiff military carriage, and a salute rather than a bow, presented his friend to the General in the following terms:—

'General Moore! let me introduce to you a friend of mine!' Then, waiving his hand from one to the other, in the approved fashion, he said 'General Moore! Captain Cox!—General Cox! Captain Moore!' The rapidest instances of promotion and reduction I ever heard of.

1831. June 10. I dined with Admiral Sir George Scott. Our party consisted of Lord Mount Edgecumbe, the Hon. Mr. Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Dawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, Archdeacon Cambridge, John W. Croker, Jesse, and Theodore Hook. I chronicle this dinner because of an unlucky *contretemps* which befel me there. After the cloth was removed, many a joke was cracked at my expense, in consequence of my recent blunder at the *levée*, of which Hook had heard. As a parallel to it, I told my story of the Scotch laird at Holy Rood. One of the party, piqued at the mirth excited by my story, said, in a somewhat supercilious tone, 'Se non è vero é ben trovato,' on which my host came unexpectedly to my rescue, and at the same time covered me with confusion by stating; 'Incredible as you may think what Young has told you, I can vouch for its truth; for the gentleman alluded to was my own uncle.' Pleasant for me!

1831. June 16. I heard Paganini. The *furore* there has been about this man has bordered on fatuity. The prices paid for seats to see and hear him have been fabulous.

On the principle, I presume, of 'omne ignotum pro magnifico' the great violinist has shut himself up in close confinement

since his arrival in this country, and refused to receive any one but his *entrepreneur* and his dentist. In both cases the relaxation of his rule was a matter of necessity, and not of choice. With the gentleman who had engaged him he could not avoid making certain preliminary arrangements for his *début*. Still less could he dispense with the help of the dentist; for, as nature had failed him in her supplies, art was called in to aid him. Sorely discomfited, on arriving in London, by the state of his teeth, and hearing that, among the brethren of the profession, Cartwright was *facile princeps*, he sent for him; and after having such teeth as he had filed and scraped, he asked him if he could undertake to supply him with such as he had not by the following Thursday. The commission was unhesitatingly accepted, and faithfully executed. On Paganini's asking Cartwright what he owed for the service he had rendered him, the dentist assured him that he felt honoured by having had it in his power to administer to the comfort of such a man; and that the only remuneration he could think of claiming at his hands would be his giving him the pleasure of his company at dinner the next day.

After such extraordinary liberality, Paganini felt that he had no alternative but to accept the invitation so gracefully given. It happened that ten minutes after the great lion of the hour had left the door in Burlington Street, the Duke of Devonshire entered it, by appointment, to have his teeth looked at. Cartwright asked his noble patient in the course of his manipulations if he had yet been fortunate enough to hear Paganini. The Duke said that he had tried to get him at Devonshire House, but had been unable to induce him to go, his reason for refusal being that it would not suit him to play in private till after his appearance in public. 'Well,' said Cartwright, 'there is no rule that has not its exception, and I shall be very much surprised, my Lord Duke, if I do not hear him to-morrow.' 'How so?' exclaimed his Grace. 'Because he dines here; and I feel sure will bring his instrument with him.' 'Good gracious,' said the Duke, 'I wish you would ask me to meet him.' Of course Cartwright immediately did so. The Duke told every one he called on in the afternoon that he was going to meet the great lion next day, and where. By a curious coincidence the Duke of ——, and the Duke of ——, and the Duke of ——, and the Duke of ——, instantly discovered that their teeth were much out of order; and the next morning, between ten o'clock and one, four dukes had been under Cart-

wright's hands, and received invitations to his table for the same day. The consequence was, that when Paganini arrived at seven p.m. to dinner, in a hackney-coach, expecting to meet a professional friend or two of his host, he found himself sitting down with the most aristocratic party he had ever met in his life, and among them the very magnate whom he had refused to honour with his fiddle.

1831. June 18. Dined with Mr. Jesse. Met, as one always does, a most agreeable party at his house. None among them shone more brilliantly than James Smith, one of the joint authors of *Rejected Addresses*. His talk—for conversation it was not—was very racy and witty, and his memory nothing short of marvellous. He quoted pages of Pope and Goldsmith; and sang some of his facetious songs to his own accompaniment. Jesse gave me a curious instance of his ready wit. When he was preparing for the press his *Gleanings in Natural History*, James Smith one day unexpectedly burst in upon him. The moment he saw him, he said, 'My dear Smith, you have come in the very nick of time, as my good genius, to extricate me from a difficulty. You must know that to each of my chapters I have put an appropriate heading: I mean by that, that each chapter has prefixed to it a quotation from some well-known author, suited to the subject treated of—with one exception. I have been cudgelling my brains for a motto for my chapter on "Crows and Rooks," and cannot think of one. Can you?' 'Certainly,' said he, with felicitous promptitude, 'here is one from Shakspeare for you!'

'The cause (caws), my soul, the cause (caws).'

After dinner we were talking of divers incongruities in language, genders, and grammar as a science. I had the effrontery to say that it had always struck me that grammars might be very much simplified in their construction; and that there was one error common to those of the one or two languages with which I had any familiarity which I should like to see corrected—namely, the giving the rule before the definition; that this was putting the cart before the horse; and that I fancied that, if a number of instances were given first, of 'an adjective agreeing with its substantive, in gender, number, and case,' the scholar would deduce the rule almost for himself: whereas, according to the present system, the pupil must accept the rule arbitrarily imposed, without understanding it, until the definitions made it clear. There was so much quotation from

Horne Tooke, and Harris, and Priestley, and Lord Monboddo, that I began to feel I was getting out of my depth, and therefore made a diversion by remarking the singular fact that though the sun in most languages was masculine, in German it was feminine; and the moon, usually feminine, masculine. 'By-the-bye,' said I, 'if I recollect rightly, in Latin, the names of rivers are generally masculine.' 'I forget,' said James Smith, 'but that can't be the invariable rule in English, for the two great American rivers must be feminine—Miss-souri and Miss-sisippi.'

1831. July 2. Dined with John Wilson Croker. Our party consisted of Sir Dudley Hill, Dorrington, Captain Pennell, Theodore Hook, James Smith, and Jesse. A curious and rather grave discussion arose on the prayer in our Evening Service, 'Lighten our darkness;' in which Croker shone, and showed greater seriousness of mind than I was prepared for. Later in the evening there was a wonderful rebound from gravity to levity; for Theodore Hook was in a state of rampant spirits, and would keep calling, as if by an involuntary slip of the tongue, though, I am sure, on purpose, Sir Dudley Hill, 'Sir Hudley Dill,' and Miss Matilda Jesse, 'Miss Jatilda Mess.'

1831. November 19. Dined with Lord and Lady George Seymour, the Honourable William de Roos, Mr. Frederick Seymour, the Honourable William Temple (Lord Palmerston's brother), and Count Danniskiold. The Count is a Dane of high rank, an accomplished man, and one of the most elegant dancers in Europe. He speaks English admirably, and rarely makes a blunder. However, he made an amusing one last night. He was being bantered on having paid marked attention to one of the Miss C——s, a young lady in the neighbourhood, reputed rich, but rather plain. On some one saying, 'You can't admire her looks, Count!' he replied, in a deprecating tone, 'Come, come—you are a leetle hard upon me. She may not be beautiful, but, I must say, I tink she has a sweet expression in some of her eyes.'

1831. December 19. Dined at Miss Byng's. Waited some time for Sir John and Lady Kirkland. When they arrived, *he* brought a black eye with him. It seems on his road, seeing a man belabouring his wife cruelly, he jumped out to her rescue, but the moment he interfered actively in her cause, she fell on him and gave him a black eye in requital for his chivalry.

1831. December. Shortly after taking up my residence at

Hampton Court, I went to call on Mrs. Boehm, at her apartments in the palace. She was the widow of a very wealthy Russian merchant, who had retired from business, and had purchased the estate of Ottershaw. Their benevolence to the poor, their reputation for hospitality, and their proximity to Oatlands, soon recommended them to the notice of the Duke and Duchess of York, who conceived great regard for them, and introduced them into the very highest circles.

On being shown into the vacant drawing-room, and after admiring a very large full-length portrait of a handsome lady playing the harp, which I afterwards heard was meant for Mrs. Boehm's self in younger days, I observed an ornament in the centre of her table, remarkable rather for its material value than for any originality in its design. It was a pillar of solid gold; I should think, of some twelve inches in height, with a square base, if I recollect aright. I was stooping to decypher the inscription, when its owner herself entered. Perceiving how I was engaged, she begged me to suspend any further investigation until she had told me its history.

'You must understand, Mr. Young, that the object you were looking at was presented to me by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in commemoration of an event of great historical importance which occurred under my roof when I lived in St. James's Square. I allude to no less a fact than the first news of the success of our arms at Waterloo.'

On my manifesting some curiosity to hear the details of a scene of such rare and exceptional interest, the good lady, nothing loth, with an air of pride at the recollection of departed glories, mingled with mortification at their collapse, proceeded with her narrative.

'Ah! Mr. Young, very few of his Majesty's subjects ever had a more superb assembly collected together than I had on the night of the 21st of June, 1815. That dreadful night! Mr. Boehm had spared no cost to render it the most brilliant party of the season; but all to no purpose. Never did a party, promising so much, terminate so disastrously! All our trouble, anxiety, and expense were utterly thrown away in consequence of—what shall I say? Well, I must say it—the unseasonable declaration of the Waterloo victory! Of course, one was very glad to think one had beaten those horrid French, and all that sort of thing; but still, I always shall think it would have been far better if Henry Percy had waited quietly till the morning, instead of bursting in upon us, as he did, in such indecent

haste; and even if he had told the Prince alone, it would have been better; for I have no doubt his Royal Highness would have shown consideration enough for my feelings not to have published the news till the next morning.'

She then went on to give me a formidable list of the distinguished persons who had reflected the lustre of their presence on her party; laying special stress on the names of two or three Princes of the Blood Royal. In her somewhat discursive account, she stated that, while in the act of receiving her visitors to the dinner which preceded the ball, as she was standing by the Prince Regent, the groom of the chambers, in a loud and pompous voice, shouted forth 'Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Sussex and Prince Augustus of Sussex!'—(since better known by the humbler title of Sir Augustus D'Este). On hearing this announcement, the Regent, with eyes flashing and colour heightened, turned his back on his brother of Sussex, and said to the Duke of York, who was standing next to him, 'Frederick, tell Adolphus from me, that if he ever allows that young man to assume that title again, he and I do not speak to each other.'

'After dinner was over, and the ladies had gone upstairs, and the gentlemen had joined them, the ball guests began to arrive. They came with unusual punctuality, out of deference to the Regent's presence. After a proper interval, I walked up to the Prince, and asked if it was his Royal Highness's pleasure that the ball should open. The first quadrille was in the act of forming, and the Prince was walking up to the dais on which his seat was placed, when I saw every one without the slightest sense of decorum rushing to the windows, which had been left wide open because of the excessive sultriness of the weather. The music ceased and the dance was stopped; for we heard nothing but the vociferous shouts of an enormous mob, who had just entered the Square, and were running by the side of a post-chaise and four, out of whose windows were hanging three nasty French eagles. In a second the door of the carriage was flung open, and, without waiting for the steps to be let down, out sprang Henry Percy—such a dusty figure!—with a flag in each hand, pushing aside every one who happened to be in his way, darting up stairs, into the ball-room, stepping hastily up to the Regent, dropping on one knee, laying the flags at his feet, and pronouncing the words "Victory, Sir! Victory!" The Prince Regent, greatly overcome, went into an adjoining room to read the despatches; after a while he returned, said a

few sad words to us, sent for his carriage, and left the house. The royal brothers soon followed suit; and in less than twenty minutes there was not a soul left in the ball-room but poor dear Mr. Boehm and myself. Such a scene of excitement, anxiety, and confusion never was witnessed before or since, I do believe! Even the band had gone, not only without uttering a word of apology, but even without taking a mouthful to eat. The splendid supper which had been provided for our guests stood in the dining-room untouched. Ladies of the highest rank, who had not ordered their carriages till four o'clock a.m., rushed away, like maniacs, in their muslins and satin shoes, across the Square; some accompanied by gentlemen, others without escort of any kind; all impatient to learn the fate of those dear to them; many jumping into the first stray hackney-coaches they fell in with, and hurrying on to the Foreign Office or Horse Guards, eager to get a sight of the List of Killed and Wounded.'

At first sight there may appear to be a discrepancy between the statement of the Dowager Countess Brownlow, in her Reminiscences, and Mrs. Boehm's to me; but they are by no means incompatible with each other. The arrival of the chaise at Mrs. Boehm's door had taken place before Lady Brownlow received the message from her aunt, Lady Castlereagh, to dress and join her.

When she arrived, therefore, the sensation in the ball-room had taken place, and the Prince was in the next room listening to the despatches. He returned, 'came in and said a few sad words,' and retired. If, however, the difference of statement between my version and Lady Brownlow's, still appear to any irreconcilable, I can only say, from my knowledge of the clearness of Lady B.'s intellect, and the unfailing fidelity of her memory, her ladyship's account may be safely accepted in preference to mine.

How soon after the palmy days referred to, the Boehms fell into poverty I know not; but, certain it is, that before the apartments in Hampton Court Palace were given them, Mr. Boehm built a cottage at Sidmouth, to which he and his wife retired, and which was afterwards rented by Bacon the sculptor, who commemorated the fact in the following lines:—

Mrs. Boehm wrote a poem
On the Sidmouth air;
Mr. Boehm read the poem,
And built a cottage there.

Mr. Bacon, all forsaken,
Wandered to the spot,
Mrs. Bacon he has taken
Partner of his lot.
As they longer live, the stronger
Their affection grows,
Every season, they with reason
Bless the spot they chose.

1831. July. I cannot resist mentioning certain incidents which occurred last Sunday and the two previous ones.

At the western extremity of Hampton Court chapel there is a gallery, which is divided into three compartments: one being for peers, one for peeresses, and the centre one, which is the largest, for the royal family. Beneath this gallery is the ante-chapel, on both sides of which are ranged the soldiers of the cavalry regiment which happens to be quartered in the barracks. In the body of the chapel the gentlemen are ranged on one side, the ladies on the other.

Three Sundays ago, the weather being very hot, a handsome young lady, a Miss B——y, not a resident in the palace, but living in the vicinity, fainted. Considerable commotion arising among those near her, Sir Horace Seymour, the most powerful as well as the handsomest man in the place, walked across the chapel, raised the prostrate fair one in his arms, carried her to his apartments, deposited her on a sofa, left her to the charge of his housekeeper, and straightway returned to his seat.

Strange to say, on the two following Sundays, a young lady fainted, and each time a different one; and on each occasion, as if by prescriptive right, the same gallant knight performed the same kind office for the sufferers, and then returned to his devotions.

On the last of these three fainting Sundays, Lady George Seymour, a very clever and high-spirited lady, the milk of whose kindly nature was getting soured by these periodical visitations, came to me in the vestry, after service, and said, 'I say, Mr. Young, this nonsense must not be allowed to go on. This fashion for fainting will degenerate into an epidemic, if it is not put a determinate stop to. With your permission, I will affix, before next Sunday, this notice in the cloister, at the door of entrance:—

'NOTICE.

'Whereas a tendency to faint is becoming a prevalent infirmity among young ladies frequenting this chapel, notice is

hereby given, that, for the future, ladies so affected will no longer be carried out by Sir Horace Seymour, by but Branscombe the dustman.'

I cannot say that this notice was ever carried out: but the threat of it getting wind, the desired effect was produced, and 'the plagued was stayed.'

Lord George Seymour, the father of the present Sir Hamilton Seymour, and his two nephews, Sir George and Sir Horace, have, and have long had, apartments in the palace. Mr. Frederick Seymour, the other brother, resides in Brighton. I doubt whether England can produce any three brothers of equal blood, bearing, breeding, and beauty.

The combined sweetness and manliness of Sir George's countenance is materially marred by a ghastly wound through lip and chin, received from a splinter while gallantly boarding an enemy's ship off St. Domingo; but it cannot obliterate the moral beauty of its expression. In spite of this disfigurement, he captivates every one who approaches him, not more by his high-breeding than by the benevolence of his manners, which are, after all, but the outward reflex of a truly noble and amiable disposition.

Frederick Seymour, the youngest of the brothers, is, beyond all question, the handsomest of the three:

> 'His features clear, as by a chisel shaped,
> Made manhood godlike, as a Greek's of old.'

Attached to neither of the services, military or naval, his name is less distinguished than that of either Sir George or Sir Horace, though there is no reason for supposing that he would have been a whit behind them in gallantry, if he had had the opportunity of displaying it.

Sir Horace, critically speaking inferior to Sir George in expression, and to Frederick in feature, in stature and in chivalric grandeur of deportment eclipses them both. In height, he was six feet four inches, and, like Poins, 'a proper fellow of his hands.' His mien was princely; and his smile so gracious, and his reputation for daring so established, that he rarely entered a drawing-room without fluttering the pulses of that sex who are even more sensitive to bravery than to beauty. With George IV. he was an extraordinary favourite. He entertained such an admiration for his handsome looks and figure, that, whenever he designed any alteration in the uniform of his regiments—which was very often—he always had the patterns fitted to his person.

And he had such an exalted estimate of his courage, and so little reliance on his own, that he delighted to have him near his person. He would submit to negligences, ignorances, oversights, and shortcomings from him which he would not have tolerated from one of his own brothers.

On one occasion, for instance, either at the Cottage at Virginia Water or at the Pavilion (I forget which), Seymour, in waltzing, knocked over a magnificent China jar of great price. To the astonishment of all present, instead of the Regent's giving way to wrath, he merely put his hand gently on the offender's shoulder, smiled, and said with infinite good humour, 'My dear Horace, what a careless fellow you are!' He tried hard, on the eve of his coronation, to induce Mr. Dymoke, through the intercession of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, to waive his rights as champion, in favour of his *protégé;* but to no purpose.

The late Marquis of Anglesey, who had had abundant opportunities of witnessing Horace Seymour's feats of personal prowess (for he had been his body aide-de-camp at Waterloo), declared one day at dinner, at Admiral Bowater's, that, in the final pursuit at Waterloo, at least, after the last great charge, he saw him, in imitation of the French (whose swordmanship, by-the-bye, he has often extolled to me), charge 'at point' and pink out of their saddles, by sheer force of arm and length of sword, six or seven cuirassiers, one after the other.

The Marquis of Anglesey, then Earl of Uxbridge, at a particular crisis in the battle of Waterloo, seeing the Cumberland regiment of Hanoverian hussars considerably in the rear on the Brussels road, ordered them forward, and posted them in a position as little exposed as possible. 'But, as soon as the shot began to fly about them a little, the colonel and his whole regiment took themselves out of the field. Lord Uxbridge,' says Siborne, 'ordered Captain Horace Seymour (as he then was) to go to the colonel, and insist on his return. Colonel Hake told him he had no confidence in his men, who were mere volunteers, and that their horses were their own. The regiment continued moving to the rear, notwithstanding Captain Seymour's repeating the order to halt, and asking the second in command to save the honour and character of the corps by placing himself at its head, and fronting the men. Finding his remonstrances produced no effect, he laid hold of the bridle of the colonel's horse, and commented on his conduct in terms such as no man of honour could have been expected to listen to unmoved. This officer, however, appeared perfectly callous to any sense of shame, and far more

disposed to submit to these attacks upon his honour, than he had been to receive those of the enemy upon his person and his regiment. Upon rejoining the Earl of Uxbridge, and relating what had passed, Captain Seymour was again directed to proceed to the commanding officer, and to desire that, if he persevered in refusing to resume his position in the line, he would at least form the regiment across the high road out of fire. But even this order was disregarded, and the corps went altogether to the rear, spreading alarm and confusion all the way to Brussels.'

Mr. Siborne is considered such high authority, that I suppose his statement may be relied upon; though I have heard from a member of the family that Seymour caught hold of the recreant colonel by the collar, threw him out of his saddle, and offered to lead the men into action himself: but that they had been so infected by the cowardice of their colonel, that they instantly turned tail and galloped off to Brussels *ventre à terre*.

It is rather a singular coincidence that Sir Horace should have been the first to see Picton fall, and the first to hear from Lord Uxbridge's lips of the shot which rendered the amputation of his leg necessary. In stating the first of these circumstances, Siborne mentions that Picton's death, 'which was instantaneous, was first observed by the Earl of Uxbridge's aide-de-camp, Captain Horace Seymour, whom he was at the moment desiring to rally the Highlanders. Captain Seymour, whose own horse was just then falling, immediately called the attention of Picton's aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler, to the fact of the general having been wounded; and in the next moment the hero's lifeless corpse was, with the assistance of a private soldier of the nearest regiment, borne off from his charger by that officer.'

With regard to the circumstances attending Lord Uxbridge's wound, I find my recollection of Sir Horace's account of it to me again at variance with that of Siborne's statement. In saying this, however, I must repeat, that my memory has always been a very bad one; and that, therefore, the representation of one, who has taken conscientious pains in verifying facts, as Siborne has done, is not to be impugned.

My impression is, that Sir Horace told me it was late in the evening, after the Prussians had come up, and when he was riding off the field in company with Lord Uxbridge, that his companion said to him 'I'm hit!' 'Oh! surely,' said Seymour, 'it is fancy.' 'No; I am hit, and by a spent ball. Get off your horse, and judge for yourself.' Sir Horace then dismounted, and Lord Uxbridge guided his finger to the spot. 'Feel—feel,' said

he; and as Seymour did so, his finger went into a small hole, in which, he said, he could distinctly feel bits of bone grating against each other like so many small shells.

With help, he lifted him from his saddle, and forthwith conveyed him to the neighbouring village of Waterloo, where his leg was amputated. During the operation Lord Uxbridge indulged in jokes at his own expense; saying, he should lose ground in the esteem of the ladies by the loss of his leg; 'for,' said he, 'as legs go, it was not a bad one.'

In one of my many rides with Sir Horace, I asked him if the pictures of Lord Uxbridge, with his drawn sword, charging at the head of his cavalry, and leading them into action, were to be considered as truthful, and to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. 'Yes,' said he. 'But was it right for one in such a responsible position to put himself forward as he did?' 'No doubt,' he replied, 'strictly speaking, it was wrong. But the fact was, he put himself into unnecessary peril; not, I fear, so much from a desire to animate his followers by his example, as from weariness of life; he was so miserable in his domestic relations. I will give you a proof of it. At one moment, when it was pouring with rain, he tore off the oil-skin cover from his busby, that his rank in the service, defined by the ornament in front, might make him a more conspicuous mark. Just before the great charge of —— [I think he said the Life Guards at Genappe], he cried out to me in a fierce and reckless tone, "Now, Horace, which of us will be in among them first?" He dug his spurs into his horse's side, and took the lead of us all.' Whether this was the charge of which Sir Andrew Barnard used to speak, I cannot say. But he it was who declared that, in one charge, he saw Sir Horace dash into the very centre of a dense body of cavalry, and, by the weight of his horse, the length of his sword, and the strength of his arm, cleave his way clean through them. On turning round to see where he was, he found himself alone in the enemy's lines. Of course he thought the game was all up with him. But, favoured by the smoke in which he was enveloped, he turned his horse's head before he was observed; and, resolving to sell his life dearly, charged through them again from behind. The enemy's troops, seeing him alone among them, at first were puzzled to know whether he were friend or foe: and, impressed by his handsome uniform, his stature and bearing, instinctively fell back, and made a lane for him to pass through. While taking advantage of their doubts or their courtesy—whichever it may have been—he

descried his friend D—— standing by some guns, a prisoner. It was the work of a second for Seymour, flinging back his left leg, and crying out 'Quick, quick! jump! I've a stirrup to spare,' to catch hold of D—— by the breech, throw him across the pommel of his saddle, as if he had been a sack of corn, and gallop off with him. Both escaped, as if by miracle, for many shots were fired at them, as soon as the French discovered their mistake.

I heard Sir George Seymour tell the following story of his brother's bravery when I was once staying with him at Lord Yarborough's, at Appuldurcombe:—

'On one of the four days, the 15th, 16th, 17th, or 18th, I cannot say which, there was, as if by common consent, as thorough a suspension of hostilities as if there had been a formal armistice. A stream ran between the opposing forces, to which the troops on either side eagerly repaired, for the purpose of slaking their raging thirst; and those who had recently been engaged in deadly combat were good-humouredly chaffing each other, when a gigantic soldier came from out the French ranks, and challenged any man in the English to meet him in single combat. 'Do you hear that, Horace?' said one of a group of cavalry officers who were collected together. 'Yes, I hear it!' said he, with clenched teeth. In another second he had leaped his horse across the brook, dashed in among the enemy, and in the sight of both armies fought with and slain the boastful Goliath.

This dauntless Paladin, where his affections were involved, was as gentle as a woman. When first I made his acquaintance, he had but recently lost his beautiful wife. No man ever suffered under bereavement more poignantly. For many weeks he was nearly beside himself. At her burial, his violence was uncontrollable. He flung himself wildly on her coffin, and it took six strong men to drag him out of her grave. Long after her death he refused to see any but the members of his own family and myself. Although in his earlier days he had a reputation for gallantry, which was not confined to the battle-field, he became, after marriage, the most loyal and devoted of husbands. If any surviving members of his family should chance to cast their eyes on these pages, I hope, in consideration of the lapse of nearly forty years, they will forgive me if I mention a little illustration of the tenderness of this *beau sabreur*. He, one day, thrust into my hand one of his boy's lesson books, on which there was indented a nail mark of their

mother's, which defined the limit of the task prescribed. I never shall forget the passion with which he kissed it, and then rushed to his bedroom to vent in solitude the anguish of his heart.

Years after, when time, and faith, and resignation had blunted the keen edge of retrospection, Sir Horace was fortunate enough to gain the love of a second wife in the person of the present Dowager Lady Clinton. He died, I believe, in St. James's Place, London, leaving behind him one daughter and two sons. The daughter is the present Dowager Countess Spencer. The younger son is Admiral Beauchamp Seymour. The elder, who united in his person the beauty of his mother and the chivalry of his father, died a hero's death, in defending the prostrate body of Sir George Cathcart against the brutality of the Russian soldiery at Inkermann.

There was one other person at Hampton Court with whom I was brought into contact—a man of considerable mark, from whom I received notice and hospitality, viz., the well-known Secretary of the Admiralty, John Wilson Croker.

1832. March. John Wilson Croker was a faithful public servant, but a passionate partisan. For one-and-twenty years he sat at the Admiralty Board, its influential and indefatigable secretary. For five-and-twenty years he was an active member of the senate; prompt and effective in debate: a master of detail; one of the pillars of the Tory party. For forty years he filled a prominent, if not an elevated position, in the world of letters, in which, though he had the reputation of meting hard measure to others, it was certainly measured to him again. Perhaps few men, who lived within the last half century, contrived to provoke a greater amount of personal hostility than Croker. He was a man of vast and versatile ability, of singular astuteness, of great powers of application, of a high sense of duty; but possessed an asperity of temperament which caused him to take a pessimist view of everything which came within his keen but narrow scrutiny.

Against the consistency of his political career I doubt if anything could be advanced by his bitterest antagonists;

> 'He was constant as the Northern Star,
> Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality
> There was no fellow in the firmament'

of St. Stephen's. During a transition period, when even such men as the Iron Duke were forced to sacrifice their convictions, and bend to the pressure of imperious necessity, Croker stood

firm as rock. Believing, as he honestly did, that reform, if carried, would be the inevitable precursor of revolution, he adhered doggedly to the old traditional policy to which he had been attached; and opposed, with might and main, the doctrines of progress, which he felt persuaded would tend to the subversion of the monarchy, and the undermining of our most venerable institutions,—especially the Church. I remember, in speaking of the perils of the Establishment, his saying,

'C'est un vieux batiment, si on y touche, il croulera.'

The virulence with which he assailed political opponents, and the merciless energy with which he slashed and tomahawked the writings both of friends and foes in the pages of the *Quarterly*, begot an accumulation of antipathy to him which would have crushed a man of ordinary sensibility; but made only a transitory impression on his robust and impenetrable nature.

The majority of the present generation, who have derived their impression of him either from Mr. Disraeli's able but sarcastic delineation of him under the character of Rigby, or else from the reports of those who have writhed under the lash of his incisive invective—will naturally think of him as one of the least loveable of men. But, however, he may have abused his critical acumen to the pain and prejudice of others, in private life he exhibited qualities deserving of respect and admiration. To the poor and friendless he was generous: when not blinded by party feeling, he was conscientious; in the face of perpetual opposition, he was courageous. He was a tender husband and an indulgent father. He had stuff enough in him for the making of a great statesman, though he hardly ever attained to that rank in public estimation. It is a notorious fact, that during the debates on the Reform question, he took the wind out of Peel's sails. The fact was, that shortly before the bill came into committee, Croker had been confined to his bed for many days by serious indisposition. During that time, as he lay on his back, he studied the contents of every schedule, dissected them with anatomical precision, and sniffed out every unsavoury clause that could be objected to. The consequence was, that when he had risen from his bed, and found himself again on the floor of the House of Commons, he displayed such intimate knowledge of his subject, that Peel, who, from the multiplicity of his avocations, had not had leisure to devote the same exclusive study to the question, gladly gave to him the *pas*, and allowed him not only to bear the burden and the heat,

but to win the honours of the battle. He so signalized himself on this occasion by his adroitness, that he astonished the most rancorous of his opponents, and greatly enhanced his reputation with the leaders of his party. From that time Peel never neglected to consult him on every great question that came before him. I told him that I had heard as much, and asked him if it were true. 'Yes,' said he, 'he always asks my advice, and never takes it.' From that time the Duke of Wellington gave him more and more of his confidence; and on his coming to power, offered him high place in his administration; but his health had been so shattered by the extraordinary excitement and exertion which he had undergone during the Reform agitation, that his wife extorted a promise from him that he would never accept office or sit in a reformed House of Commons. His dread of the consequences to the country through the admission of the Reform Bill was quite genuine, though, as the event has proved, greatly exaggerated.

I heard him tell Theodore Hook and the late Mr. Jesse, at his own table, that he had warned Lord Palmerston,* the very last day he saw him in the House of Commons, of the probable fruits which he might expect to reap from the seed he had sown: in plain words, the consequences of what he designated as his unpatriotic conduct in having aided in the passing of the Reform Bill through Parliament. 'Well, Palmerston, you have raised the whirlwind, but you will never live to ride on it, nor direct the storm which will follow. I leave this house for ever, a sadder, if not a wiser, man! All I pray for is a few brief years of political peace before I lay my head on my pillow and give up the ghost. You will go on your way exulting for a while; but probably will be, one day, impeached, and have to lay your head upon the block.' False prophet as he proved, his faith in his own predictions was sincere.

I was one day dining with him at his house at Moulsey, when he dilated at great length, and with much gloom, on the disastrous future he had augured for England to the King. 'When William the Fourth,' he said, 'was Duke of Clarence and Lord High Admiral, I was of course, as Secretary to the Admiralty,

* Vide Sir H. Bulwer's 'Life of Palmerston,' vol. i., p. 364, wherein Croker says to Palmerston, '"Are you resolved or not to vote for Parliamentary Reform?" I said, "I am." "Well then," said he, "there's no use in talking to you any more on the subject. You and I, I am grieved to say, will never sit again on the same bench together."' I quote this as confirmatory of the language I heard him use.

brought into frequent and intimate relations with him. I found him invariably frank and straightforward. He did not resent my being so too. You may remember—for it is matter of notoriety—that I opposed him tooth and nail when he amused himself at the public expense by squandering heavy sums on salutes, &c., &c.* One day, after he had succeeded to the throne, he sent for me, telling me that he wished to talk over the bill with me. I was greatly struck by the magnanimity with which he permitted me to speak my mind. Think of my having dared to say as follows:—"Sire, when you yielded your high sanction to this bill, you admitted the principle of numerical representation in preference to representation according to property and intelligence. With all due deference to your Majesty, this was a lamentable error. In making this unreasonable concession to vulgar clamour, you played the part of the old Charlies, who, though salaried as the guardians of the public peace and the conservators of public property, were the very men to let in the thieves. Thus has your Majesty, the natural guardian of the constitution, and the conservator of monarchical principles, by opening the door to a vicious and untried theory, let in the thieves. I see you smile, Sire. You may not live to see the consequences of your own acts, but they are none the less inevitable. If I strike a defenceless woman on the breast, I may see no signs of my cruelty for years; but in course of time my blow produces cancer, and she dies. And I conceive that when you affixed your sign manual to the Reform Bill, you, unwittingly no doubt, struck so deadly a blow against the breast of poor Britannia, that, ere long, it will engender a political cancer which will gradually but surely eat out the very vitals of our beautiful constitution, republicanize our most venerable institutions, and upset the throne itself into the mud!"'

I suspect few people now alive are aware of the commencement of Croker's career in London. Horace Smith, James's brother and one of the joint authors of *Rejected Addresses*, told me that he, his brother, and Cumberland, formed the staff of the *Morn-*

* He did all sorts of strange things, and incurred all kinds of foolish expenses. He insisted on going aboard every ship that went to sea before she sailed: he was perpetually going down to Portsmouth and Plymouth to give colours to regiments and depôts in garrison who wanted none, &c., &c. When the Duke had resigned, he said, 'I must say to you, Croker, that in all the differences which have led to my retirement, you are the only member of the board who has behaved to me like a gentleman.'—Vide 'Lord Palmerston's Journal,' in pages 295 and 298 of his 'Life,' by Sir Henry Bulwer.

ing Post when Colonel Mellish was its sole proprietor. On a certain quarter-day, when he was in the habit of meeting them at the office and paying them their salary, he took occasion to pass on them unqualified commendation for the great ability they had brought to bear upon his journal. He assured them that the circulation of the paper had quadrupled since their connection with it; 'but—but—that he was, nevertheless, under the necessity of dispensing with their pens for the future.' The two Smiths, after this complimentary prelude, were so utterly unprepared for such a consummation, that they were tongue tied. Not so the testy Cumberland, who took care to make himself as clearly understood as if he had been the veritable Sir Fretful Plagiary *in propriâ personâ*.

'What,' he asked his employer, 'the D——l do you mean? In the same breath in which you laud your servants to the skies, and express your sense of obligation to them, you discharge them without even the usual month's warning!'

Mellish, quite unmoved, replied—'You must know, good Sirs, that I care for my paper, not for its principles, but as an investment: and it stands to reason, that the heavier my outgoings, the less my profits. I do, as I have said, value your merits highly; but not as highly as you charge me for them. Now, in future, I can command the services of a man, who will do the work of three for the wage of one.'

'The deuce you can,' said Cumberland. 'He must be a phœnix. Where, pray, may this omniscient genius be met with?'

'In the next room! I will send him to you.'

As he left, a young man entered, with a well-developed skull, a searching eye, and a dauntless address.

'So, Sir,' screamed out Cumberland, 'you expect to be taken at your own valuation! You consider yourself, I am told, three times as able as any one of us; for you undertake to do an amount of work, single-handed, which we have found enough for us all.' 'I am not afraid,' said the young man, with imperturbable *sang froid*, 'of doing all that is required of me.' They all three then warned him of the tact, discretion, and knowledge of books and men required; of the difficulties by which he must expect to find an enterprise of such magnitude beset, &c., &c. They then began to sound his depth; but on politics, belles lettres, political economy, even the drama, they found him far from shallow. Cumberland, transported out of himself by his modest assurance, snatched up his hat, smashed it on his head, rammed snuff incontinently up his nose, and then rushed by

Mellish, who was in the adjoining room, swearing audibly, and saying as he left, 'Confound the potato. He's so tough there's no peeling him!' The tough potato was John Wilson Croker.

1832. April 26. This day married Elizabeth Ann Georgiana Willis, daughter of the late James Legge Willis, Esq., of Freshwater House, and Atherfield, in the Isle of Wight. It is curious that his paternal ancestor, Sir Richard Willis, and his maternal ancestor, the Hon. Colonel Legge, were both devoted adherents of Charles the First (the latter voluntarily accompanying him to prison when he was confined in Carisbrook Castle); and that my paternal ancestor, Simon Mayne, whose signature to the death warrant of Charles is now hanging in my study, should have helped, alas! to execute him.

1832. April 27. Went abroad for six weeks with my wife.

1832. July 9. Mlle. Mars played in London. I did not see her; but I hear that, despite her charm and talent, she is too old to play the youthful characters she does. This reminds me of an anecdote I heard of her the other day, when in Paris. She was playing the part of Mlle. Marie, in the play of ———. In the course of the dialogue she had to say, 'J'ai seize ans,' on which several persons in the pit hissed. She came forward, and curtsied, and said with, much feeling, 'Messieurs et Mesdames, Mlle. Marie a seize ans; Mlle. Mars hélas! a soixante ans.' By-the-bye, Miss Louisa Cockburn, sister of the Lord Chief Justice, told us of a piece of ready wit, the other day, on the part of the driver of a fiacre. On discharging him, he demurred at her payment; but finding her inexorable, became insolent. She threatened to take his number, on which he laughed in her face, exclaiming, 'Eh bien! Prenez mon numero: et mettez le dans la lotterie, si ça vous plait.'

1832. September 6. Sir Augustus D'Este has been dismissed from the post of Equerry to the king; and Sir Horace Seymour has been appointed in his stead.

1832. September 21. Sir Walter Scott is dead. The decay of his bodily and mental powers too perceptible when he was last in London with Lockhart, had prepared his friends for such an event; and the dilapidation of his fortunes, in spite of his heroic efforts to retrieve them, almost reconcile one to it.

1832. October 5. My uncle told me to-day a curious fact. We were talking of the nervous system as a *terra incognita*, and the fine field it opened to a philosophically-minded man, willing to devote himself exclusively to that branch of anatomy; and to show that high-wrought nervous susceptibility and true

courage were compatible with each other, he mentioned that, years ago, he was dining in company with Sir Henry Cooke, when, being asked by him the nature of a certain operation, he took up an apple, and, to make his description the more intelligible, made a bold incision through the skin. Before he had got half through his illustration, Cooke had slid off his chair under the table in a swoon. On being brought to, he expressed himself as greatly ashamed of his effeminacy, which he could not understand, as, at Waterloo, after the battle was over, he had ridden up to a spot where bodies were lying up to his horse's hocks in every imaginable form of ghastly mutilation, and had merely noticed how magnificently the artillery had been planted, and how nobly it had kept its ground. The force of imagination, on seeing the apple cut, had affected his nerves far more seriously than the grim reality inflicted on the human frame.

1832. October 6. Lady Dacre, whom I met lately at her sister's, the Honourable Mrs. Talbot's, told me that my wife's father was a man not only of varied accomplishment, and a perfect encyclopædia of general knowledge, but also a man of considerable nerve. Instance the following anecdote :—

He was one day returning from Kingston through the Home Park, in which the residents in the Palace had permission to walk, when he found himself hotly pursued by a savage buffalo, the property of the Ranger. Mr. Willis had no stick with him, and had nothing to trust to but his own presence of mind. Luckily, he remembered having heard that a buffalo, if resolutely faced, and steadily regarded, would never run at a person. As soon, therefore, as the animal got near him, he turned round and looked him full in the eye. As he stopped, so did the buffalo. He then began slowly and cautiously to retreat, never once relaxing the fixity of his gaze. The more the assailed found the effect of his eye telling on his assailant, the bolder he grew; so that for nearly half a mile he kept falling back, yet without the slightest acceleration of his pace. For each step that the infuriated beast advanced, Mr. Willis made a corresponding retrograde movement. These artful dodges lasted till he felt his back come in contact with the private gate of the iron pallisades which separated the public gardens from the park. This was the most critical moment of all; for his body was then within six feet of the brute's horns. Mr. Willis, with eye still riveted on his adversary, put his right hand into his trowser pocket, drew out from it his key, and, with infinite difficulty and after much random fumbling and bungling

about the lock behind him, he succeeded in turning it. When he had done so, he rushed towards the creature, setting up at the same time a terrific shout. The suddenness of the action, the change of tactics from the defensive to the offensive, and the unaccustomed noise, so startled the animal, that he turned round; and before he could rally from his surprise, the gate had been opened, and Mr. Willis had locked it in his enemy's face.

Some little time before I resided at Hampton Court, a still more ludicrous affair had taken place, in which a bull had been a very distinguished performer. A lady I knew well, Mrs. R. W——, sister to a former Lady T——, was walking on the road in Bushy Park, between the splendid avenue of chestnuts, when an over-driven bull rushed through the Teddington gate, followed by a miscellaneous crowd of butchers' boys, with sticks and cleavers in their hands. Mrs. R. W—— was walking on in front, alike unconscious of what was behind and near her, and of the exceeding offence she was giving by her crimson shawl, when she found herself suddenly tossed in the air, and in another second enacting the difficult part of Europa at short notice. With singular presence of mind she flung her arms round his neck, and there clung until released from her perilous position at the gate of the barrack-yard (in front of the Palace) by the sentry, who, with the help of his pursuers and their staves, brought him to bay, and made him 'stand and deliver up his fair captive.

1832. On October 6 of this year I was dining with Lord George Seymour, when I heard a story analogous to the Sir H. Cooke one. M. de la Ferrenays, the father of Mrs. Craven, the authoress of 'Récit d'une Sœur,' was French ambassador from Louis XVIII. at St. Petersburg, at the time of the assassination of the Duc de Berri. In honour of his memory a grand religious ceremonial was instituted, and all the diplomatic representatives of the great powers at St. Petersburg were expected to attend, to mark their detestation of the crime. A young man, of good family and considerable expectations, was appointed to the diplomatic staff of the French ambassador. On his first appearance at dinner on the day of his arrival, the principal topic of conversation was the forthcoming *fête* about to be celebrated, if I am not mistaken, in the church of St. Isaac.

The ambassador, turning affably to the young stranger, congratulated him on his good fortune in having arrived in time for the event. 'I doubt,' said he, 'if in any other court in Europe you can see a more august ceremonial than that at which you

will be present next week. By-the-bye, don't forget that there is a seat set apart for you in my box as one of my staff.'

The young man bowed respectfully, but with an air of indifference.

The following day, at an interview with his chief concerning the contents of certain papers and letters which he had been desired to copy, he thus addressed him on retiring :—

'Monsieur, you were kind enough yesterday to promise me what most persons in my position would deem a great treat, viz., a seat in your box from which to witness the coming function of which every one is talking. Will you think me very odd if I ask permission to absent myself on the occasion?'

Ambassador.—'I should, indeed! What possible reason can you assign for such caprice?'

Attaché.—'There will, I conceive, be military music. If so,—I must be frank with you, Monsieur, at the risk of provoking your ridicule, or even of incurring your displeasure,—I cannot be present. I have the strongest possible objection to all military music.'

Ambassador.—'Oh, you object on religious grounds to martial music in the house of God, do you?'

Attaché.—'However inappropriate I may think military music in the house of God, my unwillingness to be present there arises from lower and more selfish motives. You will smile, Monsieur, when I tell you that I have an insuperable antipathy to the sound of a drum. I have lived so retired a life on my father's estate in the country, that I never heard it but once in my life, and that was the other day, after a night spent in Paris on my road hither. I had fully intended staying there some days, but while in bed at the Hotel Bristol I heard the tramp of a regiment of soldiers marching down the Rue Castiglione to the sound of military music. I rushed to the window to see them, when suddenly I heard the *rappel*. Owing, I presume, to some nervous sensibility peculiar to my organization, I felt a torture so excruciating that I despair of describing it. I staggered to my bed, a faintness came over me, and my respiration became so seriously affected that I thought I must have died on the spot. I rang the bell violently for help, and after taking some sal-volatile and brandy, recovered sufficiently to pack up my things, ask for my bill, pay it, and hasten hither as fast as I could. You can now make allowance for my weakness in wishing to escape the recurrence of a similar infliction a second time.'

M. de la Ferronays laughed heartily at what he had heard, and declared that if he allowed him to yield to such weakness he should consider he was helping to make him a confirmed hypochondriac. 'My dear fellow,' he went on to say, 'did you ever tell your parents of this silly infirmity of yours?' 'No, Monsieur.' 'Then I am sure they will applaud me for not countenancing such folly; therefore I tell you distinctly I shall expect you to accompany me to the function.' The young man felt it his duty to bow to his chief's decision, and therefore determined at all hazards to go. As the great day drew nigh, he told his *confrères* of the serious apprehensions by which he was beset; but got no more consideration from them than from their principal. At last the dreaded day arrived. The procession formed. Seats in the cathedral were set apart for ministers of state, the nobility, and the *corps diplomatique*. As the latter defiled by, the youngest *attaché*, according to the laws of precedence, took the last and lowest seat. When every one had been placed, space was kept by the military for the procession, which was composed of ecclesiastics of different grades, princes, prelates, and officers of distinction. Suddenly, outside the western gate was heard the clang of cymbals, the blast of trumpets, and the rub-a-dub of the great drum. On hearing it the ambassador, with a smile of ironical significance, looked past his followers to see the effect produced on his sensitive *protégé*. He was on the floor of the box—dead! On a post-mortem examination, it appeared that the shock to his finely-strung nervous system had caused a rupture of one of the valves of the heart.

There was a slight error in the version of this story as given in the first edition. I fancied the ambassador had been the English one. I also forgot the fact of the Duc de Berri's murder being the special cause of the function. The rectification of these mistakes is due to the kindness of Lady Isabella St. John, who had the anecdote from the lips of M. de la Ferronays himself.

CHAPTER VII.

1832. OCTOBER 7. Dr. B—— was calling on my uncle to-day in Brighton. The subject of conversation on the *tapis* was the lamentable defects of our police regulations compared with those of Paris. Dr. B—— said that he considered he owed his life

to the system of espionage prevalent in that town; and told the following tale in proof of it:—

Dr. B—— was a retired physician, who, having realised a handsome competency, dedicated much of his leisure to the cultivation of science. While engaged in a botanical tour through Switzerland, he received intelligence from Paris of the sudden death of one of his most valued friends. A letter from his widow informed him that he had been appointed, by her deceased husband, co-guardian and trustee with herself to her son and daughter. She expressed an earnest hope that, as soon as he conveniently could, he would join her, and give her the benefit of his counsel under very trying circumstances. Thus appealed to, he conceived he had no alternative but to set out for Paris without further delay. On applying at the Messagerie, at Geneva, for a place in the diligence, he found every one both in the *intérieur* and in the *coupé* bespoken, so that he was compelled to sit in the *banquette* with the *conducteur*, whose good-will he soon won by his affability and freedom from *hauteur*. The journey was accomplished without any impediment until, as they were approaching the *barrière* at the entry into Paris, the *conducteur*, breaking off in the midst of a lively conversation with Dr. B——, and directing his voice to the 'insides,' halloed out, 'Messieurs et Mesdames, préparez vos passeports.' Dr. B——, in obedience to this summons, thrust his hand first into the breast pocket of his greatcoat, and then into the hind pockets of his frock, in search of his; but, to his consternation, could find it nowhere. What had become of it he never was able to discover. He thought it might have dropped out of his greatcoat when he had flung it carelessly over the roof of the vehicle; but, whatever the cause of the misfortune, the effect was to involve him in a dilemma which might jeopardize his liberty. In his distress he thought it best to tell his companion what had befallen him, and throw himself on his good nature. On being appealed to, he told him that the only chance by which he could hope to escape the notice of the official at the *barrière* would be by having recourse to the following ruse:—'Lie down,' said he, 'at the bottom of the *banquette*, under the leathern apron which has hitherto covered our knees; and while I step down from my seat on the left side, and the *gen-d'arme* is occupied in collecting passports from the passengers in the *intérieur*, creep out from under your covert on the right side, and mingle unhesitatingly with the crowd. I will engage the attention of the receiver of the passports till

you are out of sight. He will not suspect me of conniving to deceive him—first, because I have never yet shown a disposition to do so; secondly, because he would not think me such a fool as to run the risk of discharge and imprisonment for the sake of a total stranger.'

Dr. B—— adopted the friendly suggestion, and found it successful. As soon as the diligence had cleared the *barrière*, he jumped up again into his seat without any comment from the driver, who concluded that the *conducteur* would never have sanctioned his descent from his place unless he had previously surrendered his passport. On reaching his destination Dr. B—— rewarded the guard munificently for his services, and promised never to betray him.

After he had taken possession of his bedroom at his hotel he had a hasty dinner, and then made the best of his way to the residence of his late friend's widow. He found her and her daughter in deep distress, though greatly comforted by his arrival. The mother, after furnishing him with details of her husband's last moments, disclosed to him the fruitful cause of her anxieties. The chief of them arose from her apprehensions as to the future of her only son—a young man barely one-and-twenty, not deficient in good qualities, but likely to be seduced into evil courses through infirmity of purpose. She described him as having become negligent of his sister at the very time when she most needed his sympathy, and as having grown impatient of maternal control. His deterioration of character she attributed to the influence of certain young men of high rank and low *morale*, who had acquired undue ascendency over him, and had inoculated him with a passion for play. She implored her co-trustee to exercise every influence he could bring to bear upon her wayward boy, to wean him from so ruinous and degrading a propensity. Dr. B——, though conscious of the delicacy and difficulty of the task imposed upon him, consented to undertake it on one condition, viz., that she would not attempt to oppose the tactics he might choose to adopt, however incomprehensible they might seem, but confide in his discretion and good faith. To this proposition she assented, inviting him at the same time to dine with her next day, that he might have an opportunity of reviving acquaintance with the young man whom he had not seen for some years.

The youth himself, aware of the high place Dr. B—— had filled in his father's esteem, and of the relation in which they now stood to each other—viz., that of ward and guardian,—

anticipated no great satisfaction from the meeting. His reserve, however, rapidly melted away under the genial warmth of his Mentor's cordiality. When his mother and sister had left the dinner table, the Doctor entered into conversation with his young friend with a vivacity that fascinated him. He proposed that they should go the next night to the opera, and afterwards look in at Frascati's, the great gambling house of those days. As soon as the Doctor's back was turned the mother was surprised to hear her son launch forth loudly in his praise, declaring that he was a 'trump,' and that he no longer wondered at his father's partiality for him. Dr. B——, having little reliance on the permanent effect of moral lectures delivered by an old man to a young one of vicious tendencies, preferred to gain his confidence at first by affecting community of tastes with him, and pretending, afterwards, to be penetrated with remorse of conscience, trying by argument to induce him to join him in the abandonment of a habit, the consequences of which he took care to paint in appalling colours. With the object of achieving so praiseworthy an end he was content, if necessary, to sacrifice fifty or sixty napoleons.

The following night, after the opera, they sallied forth for the gambling table. Dr. B—— rushed up to it with well feigned avidity, and staked his money freely, persuaded in his own mind that from his utter ignorance of games of chance he must soon be a loser. To his amazement he met with an uninterrupted flow of good fortune, so that when he rose at 3 A.M. from the table, to his own disconcertment and the envy of his companion, his trowser and coat pockets were so full of louis d'or that it was only by holding them together he kept them from rolling out upon the floor. When invited, rather peremptorily by the *croupier*, to remain, and give his adversaries their revenge, he pleaded the lateness of the hour in excuse for not doing so, promising, however, to return the next evening without fail.

He bade his young friend 'good night,' jumped into a fiacre, drove to his quarters, hurried to his room, and without giving a thought to the amount of his ill-gotten gains, poured them into the drawer of his toilet table, and plunged into bed.

The next morning before he had risen he heard a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of two *gens-d'armes*. They marched up to the side of his bed, while one of them, referring occasionally to a note book, thus addressed him:—

'Your name, Monsieur, is Dr. B——. On the 10th of this month you slept at ——. On the 11th you slept at La Cygne,

in Lucerne. On the 13th you slept at the Hotel Sécheron. On the 14th you left Geneva in the *banquette* of the diligence, which started at —— o'clock. You were last seen eating your breakfast with the other coach-passengers at the roadside inn at Les Rousses, on the Jura; but from that place we have lost sight of you. We know, however, that three days ago you entered this town without a passport, and we are at a loss to conceive how, in spite of the strictness of our police regulations, you succeeded in doing so. Luckily for you we know your antecedents. We know that you have been travelling with no political object, but simply for your own pleasure. We know that you dined with Madame ——, and her son and daughter, in the Champs Elysées, two nights ago. We know that last night, in company with the son, you visited first the opera, and then Frascati's, and that you won largely. Now we are authorized by our minister to say, that if you will deal unreservedly with us, and will tell us by what dexterous manœuvre you managed to pass the *barrière* without a passport you shall not only be supplied with a fresh one *en règle*, but shall be ensured protection while you remain in this city. You will readily perceive that we make these inquiries without any idea of punishing you for your infraction of the law, but with the object of warding off a repetition of the same trick at the hands of gentry less scrupulous than yourself.'

Without compromising the conductor who had so generously befriended him, he then told them the whole truth, declaring his conviction that the audacity of the act was the chief cause of its success.

The men, satisfied of the truth of his representation, then went on to say, 'Now, Sir, you have been open with us; we, in turn, will be open with you. You are in danger. Did you observe last night a German gentleman—a very stout one—with one or two decorations on his breast? He had won less than you had, but he refused to continue play, and consequently after you had left he was shot dead as he was going down the stairs. We warn you return without fail to-night to Frascati's, and lose back every sous you have won, or your life is not worth four-and-twenty hours' purchase.'

In consequence of these alarming intimations, Dr. B—— told his young friend what had happened, and begging him to keep out of harm's way, repaired at night to Frascati's in no very enviable frame of mind.

He played with studied, determined recklessness. No

gamester ever wished more earnestly to win than he to lose; but the more daring his ventures the more startling were his winnings. About the small hours of the morning, to his immeasureable satisfaction, the wheel of fortune turned against him; though still his losses bore no proportion to his gains. Morning was breaking; he was unwilling to stay, yet afraid to go. At last he screwed up his courage to the sticking-place and hurried out of the room; but so full was his mind of the fate of the German baron the previous night, and of the warnings of the police, that instead of walking down the stairs he slid down the banisters, thinking by that undignified mode of descent to present a more difficult mark for any murderer who might be lying in ambush for him. Whether it was thought prudent to reserve punishment for him to another night he knew not; but, to his ineffable delight, the instant he alighted in the hall he was met by a tall, cocked-hatted functionary, in whom he recognised one of his bedroom visitors, who handed him into a *cabriolet*, which was at the door, and escorted him to his hotel without uttering a word.

I am sorry that a story promising so well, should not have a more sensational *dénouement;* but Dr. B—— told it us merely to prove the high state of efficiency of the Parisian police at that time. He felt so satisfied that he owed his life to their timely warning, and to the unflagging vigilance with which they followed him about the streets, that, before leaving, he went to the head of the police-force and begged to be allowed to deposit in his hands a considerable sum of money in recognition of their attention. He was sternly and flatly refused, and reminded that the entire organization of the force was for the protection of person and property; and told, that if the system of rewards for the mere execution of duty was once permitted, the demoralization of the whole body would infallibly ensue.

In the year 1833, while living in Hampshire, no one showed my wife and myself more constant hospitality than the late Right Honourable Henry Pierrepont, the father of the present Lady Charles Wellesley. In his youth he had been the intimate associate of Lord Alvanley, Beau Brummell, and Henry, afterwards Lord de Roos. This little select clique, known as par excellence 'the Dandies,' were not more distinguished for their taste in dress than for their powers of wit and repartee. On one of our many delightful visits to Conholt, Mr. Pierrepont had but just returned from Strathfieldsaye, where he had been to meet the judges, whom the Duke was accustomed to receive

annually, the day before the opening of the assizes. After dinner, Mr. Pierrepont was asked by the Duke of Beaufort, who, with the Duchess, was staying in the house, if he had had an agreeable visit. 'Particularly so,' was the answer. 'The Duke was in great force, and, for him, unusually communicative. The two judges and myself having arrived before the rest of the guests, who lived nearer Strathfieldsaye than we did, the Duke asked us if we were disposed to take a walk, see the paddocks, and get an appetite for dinner. We all three gladly assented to the proposition; and as we were stumping along, talking of Assheton Smith's stud and hounds, one of the judges asked the Duke if we might see Copenhagen, his celebrated charger. "God bless you," replied the Duke, "he has been long dead; and half the fine ladies of my acquaintance have got braclets or lockets made from his mane or tail." "Pray, Duke, apart from his being so closely associated with your Grace in the glories of Waterloo, was he a very remarkable—I mean, a particularly clever horse?" asked one of the judges.

'*Duke.*—"Many faster horses, no doubt; many handsomer: but for bottom and endurance never saw his fellow. I'll give you a proof of it. On the 17th, early in the day, I had a horse shot under me. Few knew it; but it was so. Before ten o'clock I got on Copenhagen's back. There was so much to do and to see to, that neither he nor I were still for many minutes together. I never drew bit, and he never had a morsel in his mouth till eight p.m., when Fitzroy Somerset came to tell me dinner was ready in the little neighbouring village—Waterloo. The poor beast I myself saw stabled and fed. I told my groom to give him no hay, but after a few go-downs of chilled water, as much corn and beans as he had a mind for, impressing on him the necessity of his strewing them well over the manger first. Somerset and I despatched a hasty meal; and as soon as we had done so, I sent off Fitzroy on an errand. This I did, I confess, on purpose that I might get him out of the way; for I knew that if he had the slightest inkling of what I was up to, he would have done his best to dissuade me from my purpose, or want to accompany me.

'"The fact was, I wished to see Blucher, that I might learn from his own lips at what hour it was probable he would be able to join forces with us next day. Therefore, the moment Fitzroy's back was turned, I ordered Copenhagen to be re-saddled, and told my man to get his own horse and accompany me to Wavre, where I had reason to believe old 'Forwards' was.

encamped. Now, Wavre being some twelve miles from Waterloo, I was not a little disgusted, on getting there, to find that the old fellow's tent was two miles still farther off.

'"However, I saw him, got the information I wanted from him, and made the best of my way back. Bad, however, was the best; for, by Jove, it was so dark that I fell into a deepish dyke by the roadside; and if it had not been for my orderly's assistance, I doubt if I should ever have got out. Thank God, there was no harm done, either to horse or man!

'"Well, on reaching headquarters, and thinking how bravely my old horse had carried me all day, I could not help going up to his head to tell him so, by a few caresses. But, hang me, if, when I was giving him a slap of approbation on his quarters, he did not fling out one of his hind legs with as much vigour as if he had been in stable for a couple of days! Remember, gentlemen, he had been out with me on his back, for upwards of ten hours, and had carried me eight-and-twenty miles besides. I call that bottom! ey?"'

In this simple and unpretending manner did the great man vaunt the merits of his horse, and forget altogether the infinitely greater fatigue (for his was mental as well as bodily) which he had himself undergone.

When one reflects on the Atlas-weight of responsibility which rested on that one man's shoulders; on the strain of brain those ten hours on the battle-field must have cost him (the future destinies of Europe hanging suspended in the balance); and then, on the anxiety with which his stout heart must have been charged during that midnight ride, one begins to realize, though but faintly, the singleness of purpose which actuates the patriot, the public servant, and the hero, when engaged in the discharge of duty.

There is a prevalent impression on the minds of many that the illustrious Duke never saw Blucher until the 18th, when they met under the well-known solitary tree. The above story, derived from such an unexceptionable source, and repeated four-and-twenty hours after it had been told, must refute that notion. If any sceptic, however, still have doubts upon the subject, I would refer him to the review of Siborne's *Waterloo* in the *Quarterly Review;* where he will see in a note, at the bottom of one of the pages, a distinct allusion to the meeting between the chiefs of the allied armies, and the Prussian, on the night of the 17th. That article may be relied on as containing nothing but fact. For, shortly after it

had made its appearance, I was staying at West Stoke, near Chichester, with Sir Horace Seymour and the present Dowager Lady Clinton; and Sir Horace assured me that Mr. Sydney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, who had just been staying with him, had told him that the article in question had been written by the then Lord Ellesmere, better known in the political world as Lord Francis Egerton, almost at the dictation of Wellington himself. In other words, the Duke having supplied Lord Francis with his data, he had put them into shape, and then submitted the paper to the Duke for inspection and correction. So that there was not a word in it which had not been endorsed by the Duke himself.

The interesting circumstances I have just detailed I do not think have ever been brought to public notice before. I do not feel anything like the same certainty as to the story I am now going to tell. I believe many know it. Still, I do not despair of its interesting more, to whom it is new, especially as I received my account of it from an authority which, if known, could hardly be called in question.

For full a quarter of an hour, during one of the greatest crises of the battle of Waterloo, when the great Duke had work enough on his hands to have employed a staff of double the dimensions of that allotted to him; and when he had, in addition to his regular aides-de-camp, volunteer ones, in the persons of the then Duke of Richmond, Lord William Lennox (a youth not sixteen), and Lord Bathurst (then Lord Apsley), all flying about the field for him with messages oral or written, he found himself alone—and alone at the very moment that he most needed help. While traversing the horizon with his telescope, he had descried the commencement of a movement, on the part of Sir James Kempt's brigade, which he foresaw, if not promptly countermanded, would be likely to operate fatally on the successful issue of the battle. He had no one at his elbow by whom he could make the desired communication with the gallant brigadier. In this trying dilemma he turned himself round in his saddle and beheld, some hundred yards behind him, a horseman, so quaintly attired as almost to excite a smile on his countenance. He wore a green cut-away coat (known in those days as a duck-hunter), drab vest, drab breeches, and mahogany-tinted top-boots. He bestrode a black short-jointed Flemish cob. He carried an English hunting-whip in his hand; and had on his head a civilian's hat, with a colonel's feather stuck in it.

The instant the Duke caught sight of him he beckoned him

to him, and in his curt pithy manner asked him who he was? what he was there for? how he had passed the lines? &c., &c. His answer was concise and direct enough. But I prefer to tell it, as it was told to me by one who, in 1819, four years after the battle, had heard all the particulars from the lips of both parties concerned.

He told the Duke that he was a commercial gentleman—in other words a bagman—travelling for a great wholesale Birmingham button manufactory; that he was engaged in showing 'specimens' to a retail house in Brussels, when his ears detected the reverberation of heavy ordnance, and having had an intense desire all his life to see a battle, he begged leave to suspend his negotiation, abruptly left the shop, rushed to a horse-jobber, hired from him the best animal he could find, up to his weight, and made the best of his way to the scene of action. On coming at a turn of the road, on a particular wood, he found two regiments, with piled arms, bivouacking.* On attempting to pass, he was challenged by one of the sentries, and roughly ordered to 'be off.' While the bagman was trying to propitiate him, and other soldiers, looking on, were disputing the propriety of yielding to his solicitation, one of the officers, who overheard the altercation, went up and asked what was the matter. The stranger begged that he might be allowed to explain his position; and in doing so, pleaded so strenuously, yet respectfully, for leave to 'see the fun,' that the officer in question determined, if practicable, to grant his request. Before doing so, however, he warned him of the probable risk to his own person. 'Oh,' said he, 'I will brave the risks, if only I may gratify my curiosity.' Turning to a corporal who was standing near him, he asked him 'what were his orders?' 'Nothing under a colonel's feather to pass, captain.' 'Well,' said the good-natured officer, 'we will soon settle that matter. Send out a man or two, and let them search among the bodies of the dead for a colonel's feather.' In a few minutes one was

* I had the honour of telling this story to the late Lord Raglan (when Lord Fitzroy Somerset.) He had never heard it, and, at first, could hardly believe it, *as* it was entirely new to him; but afterwards, from enquiries he made, and from the person's name which I gave him as my authority, he said 'he had no doubt it was true.' On my expressing to his lordship that I could not fancy, when troops were so much needed, that there could have been two regiments near at hand, not called into play, he said, 'Oh, yes; there were two regiments, and one was the 54th, which formed part of the force kept in reserve for the protection of the road to Brussels, and they never were engaged on the field.'

found, brought, and inserted into our Birmingham friend's hat; and the sanction he craved was granted.

The bagman, carefully noting the lie of the ground, and guided by natural intelligence, pushed on towards the only elevated spot he could perceive. As he beheld the clouds of smoke and the lurid sky, and sniffed the scent of powder and of carnage as he drew nearer and nearer, and heard the clash of steel and the stunning roar of artillery, he became wildly excited, and 'eager for the fray,' put spurs to his horse and galloped like a madman on and on, till suddenly he saw before him, on the summit of the hillock for which he was making, a figure, the very sight of which sobered his impetuosity, caused him instinctively to draw in his bridle-rein, take breath, and halt in his course as if petrified. The figure that met his eyes was seated on horseback rigid as a statue! The cocked hat, the military cloak, with its short cape, drooping in long folds from his shoulders, the arms raised and extended, the hands holding in their grip a field-telescope, through which an eagle-glance was busily scanning the fiery hosts below and beyond, told him he was within ear-shot of the foremost man in Europe. As he took out from his coat-pocket his handkerchief, and nervously wiped his heated brow, an indefinable sense of awe set his pulses throbbing. He felt guilty. He felt a trespasser. He felt he was where he had no right to be. He was thinking whether he had not better beat a retreat, and retire to some spot where he would be screened from observation, when the object of his dread turned round and asked him his business there. The Duke was pleased with his answers, and determined to turn his metal and sense to good account.

'You are a funny chap! Why you ought to have been a soldier! Would you like to serve your country, if I gave you the opportunity?'

'Yes, my lord.'

'Would you take a message of importance for me, if I sent you with one?'

Touching his hat in the approved military fashion—'If I were trusted by you, my lord, I should think it the proudest day of my life.'

The Duke put into the man's hand his field-glass, and directed him where to look. 'Those troops you see yonder are the Enniskillens; those beyond are the Royals. There, you see those grey horses, they are the Scots Greys. They are commanded by Lord Edward Somerset. There, again, is the 42nd. Between

(pointing to certain spots) such-and-such a regiment lies Sir James Kempt's brigade, the 28th, the 32nd, the 79th Highlanders, and the 95th Rifles. I want to communicate with Kempt. I have no materials for writing* by me, so mind you are very accurate in delivering my message. He then, having entrusted to him a brief, emphatic order (which he made him repeat, that there might be no mistake) he ended the interview with these words:—'Tell him, by G—, if he perseveres in carrying out what he has begun, the game will be all up with us!

'I dare say you have often joined in a fox-hunt in England.'

'Often, my lord.'

'Well, in the hunting-field you don't think much of a man who is always "skirting." But I shan't think much of you in the battle-field, at least as my aide-de-camp, if you do *not* skirt. Your business is to execute my orders with as little risk to yourself as may be; because, if you put yourself in danger, you imperil the safe delivery of my message, and so jeopardize the success of the fight. Mind, then, don't go near the smoke; but pound away on that nag of yours until you reach the rear of Kempt's troops. Then, tell the first man you can get speech with, that you come from me, and must be taken to the general, and it will be all right.'

The orders were barely delivered before the stranger was off at the top of his horse's speed to execute them. The Duke watched his progress with marked interest and approval for some little time; when, presently, his approbation gave way to apprehension, and apprehension to indignation, as he observed his messenger doing the very thing he had specially warned him against—viz., dash through the very thick of the smoke with all the fearlessness of an old cavalry officer. While the Duke was riding up and down, uneasily ruminating on the chances of his message ever reaching its destination, he was joined, first, by Sir Alexander Gordon; then by Sir Augustus Frazer; and then by Sir Horace Seymour, bearing a message from Lord Anglesey. As soon as they had all come up, within a minute or two of each other, the Duke said, 'I have been wanting one of you gentlemen sadly. In your absence, I have

* I heard the Duke say once that he used to hang from one of the buttonholes of his waistcoat a number of slips of parchment on which he wrote his orders, in size and shape something resembling the parchment labels used for travelling in these railway days; but they were all by that time exhausted by the multiplicity of messages he had had to send out.

been so hard pressed for an aide-de-camp, that I have had to appoint a new one in the person of a Brummagem bagman.' He then told them of the mission on which he had sent him. Each eagerly proffered his services. The Duke declined them. 'Perhaps I may want one of you,' said he; 'we'll wait a few minutes. I'm disposed to have faith in Brummagem. He's no fool!' He then dismounted from his horse, passed his horse's bridle into Seymour's hand, took from his despatch-box, which was on the ground, the *Sun* newspaper, opened it to its full extent, spread it over his face, leaned his head on a sack of forage, and in another instant was asleep.* All three aides-de-camp stood silent by. At the expiration of five or six minutes' interval, he sprang up on his feet, opened his field-glass, and cried out, in a tone of unusual vivacity—'By Jove! It is all right. Kempt has changed his tactics. He has got my message; for he is doing precisely as I directed him. Well done, Buttons!'

The Duke, one evening after dinner, told my informant that he considered the counteraction of Kempt's original movement almost the pivot on which the fortunes of the battle turned; and certainly next in importance to the closing of the gates of Hougoumont by Sir John McDonnell, Captain Wyndham, Ensigns Gooch and Harvey; and last, not least, Sergeant Graham of the Coldstreams. Indeed, so indebted did the Duke feel to the hero of our tale for the intelligence and intrepidity he had displayed, that the instant the Prussians had come up, and he had ordered our harassed troops, who had sustained the chief brunt of the French attack, to lie down and rest, and leave the pursuit to the last comers, he had him cried, first on the field, then in the village of Waterloo, then at Brussels, and, last of all, at Paris—but to no purpose.

For many years the Duke never could gain tidings of him, until one day, at dinner at his own table at Walmer, happening to mention the circumstances, and to express his regret at never having been able to learn anything of him since the event, one of his guests told him that he knew the man, and had heard him allude to the part he had played, very cursorily, and without the slightest boastfulness. The Duke instantly took down his address, wrote to him, and within a week obtained for him a commissionership of Customs in the west of England, in recognition of his services.

* It is a notable coincidence that both Napoleon and Wellington had the same enviable faculty of commanding sleep at will, and of being refreshed by a very few minutes' slumber.

CHAPTER VIII.

1833. Towards the end of September in this year, I wrote to Charles Mathews the elder, invited him to come and stay with us, and suggested to him the expediency of his giving an 'At Home' at Andover. I received the following answer from him :—

'Crick, Sept. 29, 1833.

'My very dear Julian Young.—Spare your reproaches: I am one of the most unfortunate of mankind. I am one of Fortune's ninepins, made to be knocked down; though I doubt if there could be found eight fellows that could be so easily tipped over. I have been on crutches here a fortnight and a bit. I literally, now, hardly know the cause. The effect was a violent inflammation in my foot, so as to prevent all attempt at putting it to the ground. I have had the opinion of two or three "medicable" men, as one of them calls himself, and they have differed. "Chacun à son *gout*," says one. Verbum sat! There's Latin and Greek for you, as another would say: at all events, you must accept this as an apology for my brutal conduct to you. My position at first would not admit of writing; and since my partial recovery, I have been so uncertain as to my movements, that I could not answer your kind letter as to either my private visit or my public performance. I shall not be able to move from hence for another week, and I found it at first impossible to get to you until after I had finished at Oxford, my great mart. This is now fixed for October 22nd. I have now some idea of proceeding from thence to Andover, Salisbury, Weymouth, and into Devon. The 10th is quite out of the question, and so, indeed, would have been 'three or four nights;' and the frequenters of Weyhill fair would not have attended me; nor should I wish it. I only perform for one rank of persons. The lower orders hate and avoid me, and the middle classes cannot comprehend me. One night I will give thee, if the last of October will suit. Mrs. M. leaves me to-morrow for London. She desires her kindest regards to Mrs. Young and yourself; and begs me to convey her thanks and appreciation of your kindness in including her in your invite. Charles is still in Scotland, in high enjoyment—fishing, shooting, and sketching, and is a regular Highlander, even to kilt and all.

'Pray remember me kindly to your pretty wife, and believe me most sincerely yours,

'C. MATHEWS.'

Towards the end of October, Mathews came to us for a few days, and gave one of his 'At Homes' in Andover. I attended it, and was greatly amused. I must give a specimen of its fun. He is representing a hackney-coachman who has summoned a gentleman to the police office for inadequate fare. Imagine the whole delivered with an unflagging volubility of utterance, hardly admitting a pause for breath,—a feat which only Mathews or his son could easily perform.

'Please, Sir, as I vas standing on the stand, this young man comes up to me, and says, says he, Coach un-'ired? says he—Yes, Sir, says I—Very vell, says he: you drive me to Pimlico, says he—Vel, I gets on my box, and drives him to Pimlico; and ven I gets there—I don't live here, says he—I did not say you did, says I—Yes you did, says he—No I didn't, says I—Very vell, says he; then you drive me to Temple Bar—Ven I gets there, Vy, young man, says he, you don't know vere nobody lives, says he—Yes I do, says I—No you don't, says he—You drive me direct, says he, to 'Ammersmith Bridge, says he—Vell, I drives him to 'Ammersmith Bridge; and ven I gets there, he says, says he, Vy, I don't patronize these here bridges: I von't pay them tolls, says he—I didn't say you vould, says I—Yes you did, says he—Vell, vere shall I take you to, Sir, says I?—Vy, take me to the Burlington Harcade, Piccadilly, says he—Vell, I takes him to the Burlington Harcade, Piccadilly; and ven I gets there, he says, Vy, young man, you're wrong agin, says he: I don't live here—I did'nt say you did, says I—Yes you did, says he—No I did not, says I—Very vell, says he; you go to Knightsbridge Barracks, says he—No I shan't, says I; my 'osses is blowed—Then I von't pay you your fare, says he—Vy not? says I—Cos I ain't got no money, says he—Vot! ain't you got no money at all, says I—No! says he; so far from it, on the contrary, quite the reverse—Vell, then, vere am I to take you to, says I—Vy, take me to the Devil, says he. So I brought him to your Vorship.'

This bit of nonsense reminds me of a journey I took, about this time, from Andover to London, by a coach then known as 'The Light Salisbury,' and driven by a man familiarly designated 'Pop.' We had despatched our coach dinner at Bagshot, and I had just resumed my seat upon the box, when the driver, without apparent rhyme or reason, burst out into a fit of

uproarious laughter. I asked him the cause of his mirth. He explained it:—'Lor, Sir, I don't think I ever shall be able to stop at Bagshot without having one of these attacks. The mere recollection of what took place here a week ago is sure to set me off. Our coach, you see, had stopped as usual for dinner (twenty minutes allowed), when a dandy chap, as had eaten his, and was standing on the off fore wheel, about to step up on to one of the front seats, was reminded by the waiter, napkin in hand, that he had not paid for his meal. "No," he replied, with perfect coolness, "I am aware of that: I've left my purse behind me: but I will return and pay for it to-morrow." The waiter ran in for his master, and in another instant the landlord ran out, told him he was a swindler and a scoundrel, and that nothing but his dislike of trouble prevented him from giving him a taste of the treadmill. "Instead, however," said he, "take that, and that," kicking him violently behind. The gentleman retorted in a languid and indifferent manner, saying, "That is very ungentlemanlike conduct, and makes me think very poorly of you. Because I have accidentally left my purse behind me, you attack me in the very seat of honour! But, never mind; I shall not condescend to have words with a vulgar fellow like you. In spite of this violence, I owe it to myself as a gentleman to return here to-morrow and pay you what is your due."' The irate Boniface put his finger to his nose, to express his conviction that he was not to be imposed upon by such assurances. 'Judge, then,' said Pop, 'at my surprise to see, the very next day, our friend get up on the outside of the coach, in Piccadilly, and pay me his fare to Andover. When we arrived at Bagshot to dinner, he got down, and instantly demanded to see the landlord, who, on making his appearance, could hardly believe his eyes. "Well, Sir," said the dandy, "you see I am true to my word. I have taken the trouble to come all the way from London here, that I may discharge my debt to you." Then, putting his hand into his trowsers pocket, he demanded to know how much he owed him. The innkeeper, overwhelmed at the recollection of his rudeness of the day before, and touched to the quick by the gentleman's nice sense of honour, begged him to step in and have his dinner first, and then pay for the two dinners afterwards. It was with some difficulty that the traveller could be induced to accede to his request. However, the landlord at last prevailed, and evinced such compunction for the past, that he would not allow the waiter to serve him, but waited upon him himself, as respectfully as

if he had been a marquis. When he had helped him, he withdrew, and consigned him to the further care of his subordinate. After the traveller had satisfied his appetite, bearing no malice for past indignation, he made his way back to his coach, poised himself on one leg upon the front wheel pulled up his coat tails, and cried out, to the delight of all present, "Waiter, fetch your master, and tell him I am sorry to trouble him, but I must really request him to come and kick me again, for again I find I have got no money."'

1833. October 3. The following sketch of three old 'lean and slippered pantaloons,' parishioners of mine, is not in the least exaggerated. The conversation, which I am about to describe as having taken place between one of them and myself is given verbatim. I wrote it down instantly, in Charles Mathews' presence, and at his request. It requires not only imitation, but ventriloquism, to give a just idea of the ludicrous degrees of feebleness of voice displayed in the 'childish treble' of the youngest, and the still weaker voice of the eldest.

James Baker was a moping old malcontent—sour, selfish, and stricken in years. I think he was seventy-eight. His outer man was distinguished by a dirty and dilapidated smock-frock, a battered straw hat, and brown gaiters, 'a world too wide for his shrunk shanks.'

Solomon Cox was eighty-three, nearly bent double by infirmity and age, and tottered and trembled as he walked: he leaned heavily on his crab stick, wore a hideous fur cap of Norwegian extraction, and looked every inch what he really was, the very incarnation of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.'

Thomas Nash was but seventy-five, and was looked down upon by his two veteran companions; not more on the score of his comparative youth, than of his manners, which they deemed volatile and puerile. He was blessed by nature with a genial and mercurial temperament. He was the cricket on their hearth. It was impossible to see him, with his quaint three-cornered Uncle Toby hat, his snuff-brown coat, with its broad skirts and plated buttons, each larger than a crown-piece, without discerning in these vanities the expiring embers of a slowly-smouldering dandyism. His step had a rickety jauntiness about it, ill-suited to a man with one foot in the grave; and in his eye there lurked a latent waggery, which told of buoyancy of spirit 'in the old dog yet.'

These three lived together on the outskirts of a breezy spot

called Hay-down, in a wretched mud-wall hut, allotted to them by 'the parish.' Reader, if you have ever known in the circle of your miscellaneous acquaintance three sisters, one of whom has been beautiful, another comely, and the third positively plain, but who, classed together, have been spoken of as 'the three beautiful Misses ——,' you will be able to understand how two members of this antiquated trio, crooning over their scanty bit of fuel, and mumbling and moaning over their hard lot, and looking as if they had just stepped out of one of Teniers' pictures, owed the little interest they inspired in their squire or minister, rather to their association with their amiable and attractive chum, than to any attraction of their own. The following dialogue between Thomas Nash and myself is characteristic.

J. C. Y. 'Well, Thomas, how d'ye find yourself to-day?'

Nash. 'Very well, I thank your reverence. A fine day it is for drying the clots.' (In that part of the world they dry the droppings from cows and use them as firing.)

J. C. Y. 'How is Baker?'

Nash. 'Much of a muchness, please your reverence; a grumbling in coorse. He's always at that fun. One time 'tis bowl's,* then 'tis the rheumatics, and now, he says, 'tis the prelatics (paralysis) or summut. But he's one as 'ull always have summut the matter. He'd be miserable if he had not!'

J. C. Y. 'And is Solomon Cox all right?'

(His answer reminded me of Dogberry to Leonato in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' 'Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.')

Nash. 'Lor' bless you, Sir, he's but an old crittur at the best. He's a'most weared out.'

J. C. Y. 'Well, well, no wonder. Think of his years!'

Nash. 'Lor', Sir, 'taint age as does it; 'tis envy! I'll tell you summut, master. You mun know, we three old coves have a lug † o' ground atween us; and I've gotten a main-few ‡ taters, and a sight o' nice young peas besides; and he've got none. He were fretting about this amazing t'other day, saying it warn't fair, and one thing or another, for that I could get about a sight better nor he; that he'd got no 'nure for his wedgables,

* Bowels.

† A lug is a quarter of an acre.

‡ 'A main few' in Hants, Wilts, and many other counties, signifies 'a good many.'

§ Manure.

and that I was always a-scraping and scraping every mossel o' cow-dung I could clap my eyes on: so he'd no chance. Well, I rather pitied the old gennelman; so I says, says I, "I'll tell you what it is, Master Solomon,—you wants pre-se-verance. Now, I don't want to take no revantage * on you; so I'll tell you what I'll do:—I'll gie you a day on't; I'll show you my beat; I'll rig you out wi' my dung-bag and scraper; and if that ain't fair I don't know what is!" Well, sir, I put him in the way o' what I calls my "preserves," and started him handsum. We seed nothing on him till tea-time; and as soon as he cum in I slapped him on the back, and said, cheery-like, "Well, mate, what sport?—what sport, I say?" Blessed if the old gennelman, instead o' saying summut pleasant, did not sink down in his chair, seem faint-like, and then fall to a-crying, like a good 'un. When I could get him to speak at last, he broke out in these werry words:—"Arter the 'ansum manner in which you've cum forward, Thomas Nash, I won't say nothing. But *this* I must say, if I were to die for it next minute, you've that scoured the country up and down, there ain't nothing worth a rush to be got. Here have I been a matter of five hours a-beating and a-beating about, and I've never seed but one poor clot, and I would not have he; there were no walley † in it."'

Charles Mathews, senior, when this dialogue took place, was indoors at the time; and when I went in and told him of it he roared with laughter. I never saw him afterwards that he did not make me repeat it—though I think I can chronicle still droller things of himself. Let me try.

1833. October 18. 'E'en from my boyhood up' I knew old Charles Mathews, the comedian, intimately. The present generation has too often heard of him, and therefore naturally thinks of him as a great *mimic*. I claim for him higher pretensions—viz., that of being the most wonderful *imitator* of his age.

A man may be the most amusing 'mimic' that ever 'set the table in a roar,' and yet be gifted with no great powers of intellect. The mind has very little to do with the matter; for the mimic's success depends principally on liveliness of perception, and the possession of certain physical and corporeal qualifications, neither rare in their manifestations, nor indicative of any mental superiority in their possessor.

The chief requisites in the *mimic* are quickness of observation, sensibility of ear, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and

* Advantage. † Value.

suppleness of muscle. His sphere is a very limited one; for it is generally confined to the mere adventitious accidents of singularity of elocution or oddity of demeanour. The mental and the moral of the inner man are beyond his province. That Mathews had no rival as a *mimic* I am not prepared to assert; for, in 'taking off' his brethren of the sock and buskin, I think Frederick Yates was his superior: but as an *imitator* he was unapproachable.

The two words 'imitation and 'mimicry' are often used indiscriminately, as if they were convertible terms. Now, whatever analogy there may be between them, there is also a distinction between them which is definite and definable. *Imitation* in the abstract, is the attempt to resemble a model. The object of *mimicry* is to burlesque and caricature salient peculiarities; and, therefore, to abuse the faculty of imitation. There is no more operative principle implanted in man than the propensity to imitation; and if the Deity, in giving us so ungrudgingly of the disposition, had failed to impart to us the power, it would have been like tormenting us with a restless ambition to fly, and yet withholding from us the use of wings. We are gifted with the faculty of copying a model, in order that the tendency of which we have spoken may be something better than a futile aspiration; but this faculty, like every other appertaining to us, is under the control of our own will, and may be perverted by us in a variety of ways, and then indeed imitation degenerates into mimicry.

No doubt an irrepressible sense of the ludicrous, combined with the pleasure of making others laugh, frequently tempted Mathews to indulge in the lower vein of mimicry; but it was his singular power of transfusing the thoughts and spirit of men distinguished for their intellectual ascendency over others into his own, which stamped him indelibly with the seal of genius.

The old Duke of Richmond, the grandfather of the present, was very partial to Mathews, and so thoroughly appreciated this *specialité* of his, that during his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, whenever he had him to dinner and wished to treat his guests to a specimen of his talent, as soon as the cloth was removed, he would propose his health, not in his own name, but now as Lord Erskine, now as Lord Ellenborough—at one time as Sheridan, at another as Curran; and under whichever character he would make a speech so closely after the manner of each as to electrify his hearers. It was not so much the alacrity with

which he would spring to his feet and assume the countenance, voice, and gesticulation of the person he was expected to impersonate, as the similarity of thought and style of speech which recalled to his audience Erskine and Ellenborough, and the *copia verborum* and profusion of trope and metaphor, which made them fancy they were listening to the voice of Sheridan or Curran.

In Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Byron*, she mentions that Walter Scott once asked Byron if he had ever heard Mathews imitate Curran; and, on his regretting that he never had, Scott added—'It was not an imitation, it was a continuation of the man.' So highly, too, did Coleridge estimate his powers, that on somebody, in his presence, calling him a mere mimic, he said, 'You call him a mimic: I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems.'

He certainly was unique in his way, though full of incongruities. I never knew any man so alive to the eccentricities of others, so dead to his own. I never knew a man who made the world laugh so much, who so seldom laughed himself. I never knew a man who, when *in* society, could make the dullest merry, so melancholy *out* of it. I never knew a man so prompt to resent calumnious imputations on others, so ready to forgive those who had done him wrong. In his imitation of others, he was never actuated by malevolence; but too hasty in attributing unamiable motives to any who made *him* the subject of mimicry. He was very fond of imitating Dignum the singer, and used to tell how, when he took him off to his face, he would say, 'Oh, Mathews; you are a wonderful person; but it is wicked, it really is, to mock natur—you should not do it, 'pon my life.' And yet he himself was furious with Yates for taking the like liberty with him.

The intrinsic worth of his character, the purity of his life, his liberality to the necessitous, his simplicity, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife and son, his fidelity to his friends, his loyalty to his patrons, his chivalrous defence of those he thought unjustly defamed, could not fail to win for him the thorough respect of all who knew him. On the other hand, genius and gentleman as he was, his nervous whimsicality his irritability about trifles, his antipathies to particular people, places, and objects, rendered him justly vulnerable to ridicule and censure. I have seen him scratch his head, and grind his teeth, and assume a look of anguish when a haunch of venison has been carved unskilfully in his presence. I have seen him,

when in high feather and high talk, in a sunny chamber, if transferred to a badly-lighted room, withdraw into a corner and sit by himself in moody silence. He was strangely impressionable by externals. I have known him refuse permission to a royal Duke to see over his picture-gallery on Highgate Hill, because the day of his call was cloudy. He was such a passionate lover of sunshine, that I have seen him 'put out' for a whole day by the lady of a house at which he was calling pulling down the Venetian blinds. 'There are not many days in the year,' he would say, 'when the sun shines at all in this country; and when he *is* disposed to be kindly and to pay us a visit, down goes every blind in his face, to show him, I suppose, how little we value his presence.' Whenever he went out to dinner, in the good old days when moderator and sinumbra lamps were unknown, and wax-candles were in fashion, he was wont to carry in his breast-pocket a pair of small silver snuffers, so that, when the wicks were long and dull, he might be able to trim them, and brighten up the gloom that was gathering round the table. I have known him, without the slightest cause, appropriate remarks to himself which were intended for others, and fret his heart-strings over imaginary wrongs for hours. I have known him frenzied with rage, on discovering that a tidy housemaid had picked up from the floor of his bedroom a dirty pair of stockings which he had left there 'as a memorandum,' on the same principle on which people tie knots in their handkerchiefs. And yet, with all these unhappy infirmities, I never knew a man more formed to inspire, and who succeeded more in inspiring, personal affection, or who, though exposed to many temptations, was so unsoiled by them.

I have already implied, if I have not asserted, that he was liable to alternate fits of elation and depression. At one time he was so alarmed about himself, that he begged his razors might be always kept by his man, and never left in his room, lest, under some malign impulse, he might destroy himself. When the black cloud was on his spirit, he was taciturn! and, if addressed, laconic and sour in his replies. At such times he would speak as if he were a fatalist; he would vow that nothing ever went right with him; that he was the most ill-starred of men; and then, in confirmation of his assertion, would say—'I never, in my life, put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining, and thought that every one, who had the choice, would keep in doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength, and

bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew, or who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to an author, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive of a few minutes with Terry, without being overturned, and having my hip-bone broke, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead. In an incredible space of time (I think thirteen months) I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded, if I were to set up as baker, every one in my neighbourhood would leave off eating bread!'

I mentioned how easily his equanimity was disturbed by trifles, such as bad carving, ill-lighted rooms, &c. The same feeling extended to other things. If he were paying a call, for the first time, on a new acquaintance, and saw a picture hanging out of the perpendicular, he would spring up to put it straight; if a lady, in her dress, showed a deficient sense of harmony in colour, it irritated him greatly, &c., &c. The following anecdote will further illustrate his morbid sensibility to things which most people would deem insignificant.

He had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant a commercial gentleman earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire, and took up a newspaper, meaning to wile away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile upon his face—'I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard.' The person addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his reading, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded that the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic

acerbity, he bawled out, with syllabic precision—'Are—you—a-ware—Sir—that—you—have—been—eat-ing—boiled—beef—with-out—mus-tard?' Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm.' At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionality and good taste, he jumped up, and, in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table, under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out—'Confound it, Sir, you SHALL take mustard!' He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen, and that he never would sit in the room with a man who *could* eat beef without mustard.

Another of the plagues by which he deemed himself to be peculiarly beset, was the pestering offers of attention, from mercenary motives, of urchins in the streets.

I met him one day in Regent Street, mounted on his pretty milk-white pony. Although I was a favourite, I saw that my stopping him was not altogether acceptable. It was soon explained. The young Arabs of the street were round him, and at each side of his bridle, with their "Please, want your 'orse 'olded;' and, with the sort of expression on his face, which one would have expected, perhaps, to see, if he had been on the plains of Egypt, with a swarm of Bedouins swooping down upon him, he shook himself off from me, with the words, 'The plague's begun,' uttered in a tone of despair, and galloped off as fast as intervening cabs and carriages would allow him.

During the entire period of his stay with us he was delightful: always ready to fall in with our quiet and monotonous mode of life, and appearing pleased with everything and everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. At the termination of his night's performance at Andover, I was made aware of one of his whims, of which I had, till then, been quite unconscious. I mean his singular and inexplicable aversion to the touch of money. A certain man, who, for prudential reasons, I will not name, always travelled with him, as his secretary and check-taker. He received all the money taken at the doors. On leaving the Town Hall with Mathews, I asked him if he were content with the receipts. 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't know what they are: I leave it all to B——. I am quite at his mercy. I never know what really is taken at the doors. I only know

what I receive. I hope and believe B—— is honest; but, even if he is not, I could not wrangle about money. I do so hate the very touch of it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, with genuine incredulity, 'hate money!' 'I did not say I hated money, but that I hated *the touch* of money—I mean coin. It makes my skin goosey.'

One more of his oddities I must mention. He used often to declare, that he never could understand why it was that, when other people so frequently had cause to complain that they could not find things they lost, he never could lose anything he wished to get rid of. I must plead guilty to having twice ministered, with malice prepense, to this superstition of his.

On leaving any house where I may have been staying, I have a confirmed habit of looking into every drawer, washstand, table, &c., so as to ensure myself against leaving anything behind me. Mathews once left me at a country inn, where we had been staying together. When I was about to take my departure, with my usual precaution, I took care to ransack every possible and impossible nook or cranny, behind which any article of mine might have fallen; and, in doing so, observed, secreted behind a huge old mahogany dining-table, with deep flaps, which was placed against the wall of our sitting-room, a dress shoe, so dapper in shape, and so diminutive in size, that I had no difficulty in recognizing it as one of my friend's. Rejoiced at the opportunity of having a bit of fun, I enclosed it in a brown-paper parcel, and despatched it after him. Instead of thanking me for my trouble, he wrote to me, and told me that, I was 'his evil genius; that, having worn out the companion pump, which was that of the foot of his lame leg, the one I had forwarded to him was of no earthly use to him; that, in the faint hope of getting rid of it, he had placed it where I had found it; and that in consequence of my inquisitive and officious disposition, he had been compelled to pay for the recovery to this useless article as much as would have purchased an entirely new pair.'

About a month after he had left us, at Amport, I happened to go to my wardrobe in search of an old pair of trowsers which I reserved for gardening purposes. As I was putting them on, I felt that there was something in them. My first impression was, that, when I had last worn them, I had left my purse in them. But, on inserting my hand into the pocket, I drew out an oddly-shaped object, neatly wrapped up in Bath note-paper, with these words inscribed on the outside, in the quaint but vigorous handwriting I knew so well, 'To be lost, if pos-

ble.' On opening the little packet, I found inside it a circular nail-brush, worn to the bone. It would seem that, on looking over the articles of my wardrobe, he thought the trowsers he had selected were too shabby for me ever to put on again, and therefore chose them for a hiding-place. But he was deceived. I made up another neat parcel for him, and directed it to his house in London. Unfortunately he was on a professional tour in the provinces, where it followed him; till, by the time it reached him, the 'carriage' had amounted to some shillings. I was not long in receiving a letter of ironical thanks 'for my kind and *dear* attention.' I was penitent for having put him to such expense, and I confessed my sin to him.

Many years after, I was telling his son Charles of these amusing incidents, when he said, 'I can cap your story.' He then told me, that once he and his father had an engagement with one of the East India Directors at the India Office. As they were approaching Blackfriars Bridge, the father said to the son, 'We must stop a minute at the first draper's shop we come to, as I want to buy myself a new pair of gloves; for I have mislaid the fellow to the one I have on my right hand.' As soon as he had effected his purchase, they proceeded on their way; and, on reaching the bridge, the son observed his father looking before him and behind him, as if, having some felonious purpose in his mind, he wished to see that the coast was clear before he executed it. At last, when the traffic seemed for a moment to diminish, he leaned over the parapet of the bridge—as if to notice the wherries and steamers on the river—hurled over the odious glove, which was disturbing his serenity, and then limped off in an agitated and guilty manner, as though he were trying to evade the emissaries of justice. So eager was he to get off the bridge, and thread his way unobserved through the crowd, that he outstripped his son; and just as he was waiting for him, and was congratulating himself on having, for once, got rid of an obnoxious article, a breathless waterman ran up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'I beg your honour's pardon, but I think you dropped this here glove in the river.' 'How—how, Sir, do you know it to be my glove?' 'Why, Sir, I was a sculling, and was just giving my boat a spurt under the arch of the bridge, when this here glove fell: and on looking up I see'd that the gentleman from whose hand it dropped had a white hat on with a black crape round it; so I pulled with all my might and main after you, and ran up the steps from the river-side, and I thought I never should have

catched you,'—wiping his forehead with his sleeve as he spoke. Of course such disinterested civility had to be rewarded with a shilling, and the impoverished donor, like Lord Ullin's daughter, was 'left lamenting!'

Again. During Mathews' visit to us at the end of October 1833, one of the sons of the nobleman (at whose gate, almost, we lived) dined with us; and having an acute sense of fun, and thoroughly appreciating our guest's wit and humour, and learning from us that the star of his genius always began to rise when that of ordinary mortals set (viz. at bed-time), he used every night after to drop in about eleven o'clock, for the pleasure of enjoying our visitor's incomparable society. These *Noctes Amportianæ*, delightful as they were, and temperately as they were conducted (for potations were not required by way of stimulus), were very trying to me; for, about a week after our little party had broken up, the late hours to which I had been exposed, and the excess of laughter in which I had indulged, told upon me and I fell ill. The night before Mathews left Amport, he told us that he was going to Oxford the next day to give two or three entertainments; and he implored my wife and myself so urgently to accompany him, that, in compassion to his anticipated dejection, we consented. As we were only some twenty-five miles from Oxford, I undertook to drive him there in my phaeton. When the noble lord already alluded to found that my wife and myself were going to Oxford with Mathews, he begged permission to accompany us. As I had one vacant seat, I was only too glad to have so agreeable an addition to our party; and on the following morning we set off. From nine in the morning till six in the evening it poured with rain incessantly. Mathews sat in front with me; Mrs. Young and her noble companion behind. We started about twelve o'clock, and baited two hours on the road. Mathews besought me to get him into Oxford by six p.m., as he was engaged to meet a large party at the Rev. Mr. Rose's, of Lincoln College, at seven. It was a curious fact, and one, so far, justifying Mathews' theory of his invariable ill-luck, that, though Lord F. P—— had merely a dreadnought on, my wife her ordinary cloak, and I a common greatcoat, Mathews, who was enveloped in waterproof wraps, in addition to a greatcoat and cloak, was the only one of the party who was soaked through and through. Fearing that, on his arrival, he might be hurried, and, in order to save himself the trouble of unpacking his portmanteau in undue haste, he had taken the precaution of wrapping up the clothes he would

require for dinner in two towels. Boundless, therefore, was his disgust on unpinning his packet, which had lain at our feet protected, as we thought, alike from wind and rain by the thick leathern apron over our knees, to discover that his dress coat and kerseymere pantaloons were saturated with wet, and that the pattern of his sprigged velvet vest had been transferred to his shirt-front. When, therefore, he entered our sitting-room at the Star Hotel, and observed the table laid for dinner, the clean cloth, the neatly-folded napkins, the glittering glass, and the blazing fire, he could not help contrasting our cosy condition with his own draggled plight, and began to reflect gloomily on the length of time his clothes would take to dry, and on the several disadvantages under which he would have to make his rapid toilet; till, at last he vowed that 'Mr. Rose might go to Jericho, and all the heads of houses be drowned in the Red Sea, before he would desert us.' It was in vain that we expostulated with him on the indecency of such behaviour; in vain we depicted the cruel disappointment he would inflict on a gentleman who had paid him the compliment of asking the Vice-Chancellor and other men of University distinction to meet him. In vain we appealed to his self-interest, telling him that he would, by his rudeness, estrange his friend, and convert a patron into an enemy. The more we urged him to consider what he owed to others, the more obstinately he vowed he would not victimize himself for the sake of aquiring a reputation for good manners. Dine with us he would.

As we were enjoying, with keen relish, our salmon and cucumber, the waiter entered, and thus addressed the culprit:—'Please, Sir, here's a messenger from Mr. Rose of Lincoln, to say that his dinner is waiting for you.'—'My kind compliments to Mr. Rose of Lincoln,' was his rejoinder; 'I am sorry I cannot dine with him, as I am obliged to share the fortunes of three friends who have been nearly drowned. I dine with them. Tell him I have not a dry rag to cover my nakedness with, and that we are all four now steaming before the fire preparatory to going to bed to nurse.'

Every instant I sat in fear and trembling that we should either see the much-wronged gentleman *in propriâ personâ*, or have to receive a deputation from him, or else an angry note; but fortunately our threatening evening passed off without a storm; and as, after our meal, we drew together round the fire, and Mathews sipped his negus, and lolled back in his armchair, his spirits rose, and 'Richard was himself again.'

He had an inveterate propensity to keep late hours; and he was given to lie in bed till midday in consequence. If he were disturbed earlier, he would say he had been woke in the middle of the night. It was as good as a servant's place was worth if she called him before twelve o'clock. Knowing all this, it was greatly to the diversion of Lord F. P——, Mrs. Young, and myself, that, the morning after our arrival, one of the waiters told us there was a messenger from Mr. Rose of Lincoln waiting in the hall to see Mathews. We desired him to be shown up, and then, pointing to Mathews' bedroom, which was on the same floor with our sitting-room, and well within our view, we advised him to rap at his door and give him the note with which he was entrusted. In the spirit of mischief, and longing for a scene, we three ensconced ourselves behind our own door, impatient to witness the result. The messenger at first tapped humbly and hesitatingly. No answer. A second rap, and then a third, waxing louder each time. As the patience of the messenger was giving way, a strange figure, clad in a long nightshirt, with an extinguisher cotton nightcap on his head, and irrepressible fury in his visage, emerged from the room, and, with clenched fist, asked his visitor—'If he was weary of life?—if he desired to be ruthlessly murdered?' &c., &c. 'No, Sir,' 'Then how dare you disturb me at this unearthly hour?' (N.B. 9.30 a.m.) He then slammed the door violently to, in a state of wrath implacable, and bolted himself in. Once more the poor 'scout,' in undisguised trepidation, appealed to us for advice, as to what he should do next, adding, that his master had enjoined him strictly, on no consideration, to return without an answer. Greedy of more fun still, we insisted on his attending, above everything, to his own master's instructions; and, disregarding Mathews' bluster, again to try his fortune, and not to leave it without receiving the answer required.

With evident misgiving, he again crept up to the dreaded bedroom, and, after a free and frequent application of his knuckles to the panels of the door, finding he received no reply, he took heart, and halloed through the key-hole—'I 'umbly ax your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Rose of Lincoln says he *must* have an answer.' The hero of my tale, exasperated beyond all bounds by this persecution, once more appeared, in the same questionable attire as before, and, indifferent to the titters of the waiters and chambermaids who were flitting up and down the corridor, and unconscious that his friends were watching him, screamed out—'Confound Mr. Rose of Lincoln, and all Mr. Rose of

Lincoln's friends, and all Mr. Rose of Lincoln's messengers! Mr. Rose of Lincoln *must* have an answer, eh? Then let him get it by law. Does Mr. Rose of Lincoln think that I go to bed with a pen in my mouth, and ink in my ear, that I may be ready to answer, instantly, any note Mr. Rose of Lincoln may choose to write to me?'

I forget whether we remained at Oxford more than two nights; but, having first ascertained that he had made matters straight with Mr. Rose, we left with easy conscience. He did not return to Amport with us, but followed afterwards, in a day or two. After sleeping a night with us, he asked me if I would go with him to Salisbury on the morrow, where he was due for one night's entertainment. It was on our road across Salisbury Plain that the accident befell us which is told in Mrs. Mathews' memoirs of her husband. I never was more surprised than at reading, in the *Morning Chronicle*, two or three days afterwards, the particulars of our adventure. It seems that Mr. Hill, the original from whom John Poole took his *Paul Pry*, was sitting with Mrs. Mathews in Great Russell Street, when a letter from her husband was put into her hand. She begged permission to read it, and as, in doing so, she could not suppress a few ejaculations of surprise, he begged he might hear it. She was quite willing to gratify him, and, at his request, gave him permission to take it home and show it his wife. On that understanding he was allowed to take it; but, instead of taking it home, he took it to the printer of the paper, with which he was connected, and inserted it in its columns. As many may never have read it, I shall presume to give my own version of the accident, which is much fuller in its details than the one given in Mrs. Mathews' Life of her husband.

Before he left our house, I had promised Mathews, who could not bear being alone, to drive him to Salisbury, and keep him company while there. The distance from Amport to Andover was five miles; from Andover to Salisbury, by the road, eighteen; but across the intervening Plain, fully three miles shorter. Now, although, under the pilotage of Lord W. and Lord George P——, I had ridden that way two or three times, I had never driven it. To the rider nothing could be more delightful than the long unbroken surface of untrodden turf; though the tameness of the surrounding scenery, and the absence of landmarks to steer by, made the route rather a difficult one to find. Before starting, I had serious misgivings that the frequent intersection of deep waggon-ruts, of the existence of which I was

quite aware, might put my charioteering powers to a severe test; but the prospect of a 'short cut' was a temptation not to be withstood. For the first two or three miles we got on capitally; but afterwards we encountered such a succession of formidable inequalities in the ground, that Mathews got nervous, and my horses became excited. Out of consideration for his hip-joint, I advised him to alight, and walk a few yards till we had passed over the roughest part. This he was only too glad to do; while I, throwing the reins over the splashboard, went to the horses' heads, and, by voice and hand, endeavoured to coax them gently over the uneven ground. However, in descending a sharp dip in the ground, which was succeeded by a rise as sudden, the pole sprang up, hit me a violent blow under the chin, and sent me spinning to the ground. On recovering my footing, I saw my carriage jolting and bumping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, rendering any hope of my overtaking it, for a long time to come, an apparent impossibility. In utter dismay, I appealed to my friend for advice, but found him all but paralysed, and incapable of giving it. 'Good heavens, Julian!' he cried out, 'in that bag of mine, are, not merely all my clothes, but three hundred sovereigns in gold, the fruit of four "At Home's," and all that I have written of my autobiography. Run! Run!'

It was easy for him to say 'Run,' but not so easy for me to do so; for, owing to the extraordinary velocity with which the panic-stricken animals had darted off, and the undulation of the land over which they had passed, they were lost to sight in no time.

The foremost difficulty which suggested itself to me was how, even if I recovered my carriage and horses, I was to find my disconsolate companion again; for, in consequence of the complete circumnavigation of the hill which the runaways had probably made, I knew I should find myself, before long, in a *terra incognita*. As Mathews could not walk; I pointed to some miserable furze bushes, and told him to lie down under them, and not to stir until he saw me again. He squatted down most submissively; while, in attestation of my good faith, and, at the same time, that I might run the easier, I disencumbered myself of my great coat, flung it to him, and left it in pawn till I should return and redeem it. Away I darted, and ran and ran—till I could run no more: and I was about to fling myself on the grass to regain my wind, and rest awhile, when I beheld, in the distance, four carriage wheels in the air, and a pair of greys, de-

tached from the vehicle, standing side by side, as if in one stall, trembling in every limb, sweating from every pore, and yet making no attempt to stir. I felt re-nerved at this sight, pursued my object, went up to my truant steeds, and captured them without any show of resistance on their part. They were thoroughly blown. They had been seen by a band of gipsies, encamped hard by, to charge a precipitous embankment which separated the Plain from the high road; but unable, from exhaustion, to surmount it, they thought better of it, turned round, and, dashing down again into the valley, ran with such headlong fury against the stump of a blighted old pollard oak as to upset the phaeton, break the traces, snap the pole in twain, and scatter Mathews' precious treasures far and wide over the ground. My first anxiety was to rejoin their owner as quickly as possible; for it was then half-past three o'clock, and I knew that he had to reach Salisbury, dress, order and eat his dinner, and be on the stage by seven p.m. I went, therefore, up to the gipsies, described how the accident had occurred, told them of the dilemma in which I had left a lame gentleman a mile off, assured them that it was of the greatest importance that he should arrive in Salisbury by five o'clock, and begged them to spare somebody to lead one of the horses, while I rode the other in search of my friend.

Seeing that they had a tent pitched in sight, I told them, with a frankness that most people would have deemed imprudent, that the contents of the carpet-bag confided to their care was very precious to the proprietor, and that, if they would be kind enough to set up the carriage on its wheels, and protect my property, the instant I reached Salisbury I would return in a post-chaise with ropes to take the fractured phaeton in tow, and reward them handsomely for their trouble.

They undertook to carry out my wishes, while I, jumping on one of the horses (with all its traces and trappings, and breeching, and collar, and pad upon him), and followed by my esquire on foot with the other, galloped off to look for him who, I was certain, was for once anything but 'at home' wherever he might be.

In my feverish impatience to overtake my horses, I had forgotten to take notice of the ground I passed over; and as it was in a totally different direction from that I had been used to, it was no easy matter for me to retrace my route. However, whichever way I went, my gipsy aide-de-camp had orders to keep me well in sight. For some twenty minutes, which appeared an hour, I whooped and halloed at the top of my

voice, directing it north, south, east, and west; but neither received answer nor beheld sign of living creature. Turn which way I might, there was nothing before me but a wide expanse of dreary plain. The bray of a jackass, the bark of a watch-dog, the bleating of a stray sheep, even the quack of a duck, would have been as music in my ears. To contribute to my perplexity, the skies began to assume a leaden and lowering hue, and sleet and flakes of snow to fall. Our stipulated trysting-place, the furze-bushes, could nowhere be seen, for the projecting brow of table-land on which I was. They were at the base of the hill, and I was on the summit. As I sat bewildered, on my horse, with my esquire behind me, I fancied I saw something stirring below me which resembled the fluttering of a corn-crake's wings, though they certainly seemed unusually long and unsteady, and the wind appeared to have extraordinary power over them. I made for the object, and, as I did so, I found, to my ineffable relief, that it was no bird which I had seen, but a white silk-handkerchief tied to a stick, and doing duty as a signal of distress. As I drew nearer to it, I saw my lost companion drop on his knees, and raise his hands to heaven in token of thanksgiving. No wonder. Had I not found him, he must have passed the livelong night in utter helplessness and solitude, and perhaps have fallen a victim to hunger, cold, and mental perturbation.

When we met, I found Mathews almost speechless from agitation. He threw his arms around me, and was so extravagantly and comically demonstrative, that, in spite of all my sympathy for him, I could not refrain from laughter. I feared he would be offended with me; but was delighted to ascertain from his published letter that my ill-timed mirth was attributed to an 'hysterical affection.' As soon as I could persuade him to hearken to me, I told him there was not a moment to be lost, that we had three or four miles to go before we could reach the high-road, and that manage we must, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, to get there in time to catch 'The Light Salisbury' coach, and reach his quarters at the White Hart, by five p.m.

On my further telling him that he must get on the horse from which I had dismounted, and that I would lead it for him, he said, 'My dear fellow, I never, in the prime of life, bestrode a bare-backed horse; how then can I do so now, old and crippled as I am?' I said no more; but, making my gipsy follower stand at the horse's head, I went on all-fours by its side, and insisted on his stepping on my back, and holding by

the horse's mane, while I gradually raised myself up, so as to enable him to fling his leg over the animal. It was a weary and an anxious walk for both of us. However, as luck would have it, we had no sooner sighted the chalky road, than I saw my old acquaintance Matcham, driving 'The Light Salisbury' towards us. I gave both my horses to the gipsy to lead leisurely to Salisbury, while I mounted on the outside the coach with my sorely harassed friend. He was in a most devout frame of mind, thanking God loudly and earnestly for His merciful deliverance from a miserable death, when a Dissenting minister behind him, learning from the coachman who he was, thought it a good opportunity for 'improving the occasion,' and preached to him in such bad taste, and with such utter want of consideration for his feelings, that Mathews, humbled as he was, could not brook it, and told him his mind. 'Until you opened upon me, I never felt more piously disposed in my life; but your harsh and ill-timed diatribe, has made me feel quite wickedly. Hold your canting tongue, or you 'll find me dangerous, Mr. Mawworm!'

To finish my tale:—As soon as I had seen Mathews comfortably seated at his dinner, I called for a post-chaise, drove to the scene of action, and was rather mortified to find that the gipsy family had not touched the carriage, though I had begged them to set it up again upon its wheels. On remonstrating with them, they very civilly said, 'Why, you see, Sir, if, in moving it, anything had gone wrong with the carriage, owing to some injury you had not detected, or if anything were missing, you'd ha' been sure to suspect the poor gipsies: so, on second thoughts, we considered 'twould be better to leave it—as they leaves a dead body before a hinquest—without moving or touching anything.'

They then turned to with a will, in my presence,—put the carriage on its legs again, helped me to cord it on to the hinder part of the post-chaise, and thrust inside Mathews' carpet-bag and portmanteau, and a few articles for the night, which I had put up for myself. I sprang into the chaise, wishing to get back and relieve Mathews' mind about his goods. I drew out my purse, and was going to take out money to give the gipsies, when one of them came up to me and said, 'Are you sure, Sir, that you have got everything belonging to you?' 'Yes, yes; thank you.' The man smiled, and, by way of answer, thrust into my hand my oilskin sponge-bag, which had fallen out of my hat-box, and which I had overlooked. 'Now, my good fellows,' said I, 'what shall I give you? You deserve something hand

some, and you shall have it. Will a couple of sovereigns satisfy you?' 'No, Sir, no!' they all cried out. 'We won't have nothing. You've paid us enough! You've trusted us, gipsies as we are! You've left your property in our keeping, and never cast a suspicious glance at it, when you came back, to see if we had been tampering with it.'

I pressed them over and over again to reconsider their determination, and consider my feelings. 'Well, Sir, we will ask one favour of you. Tell your friends that, whatever your glass and crockery and brush-selling tramps may be, a *real* gipsy *can* be honest.

Mathews was so struck with the conduct of these people, and so touched by it, that at the next Theatrical Fund dinner he took occasion to allude to it. It was a few days after our adventure that I received the following letter from him, from Exeter, where he was playing.

'Exeter, November 15, 1833.

'MY VERY DEAR J. C. Y.—What have I done? Did we not part friends? Did you not promise to write to me? Do you not imagine I am anxious to hear how our adventure ended? and how you were received at home? and if I am forgiven for having allured you from your fireside? Every morning at Weymouth I craned my neck after the postman, but no tidings. There must be some reason for this most cruel and unnatural conduct; and know it I will. I shall not repeat my proposal about justice and honour as to damage. *Verbum sat.* I am still stout upon the point.

'Pray write to me at Plymouth, if not to acknowledge this, yet to say you have received a quarter of mutton and a brace of pheasants, which will be sent from hence by the subscription Exeter coach to Woodward's, Andover, where the coach arrives on Monday morning at five o'clock. It will be franked all the way.

'I am happy to say Charles is arrived safely at home, in high health and spirits, delighted with his trip; lighter in heart and pocket than he went. My pictures are all warehoused safe under the same roof (Bazaar) where they were exhibited, which is a comfort to me.

'Weymouth was a poor business; but there were excellent reasons for it. The manager had a crammed, packed, forced house on Monday, and kept my performance on Wednesday a profound secret. An amateur performance for Saturday, for

charity, was also hanging over my head. Dorchester the same receipts as Salisbury. Here 60*l.* the first night. Good box-plan for to-night.

'I have now said my say, and more than you deserve. I hope you will be sensible of my benignity.

'The mutton I have sent because they rave about it here. Some call it Oakhampton, some Dartmoor. What's in a name? Kindest regards to dear Mrs. Young and to dear Wynny; and, with a true sincere appreciation of your affectionate attentions to me in calamity, believe me, ever gratefully and sincerely yours,

'C. Mathews.'

'Eleven o'clock p.m. I've kept this open to say, I had here, second night, 61*l.* 18*s.*; and I suppose, with a presentiment that I might have some addition to my most extraordinary and adventurous life, I had to-night another miraculous escape—the second of the same nature. The drop that was taken up to discover my bed, was half raised, when the windlass broke, and the roller came down with a tremendous impetus, and must have killed me, had not the fall been broken by the top of the bed. It still struck me with such force as to stun me, and the fright made me so faint and sick that there was no expectation of my going through another act. Again have I been providentially preserved and again am I grateful to God. For what am I reserved? Oh, let me not think!'

On the first night of one of his 'At Homes,' when the theatre was packed to the very ceiling, and all his best friends and adherents were there to support him, I witnessed a singular instance of his sensibility to the opinion of others. At the end of the first part of the entertainment, Manners Sutton, the Speaker (afterwards Lord Canterbury), Theodore Hook, Gen. Phipps, and others, went behind the scenes to congratulate him, and assure him that, as far as the piece had proceeded, it was an indubitable success. He accepted their compliments rather ungraciously. All they said, to buoy him up, only seemed the more to depress him. At first they could not make him out, till he explained himself by blurting forth the truth. 'It is all very well, and very kind of you, who wish me success, to tell me the piece is going well: *I* know better. It ain't "going well," and it can't be "going well"—it must be hanging fire, or that man with the bald head, in the pit, in the front row, could not have been asleep the whole time I have been trying to amuse

him!' 'Oh,' said the Speaker, 'perhaps he is drunk.' 'No, no! he ain't; I've tried hard to "lay that flattering unction to my soul," but it won't do. I've watched the fellow, and when he opens his eyes, which he does now and then, he looks as sober as a judge, and as severe as one; and then he deliberately closes them, as if he disliked the very sight of me. I tell you, all the laughter and applause of the whole house—boxes, pit, and gallery put together—weigh not a feather with me while that "pump" remains dead to my efforts to arouse him.' The call bell rang; all his friends returned to their seats in front, and he to the stage. The second part opened with one of the rapid songs, in the composition of which James Smith, the author, excelled so much, and in the delivery of which no one ever equalled Mathews, except his son, who, in that respect, surpasses him. All the time he was singing it, as he paced from the right wing to the left, one saw his head jerking from side to side, as he moved either way, his eyes always directed to one spot, till, at the end of one of the stanzas, forgetful of the audience, and transported out of himself by the obstinate insensibility of the bald-pate, he fixed his eyes on him as if he were mesmerizing him, and, leaning over the lamps, in the very loudest key, shouted at him 'Bo!' The man, startled, woke up, and observing that the singer looked *at* him, sang *to* him, and never took his eyes off him, he became flattered by the personal notice, began to listen, and then to laugh—and laugh, at last, most heartily. From that instant, the actor's spirits rose, for he felt he had converted a stolid country bumpkin into an appreciative listener. After such a triumph, he went home, satisfied that his entertainment had been a complete success.

This excessive sensibility to public opinion is not uncommon. The late Sir William Knighton told my uncle, George Young, that if George the Fourth went to the play, which he rarely did, and heard *one* hiss, though it were drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home miserable, and would lie awake all night, thinking only of that one note of disapprobation.

Curran, again, was so notoriously susceptible to inattention or weariness on the part of his hearers, that, on more than one occasion, advocates engaged against him, perceiving his powerful invectives were damaging their client's cause, would pay some man in the court to go into a conspicuous part of it and yawn visibly and audibly. The prescription always succeeded. The eloquent spirit would droop its wing and forsake him; he would

falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

Mathews was, one day, riding down Highgate Hill from his cottage, to rehearsal, when he met a post-chariot crawling up, with my father and another gentleman in it, who happened to be the late Lord Dacre. Mathews, not knowing him by sight, or even by name, asked my father, as he saw he was going into the country, if he was going down to Cassiobury, to Lord Essex's (where, at that time, he was a constant visitor). 'No,' replied my father, 'I am on my way to "The *Hoo*."' 'Who?' asked Mathews. 'I'm going to stay a few days at Lord Dacre's,' was the answer. Mathews, imagining Young to be poking fun at him, by ennobling Bob Acres,* laughingly exclaimed, 'I have half a mind to go with you. Mind you give my kind regards to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who is sure to be staying with him.' No man could have enjoyed the mistake more than the noble lord himself.

Mathews had such an inordinate love of drollery in every form, that he would often engage very indifferent servants, if they had but originality to recommend them. I remember a gardener he had, a Lancashire man, who was a never-failing fund of amusement. I was on the lawn at the cottage at Milfield Lane one day, when I overheard the following dialogue.

'I say,' said the master, patting a huge Newfoundland by his side, 'we shall have to put a muzzle on this brute. I am having so many complaints made about him from the neighbours, that I shall have to get rid of him. He worried Mrs. ——'s dog, I hear, the other day, and frightened two little children nearly to death.'

'Well, I doan't know aboot that; but if you wants to get rid on't, I know one as 'ud like to have un; for t'other day, as I was a-going by Muster Morris' labyratoury (laboratory), Duke St. Aubon's cam louping over t' edge, and he says, says he, "Who's dog be that?" So I says, says I, "'t is master's, Muster Mathews." "Would you sell un?" says he. "No," says I; "but I dussay master would let you have a poop." "Oh, no," says he; "Doochess has poops enough of her own!"'

'How,' asked Mathews, 'did you know it to be the Duke of St. Alban's?'

* Vide Sheridan's play of *The Rivals*.

'How did I know it? How did I know it? Lor bless ye; any one might ha' knowed it was the duke. He had gotten a great gowd chain, wi lots o' thingumbobs hanging to it, round his neck, and it run all the way into his waistcoat pocket.'

At one time he had a footman, whose boundless credulity principally recommended him to his notice. A title inspired him with awe, and having seen a nobleman, now and then, at his master's table, he took it for granted that he was familiar with half the peerage. The Duke of Sussex called one day to see the picture-gallery. On announcing his Royal Highness, Mathews fully expected that he would have gone off by spontaneous combustion; for he retreated backwards, puffed out his cheeks to their fullest powers of expansion, and then poised himself on one leg, like a bird, awaiting to see the effect produced on his master by the appearance of such a visitor. Knowing his weakness, Mathews used to tell all his intimates, whenever they called, to be sure to present themselves under some assumed title. Thus Charles Kemble always announced himself as the Persian ambassador; Fawcett called himself Sir Francis Burdett; my father was the Duke of Wellington.

This habit of jocular imposition once involved Mathews in an awkward scrape. He had no idea that there existed such a title as that of 'Ranelagh.' So that when the veritable nobleman of that name called one day on horseback at the door, and sent up a message by the manservant to say that 'Lord Ranelagh would be much obliged if Mr. Mathews would step down to him, as he could not dismount,' Mathews, convinced it was one of his chums under a feigned title, sent down word to say that Lord Ranelagh must be kind enough to put up his horse in the stables, and walk up, as he could not go out of doors, having a cold, and being particularly engaged at the time with Lord Vauxhall.

Lord Ranelagh could hardly believe his ears when he received this familiar, flippant, and impertinent message. He rode off in a state of boiling indignation, and forthwith despatched a note to the offender, commenting severely on his impudence in daring to play upon his name. Of course, as soon as Mathews discovered his mistake, he wrote and explained it, and apologized for it amply.

Mathews had often told Charles Kemble of the great amusement his manservant's peculiarities afforded him, but Kemble said he had never been able to discover anything in him but crass stupidity. 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'you can't conceive what

a luxury it is to have a man under the same roof with you who will believe anything you tell him, however impossible it may be.'

One warm summer's day, when Mathews had a dinner party at Highgate, and there were present, among others, Broderip, Theodore Hook, General Phipps, Manners Sutton (then Speaker of the House of Commons), and Charles Kemble, and dessert was laid out on the lawn, Mathews, without hinting his intention, rang the bell in the dining-room, and on its being answered, told the man to follow him to the stables while he gave the coachman certain directions in his presence. The instant Mathews reached the stable door, he called out for the coachman (who he knew was not there), looked in, and, before the manservant could overtake him, started back, and, in a voice of horror, cried out, 'Good heavens! go back, go back—and tell Mr. Kemble that his horse has cut his throat!'

The simple goose, infected by his master's well-feigned panic, and never pausing to reflect on the absurdity of the thing, burst on to the lawn, and, with cheeks blanched with terror, roared out, 'Mr. Kemble, Sir, you're wanted directly.' Seeing Kemble in no hurry to move, he repeated his appeal with increased emphasis, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, come; your poor horse has cut his throat!'

From that time Kemble, the Persian ambassador, admitted fully that if his friend's servant was not funny himself, he could be the fruitful cause of fun to others.

After Mathews' death, and long after his *Life* had been published by his widow, she wrote to me to say that she was writing an article for one of the magazines; that she was sure I must recollect anecdotes of her husband, which, in the lapse of many years had escaped her memory, and she should be grateful to me if I would put on paper anything I could recollect not contained in the *Life*. I complied with her wish; and she afterwards wrote and thanked me for what I had sent her, telling me it was printed and published. But, as I have never seen the periodical which contains it, I have no scruple in repeating the substance of my contribution, as, in so doing, I am plagiarizing from no one but myself.

Whenever Mathews brought out a new 'At Home,' he was sure to receive a summons to Windsor to produce it before George the Fourth. On one such occasion, after having given imitations of Lords Thurlow, Loughborough, Mansfield, and Sheridan, he concluded with the most celebrated one of all, that

of John Philpot Curran. The felicity of his portraiture of the first four, the King readily admitted, nodding his head in recognition of their resemblance to their originals, and now and then laughing so heartily as to cause the actor to pronounce him the most intelligent auditor he had ever had. He was, therefore, the more mortified after giving his *chef-d'œuvre*, to notice the King throw himself back in his chair, and overhear him say to Lady Coningham, 'Very odd, I can't trace any resemblance to Curran at all.' He had scarcely uttered the words before he regretted it; for he perceived by the heightened complexion and depressed manner of the performer that his unfavourable stricture had been heard. As soon, therefore, as the entertainment was concluded, the King, with generous sympathy, went up to Mathews, shook him warmly by the hand, and, after presenting him with a watch, with his own portrait set in brilliants on the case, took him familiarly by the button, and thus addressed him:—'My dear Mathews, I fear you overheard a hasty remark I made to Lady Coningham. I say, advisedly, "a hasty remark," because the version you give of Curran, all those who know him best declare to be quite perfect; and I ought, in justice to you, to confess that I never saw him but once, and therefore am hardly a fair judge of the merits of your impersonation. You see, I think it very possible that, never having been in my presence before, his manner under the circumstances may have been unnaturally constrained. You will, perhaps, think it odd that I, who in my earlier days lived much and intimately with the Whigs, should never have seen him but once. Yet so it was.

'I always had had a great curiosity to know a man so *renommé* for his wit and other social qualities; and, therefore, I asked my brother Frederick, "How I could best see Curran?" He smiled and said, "Not much difficulty about it. Your Royal Highness has but to send him a summons to dinner through your Chamberlain, and the thing is done." This hint was acted on, and he came; but on the whole he was taciturn, and *mal à son aise*.'

'Oh, Sir,' replied Mathews, 'the imitation I gave you of Curran was of Curran in his forensic manner, not in his private capacity. Would your Majesty permit me to give you another imitation of him as he would appear at a dinner-table?' On receiving the King's sanction to do so, he threw himself with

such *abandon* into the mind, manner, wit, and waggery, of his original, that the King was in ecstacies.

He then went up to Mathews, and resumed his chat. 'I was about to tell you that, after my brother's suggestion, I said to him, "You shall make up the party for me; only let the ingredients mix well together." I don't think, between ourselves, that he executed his commission very well; for he asked too many men of the same profession—each more or less jealous of the other. The consequence was, that the dinner was heavy. However, after the cloth was removed, I was determined to draw out the little ugly silent man I saw at the bottom of the table; and, with that object in view, I proposed the health of "The Bar." To my unspeakable annoyance, up sprang, in reply, Councillor Ego.* He certainly made a very able speech, though one rather too redolent of self. He wound it up with some such words as these:—"In concluding, he could only say that, descended as he was from a long and illustrious line of ancestry, he felt himself additionally ennobled on the day he was admitted to the rank of Barrister." I was not going to be thwarted of my purpose; and, therefore, the next toast I proposed was "Success to the Irish Bar." Then up sprang our little sallow-faced friend, and by his wit and humour, and graceful elocution made me laugh one minute and cry the next. He annihilated Erskine by the humility of his bearing; and closed his speech, I recollect, as follows:—"The noble Lord who has just sat down, distinguished as he is by his own personal merits, has told you, Sir, that, though ennobled by his birth, he feels additionally so by his profession. Judge then, Sir, what must be my pride in a profession which has raised me, the son of a peasant, to the table of my Prince."'

I am now about to tell a story, in which Mathews plays but a very subordinate part; and yet he is sufficiently connected with it to warrant my introducing it in this place.

In the lovely village of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, there is a charming cottage *ornée*, originally designed and built by a Mr. Surman, a solicitor, by him conveyed to the late Mr. Cartwright, the dentist; and by him again sold to Captain Swinburne.

The original owner of this property was a man gifted with an artistic eye. His taste was indisputable—not limited to any

* Viz., Lord Erskine, a brilliant advocate in the Law Courts, but a dead failure in the House of Commons.

particular school, but catholic and comprehensive in its range. The cottage was a museum of curiosities, containing pictures of all dates and styles; Bric a brac; china of all kinds—Chelsea, Dresden, Sevres, Crackling, &c.; point lace; virtu; stained glass, and old Dutch plate. I have stayed there, in Mr. Cartwright's time, two or three times, for several days, and can bear testimony to the refined taste and lavish cost visible at every turn, 'from garret to basement.' Was it desirable to have a grand piano from Broadwood's, or a harp from Erard's? They were made of the choicest old oak carved after Albert Durer's designs. Were chandeliers wanted to light the room? They must be made of antique Venetian glass. Were salt-cellars needed for the table? Four beautiful ones of unusual magnitude were procured, representing the four seasons, each a *capo d'opera* of Benvenuto Cellini. Were toilet-covers essential for the bedroom dressing-tables? They were of the finest and oldest point lace, *de France* and *de Genoa*. All the appointments throughout the establishment, the cookery, the upholstery, the wines, everything, in short, were first-class. Unfortunately, the means at the proprietor's command, though not insignificant, were not such as to justify such expenditure. The grounds could not be kept up with fewer than five gardeners. The consequence of all this reckless folly was, that the proprietor's principal was deeply dipped into. Possessed, as Mr. Surman was, of great knowledge of the world, everybody acquainted with him was surprised to think how, after indulging in such extravagant habits, he could anticipate anything but ruin. The explanation of the case, however, was simple. His family consisted of an only son and a ward, a young lady who, when she came of age, would be mistress of several thousands a year. The father had always lived so happily with the son, and the ward had always displayed such deference to her guardian, that he never doubted his power to bring about a union between them. That consummation, however devoutly to be wished, was not destined to be accomplished; for, on the father's broaching the subject to his son, he discovered, when it was too late, that his affections were pre-engaged, and his troth had been already pledged. The father felt the intelligence as the direst blow that could have been inflicted on him. The cherished projects of a selfish life would be blighted, if the son remained firm of purpose; for the father had intended to give up the house and all control of it to him and his ward, if they had married, trusting that,

if, with the surplus of his capital, he purchased an annuity, and paid a third of the household expenses, there would be no obstacle to his living with them.

When he found that his son had a stronger will of his own than he supposed, he became angry, and raved and stormed and threatened, until a reaction took place, and he resolved to trust to time and the influence of affection to bring about the first desire of his heart. He tried a compromise. He entreated his son, at least, to promise not to marry the young lady to whom he was affianced until after the lapse of a year. To this he consented.

I have heard—and I heard it from the late Mr. Vernon,* who was likely to have known the truth—that during the interim the most importunate appeals were made to induce the young man to break off his engagement. But he was too honourable, and his affections were too deeply compromised to do anything of the sort. It was about this period, I fancy near Midsummer, 1831, that meeting Mathews, his wife and son, Surman invited them to go and stay with him, hoping, possibly, to neutralize his own dejection by their lively society. As it was Mathews' vacation he was only too glad of the opportunity afforded him of breathing sea air, and enjoying the tranquillity of the country. On the first evening of their arrival, they were happy to find that there was no party staying in the house. They enjoyed themselves so much, and were in such mad spirits, that it was with reluctance that they retired to their rooms for the night. As Charles who was the first to go, was about to jump into bed, Surman entered his room and said, 'My dear boy, I have come to tell you that my presence is required in London to-morrow. Your father is so touchy, that if I were to tell him, he would leave the house at once. I must therefore trust to your friendliness to explain matters to both your parents, and to assure them that nothing short of absolute duty should tear me away from them. I have given full instructions to my butler and housekeeper to provide for your comfort in my absence; and I trust it will not be more than four-and-twenty hours before I am back again.'

Charles executed his delicate mission with tact, and reconciled his father and mother as best he could to their anomalous

* The Mr. Vernon, who left his splendid collection of pictures to the nation, was the intimate friend and confidant of Cartwright.

position, assuring them that their absent host would return the next day to perform the rites of hospitality in person.

The next day came, and, another followed; but they brought no Mr. Surman with them: so that the whole party, in high dudgeon at their treatment, took wing and fled to their friends Mr. and Mrs. Vine, at Puckaster Cove, a lovely spot some four miles distant from Bonchurch. They had hardly arrived there, when Mr. Surman returned, and finding his guests gone, started instantly on their track, and with hearty apologies for his rudeness, and repeated assurances that nothing but matters of sternest importance would have detained him, conjured them, unless they wished him to forfeit his good name for ever, to come back. Reluctantly, and rather in compliance with the generous suggestion of the Vines, than from any wish of their own, they at last consented. A certain awkward sense of embarrassment weighed on the spirits of all; but by degrees it wore off under the combined effects of generous wine, good cooking, and the geniality of their entertainer; so that it was late before they went upstairs. At the very moment when young Mathews was about to put out his candle, Surman again entered his room and said, with an air of profound chagrin, 'My dear friend, I am half mad with shame and vexation! It would seem as if the Fates were in league against me; and had conspired to prevent our enjoying ourselves together. I was so absorbed with the matters which took me to London in the first instance; and, in the second, so put out at finding you gone when I returned, that I had quite forgotten, until I was reminded by my housekeeper, that I had promised to give away, to-morrow, one of my maids, who is to be married. It happens, our clergyman is from home, so I shall be obliged to ride fourteen or fifteen miles, *i.e.* to Newport, to obtain the services of a substitute; and if I am to do this and be back in time for the marriage, before twelve, I must be off in the morning, on horseback, by four o'clock. Do, then, intercede for me with your father and mother, and tell them to expect me back to lunch.' Those were the last words he ever uttered to any one on the premises. He went, never returned; and has never been heard of since. Unless he had a boat moored at the foot of his grounds, in which, under cover of night, he escaped, I cannot guess, nor have I ever seen any one who could, how he could have got away from the island without being discovered; for no man in it was better known. The first suspicion which arose in the minds of those who knew him

best was, that having become entangled in pecuniary straits, and being soured by his son's contemplated marriage to the utter *bouleversement* of all his own plans, he had destroyed himself: but that impression was soon discarded, in consequence of information mysteriously enough conveyed by Surman himself to Mr. Cartwright in his own handwriting.

We all of us know, by painful experience, the picture presented by a fashionable dentist's room. Melancholy and miserable visitors rocking in their chairs; some trying to assume an aspect of indifference to their pending doom; others, horribly healthy people, whispering hollow words of consolation to their suffering friends; others, with wild eyes, and faces flushed and swelled, and muffled, nervously watching the door each time the hard impassive butler opens it, hoping, yet fearing, that the summons is for them; the table in the centre of the dining-room invariably strewed with magazines of remote antiquity, or stale literature of a scientific order, delusively intended as anodynes for the excited nerves of fevered patients. Well, on a certain evening, when the last act of the day's performances was over in the Burlington theatre, and when the scene-shifter, in other words the butler, was about to spread the cloth for the manager's dinner, he observed a large brown-paper parcel lying on a chair directed to that gentleman. How it got there, he was at a loss to divine. The only plausible conjecture he could form was, that some one, accompanying a patient, had brought it under his cloak and deposited it on the chair before leaving the inquisition for the torture-room. As soon as the parcel was taken to Mr. Cartwright, he opened it, and found it contained many parchment documents and a letter from Surman addressed to himself. That letter reminded him that the writer owed him 8,000*l.* (it had been lent to him on mortgage), and told him that, in consequence of the utter frustration of his hopes, and the annihilation of projects he had been maturing for years, he had resolved to leave kith, kin, and country for ever; but, that, to be able to do so, he meant to appropriate the 8000*l.* (which, with the relics of his crippled capital, would suffice his wants), and, in compensation for the money taken, give up to Cartwright the house and grounds at Bonchurch, with all the plate, wine, and furniture it contained.

Of course, had he put up his property to auction, it would have realized four or five times the amount of the mortgage, inasmuch as he had laid out upon it 45,000*l.* But it is pre-

sumed that he could not bear the publicity of an auction, his object being to get away without his son's knowledge, or the notice of the world.

To say nothing of the cruel injustice inflicted on his son, the giving up property of such value in lieu of a sum comparatively so insignificant, might appear to have been a signal stroke of good fortune for Mr. Cartwright, but it was not found to be so; for it was a possession yielding no return, and involving great outlay. Indeed, the expense of keeping it up was so formidable, that Cartwright had not had it many months before he was anxious to dispose of it.

I have stated that no one had ever heard of the missing man since his departure. I must correct myself, and say, that nothing *certain* has been heard of him to this hour; though I am disposed to believe that, if a searching investigation had been instituted thirty years ago, some clue to his hiding-place might have been discovered: and I ground this remark on the following fact. When I was residing in Wiltshire, Richard Reynolds, a son of Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, and a brother of the author of *Miserrimus*, came to visit me after two or three years' travel through South America, Egypt, and elsewhere. Among many other startling occurrences which he told me, he mentioned having met at Cairo, at the dinner-table of a wealthy Greek merchant, a man who was a perfect enigma to him—so out of harmony with his costume and conduct were his looks and deportment. He was supposed to be an Oriental; yet his face was of the Anglo-Saxon type, and his conversation more vivacious than usual with those of Eastern origin. On the other hand, his head was shaved, he wore a turban, was habited in flowing muslin trowsers and yellow morocco slippers, and spoke Arabic with the fluency of a native. The circumstances which provoked Reynolds' suspicions were these. Whenever he (Reynolds) spoke English to a fellow countryman who sat near him, this ambiguous gentlemen would prick up his ears, thrust forward his head, and unconsciously show by the play of his face, that he understood every word that was spoken. Reynolds, however, was not long left in doubt on that head, for, after dinner, when every one else was engrossed with pipes and coffee, the object of his curiosity crossed over from the other side of the room, planted himself by his side, and, without introduction, entered into conversation with him. When he saw him approaching, he concluded

that he would address him in the language of the country; but, to his astonishment, he began his conversation in English as idiomatic as his own. He asked Reynolds about the London theatres, and talked with keen interest of 'Kitty Stephens,' Charles Kemble, and Mathews. Now, it is a singular coincidence that Surman was known to have been madly in love with the fair songstress, intimate with Charles Kemble and Mathews, and solicitor to one of the two great theatres. I enquired of my friend if he did not challenge him with being an Englishman: he said he did; but that he told him at once, 'it was no business of his what he was.' No one else would enlighten him: all he could learn about him was, that he had been in Cairo some years, followed no calling, and went by the name of '*Sir*man Bey.' When I heard the name, I told Reynolds the Bonchurch story, and he immediately fell in with my idea, that *Sir*man Bey must be Mr. *Sur*man whose disappearance from the Isle of Wight had excited so much speculation in the minds of all who knew him.

But, to return to my Mathewsiana.

Mathews was once on a visit in Shropshire to Mr. Ormsby Gore. On the first morning after his arrival, when at breakfast, his entertainer expressed his regret at having to leave him to his own devices till dinner-time, as the assizes had begun, and he was summoned on the grand jury. 'If,' he added, 'you like to beat the home-covers, my gamekeeper and the dogs shall attend you; or, if you prefer it, as you are not much of a walker, you can accompany the ladies in their afternoon's drive.' 'Oh,' replied Mathews, 'if you wish to afford me a real treat, you will allow me to accompany you to Shrewsbury; for there is no place I am so fond of attending as a court of justice; and no place which affords a richer field for the study of character.' Mr. Gore declared he should be delighted to have his company, and would take care he should get well placed in the court, and have, moreover, a chair to sit down on. Mathews declined these considerate offers, saying that he much preferred mixing with the crowd, listening to their talk, jotting down in his commonplace book anything he might see or overhear worth remembering, and watching the faces of the criminals and witnesses. When he had mingled for some time with the herd of idlers directly or indirectly interested in the proceedings of the court, he elbowed his way into the very centre of

the hall, just as the judge was taking his seat. He had not been there two minutes before the judge was seen making courteous signs to some one in the thick of the crowd—beckoning to him to come up, and occupy the vacant seat by his side. Mathews, though he perceived that the judge's eye looked, and his finger pointed, in his direction, felt assured that the summons could not be meant for him, as he had not the honour of knowing the great functionary; therefore he looked behind him, to notify to any more probable person he might see that he was signalled to. The Judge (the excellent James Allan Parke), hopeless of making himself understood, scribbled on a small piece of paper these words, 'Judge Parke hopes Mr. Mathews will come and sit by him.' He then folded it up, put it into the notch of the long rod of one of the ushers, and ordered it to be delivered to its address. On opening it, Mathews told me he felt himself blush like a maiden at the compliment thus unexpectedly paid him. That he, a poor player, should be singled out for such distinction by one of the judges of the land, and one known to be of strict piety and blameless life, gave him more intense gratification than the notice of his sovereign. It was evident that he had been recognized under the most flattering conditions, not as Mathews the comedian, but as Mathews the *man*, and that, too, by an eminent legal dignitary who probably had never entered the walls of a theatre. Threading his way through an obsequious multitude, who were duly impressed with his importance by the notice taken of him, and then, passing through a chamber full of country squires and neighbouring magnates, he mounted the judgment-seat, and humbly, yet proudly, took the place awarded to him. The Judge shook him cordially by the hand, as if he had been an old friend, put a list of the cases for trial before him, directed his special attention to one which, he said, would prove of painful and pathetic interest, and completed his civilities by placing a packet of sandwiches at his side. After the business of the day had terminated, Mathews, on his drive home, dilated at length on his enjoyment of his day, and grew wanton in commendation of the urbanity and condescension of Parke. Before dressing for dinner, he wrote to his wife an enthusiastic description of the honours conferred on him, telling her henceforth to mark the day in her almanack with a red letter.

Two or three years after this memorable visit to Shropshire, he went into Monmouthshire, to stay with his friend Mr. Rolls.

While he and his host were over their wine and walnuts, the latter, looking up to the ceiling, and trying to recall some incident which had escaped his memory, said, as if speaking to himself, 'Who was it? Who on earth was it that was here some time ago, and was talking of you? I cannot think who it could have been. Oh, yes; I remember now. It was Judge Parke. Did not you and he meet somewhere or other?' 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'I am proud to say we did! What a fascinating person he is. I think I never saw a man of such sterling benevolence and such captivating manners.' By this time Mr. Rolls had recalled the circumstances that had slipped his recollection: so that, when Mathews began to indulge in a glowing eulogium on Parke, he could not repress a smile. This his thin-skinned guest was not slow to perceive; and his withers began to wince. 'Pray,' said he, 'did the good Judge say anything about me, then, eh?' 'Well,' returned Rolls, 'if you will not be offended, I will tell you the truth. When he was here, he said to me, "I think, Rolls, you are a friend of Mathews the actor—a man, I hear, with a dreadful propensity for taking people off. Conceive, then, my consternation, two years ago, at Shrewsbury, on seeing him directly in front of me, evidently with the intention of studying me, and showing me up! Well; what do you think I did? Knowing that I should not be able to attend to my notes while the fellow was there, I sent a civil message to him, and invited him to come and sit by me: and thus, I trust, propitiated him, so that he will *now* have too much good feeling, I should think, ever to introduce me into his gallery of Legal Portraits."'

CHAPTER IX.

During the autumn and winter of 1833, I was curate of Amport, in Hants—the period of the great agrarian disturbances, when 'Swing' was lording it over half England—when hardly a day went by without the houses of country gentlemen being either attacked or threatened, and scarcely a night without the perpetration of some deed of violence, darkness itself being turned into day by the light of blazing ricks of grain. It was

very satisfactory, at that anxious time, to see how readily menace and lawlessness succumbed to firmness and authority.

I can illustrate this fact by three instances which occurred in our immediate neighbourhood.

1st. One morning some seventy or eighty people presented themselves at the gates of the Marquis of Winchester, threatening to demolish Amport House, unless they were promptly and liberally relieved. Lord William Paulet, one of Lord Winchester's sons, quietly walked down to the gates, which were luckily locked, presented an old-fashioned horse-pistol at the crowd, and threatened to blow out the brains of the first intruder. They retreated *en masse* without a word.

Again—

2nd. Lady Pollen was alone in her house at Redenham, Sir John being out shooting. Her ponies were at the door, when, as she was in the act of stepping into her phaeton, the same riotous crew, who had made so cowardly a retreat from Amport appeared in front of the house, demanding alms and arms. Lady Pollen, at that time, had not heard of the occurrences at her friend's house; and, without manifesting the slightest fear, said to the mob, as she took the reins from her groom's hand—'Oh, you are come to pay us a visit now, are you? Well, you may be sure you are not welcome. I am now going to drive into Andover, where the magistrates are sitting, and I shall desire them to send the military after you as quickly as possible.' She whipped her high-mettled ponies and drove off; and, on turning her head shortly afterwards to see how matters were going, beheld every one scampering off as fast as he could.

3rd. Another really formidable body of rick-burners and machine-breakers appeared, about the same time, at Fifield, the old family residence of two elderly maiden ladies of the name of Penruddock. The walls of their hall, I fancy, were decorated with suits of antique armour, weapons, &c., &c., the surrender of which, together with money and drink, was violently insisted on by their unexpected visitors. The ladies possessed both courage and tact. The more violently the mob urged their demands, the more firmly they resisted them; until, at last, when the scoundrels seemed about to proceed to extremities, and they saw one man especially, of hideous and revolting aspect, inciting his companions to violence, Miss Betty, with a tact worthy of Talleyrand himself, went up to him, and thus addressed him:—'*You too*, of all the people in the world! I am not

surprised at these poor misguided creatures. They follow where they are led. But that such a good-looking man as you, with your intelligence, could condescend to incite them to deeds of violence, and attack two defenceless women, does astound me! *You* are the very man I should have looked up to for protection! But I am mistaken in you. You are not the man I took you for! Never again will I trust to good looks!' Such an unusual compliment was irresistible; there was no standing up against it. His chivalry was pricked, and, doffing his billy-cock hat, he said to her, 'Come, old lady, we ain't so bad as all that! Only give us some beer. We would not harm a hair of your head!' 'No; I know that,' was her good-humoured retort. 'You could not; for I wear a wig!' This good-humoured sally set the dissentious rogues a-roaring with laughter, and turned the tide in her favour. They left her and her sister, for Tottenham,* without another word.

The success of this well-timed joke, and well-turned flattery, reminds me of a similar instance of address which had a still happier result, and which was displayed during the French Revolution in the year 1789. It was told me by the late Mr. Masquerier the artist, who was in the Louvre when the head of the Princess Lamballe, on a pike, was thrust in at the window of the room in which he was painting.

In one of the lowest and worst districts of Paris, where barricades innumerable had been erected and destroyed, re-erected and re-destroyed, and where a heterogeneous rabble of both sexes were rioting in the most revolting and brutal excesses, La Fayette appeared, and ordered a young artillery officer to prime and load two formidable cannon, which were drawn up at the head of a particular street. Before the word to 'fire' was given, the young man rode up to the General, who, he knew, was reluctant to have recourse to extreme measures, and requested leave to say a few conciliatory words to the mob, and see if he could not persuade them to withdraw. The General told him it was hopeless to appeal to their reason. 'No, Sir,' said the wise man, 'it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal.' 'Well, be quick about it; and take all consequences on your own shoulders.'

Riding up in the very front of the scum of the population,

* The Marquis of Ailesbury's.

doffing his cocked hat with as much deference as if he were addressing himself to the cream of the *noblesse*, he said, while pointing to the guns—'Les gens comme il faut auront la bonté de se retirer; car, j'ai ordres tirer sur *la canaille*.' None could brook the idea of being classed indiscriminately with *la canaille;* all wished to be considered *gens comme il faut*. The consequence was, as the young man had anticipated, the street was cleared in no time.

1834. July 20. This day I received a letter telling me that the Lord Chancellor (Brougham) through Mrs. Meynell's kind intercession, had offered me the living of Baston, near Market Deeping, in Lincolnshire. Before accepting, I must go and look at it: for Lincolnshire is one of the last counties I affect. However, beggars must not be choosers; and as it is my first, and may be my last, chance of preferment, I will not be dainty.

1834. July 22. Here I am at Baston. The country from Peterborough is ugly enough: but this village itself is prepossessing. It consists not exactly of a street, but of a long wide road, bordered on each side with goodly farmhouses and neat cottages, the church and its yard standing prettily in the centre. Suspecting the salubrity of the district (for the village is situate on the very selvage of the Fens), I betook myself to the tombstones to see what tale they would tell. At first I was impressed by the records of longevity I read, till I bethought me that it did not follow that, because the soil suited the indigenous, it should also suit the exotic. I wish I were not so much the slave of my eye; but I cannot help it: such country as that I have galloped over to-day towards Spalding, does not prepossess me. Ugh! a dead, Dutch-like flat, enlivened only by Cuyp-like groups of cattle, and broken by constantly-recurring dams and dykes, with here and there a stunted pollard, or a lanky poplar. I could not help thinking of Mariana in the *Moated Grange*.

> 'Hard by, a poplar shook alway,
> All silver green with gnarled bark;
> *For leagues no other tree did mark*
> *The level waste*, the rounding grey.'

I fear my delicate wife's life here will be 'dreary' and 'aweary' too. After all, it is the work to be done that I ought to think of; and it is better to be here, among ditches encrusted with green duckweed, than in the densely-populated black country,

with its smoke and blasts and furnaces. The labourers seem well-conditioned and well-spoken, and the farmers most obliging. Well, in spite of fogs and fens, ducks and geese, ague and rheumatism, I shall accept, and thankfully, what has been offered me.

1834. July 23. Called on the squire, a colonel of militia, living in a rambling sort of a house without any pretension to architectural symmetry, but with a good large dining and drawing, and plenty of bed, rooms. I was received with blunt but kindly courtesy, and offers of hospitality; but I could not stay to dine, though pressed to do so.

1834. August 14. Before going to Baston, to settle, I ran up to London for the purpose of buying a good harness horse. Attracted, the very day of my arrival, by a promising advertisement, I went the next morning to the address given, which was at a respectable mews between Tottenham Court Road and Bedford Square.* On asking to be shown the horse, I was introduced into a four-stall stable by a groom, who pointed it out to me, and asked me to wait a few minutes while he ran round the corner for the owner. I was glad to be left alone, as it afforded me the opportunity of seeing the horse in its natural condition; going up to him and trying his wind; turning him round in his stall, and looking at his eyes; and examining his legs deliberately. He had not a splint, or windgall, or spavin, or blemish of any kind about him. In appearance he looked a hundred guinea horse. He was about 15 hands 3 in.—bright bay, with black points—shoulder lying well back—head like a deer's—light in the jowl—deep in the brisket—well ribbed home—short in the canon joint—legs as fine as a foal's—good middle-piece—and good open feet and deep heels. I felt, like most young men, confident in my own judgment: so that, as soon as the proprietor of the animal appeared, I said to him, 'Don't say a word about the horse! I have looked him over; and all I want to see now is, how he moves. Put him into a trap of some kind, and let me try his paces.' In five minutes I was driving down the New Road, and then in Hyde Park. I never sat behind a freer or truer-actioned horse. I was enchanted with it. On returning to the mews, I asked the price; and thought there must be something amiss with the animal when I was only asked 60*l.* for it. I thought I ought to try nevertheless, to get it for

* Chenies Mews, Francis Street.

less; and, after the usual chaffering, wrote him out a cheque for 52*l.* 10*s.* I told Mr. Tom Corby, the apparent owner and actual vendor of the horse, that, as I lived in the country, and should not be able to take him down with me till the morrow, I would send my father's groom for him in half an hour's time.

I jumped into a cab, and sent off the man for him, giving him the address with great precision. In half an hour he came back with a puzzled look, and said, 'You've given me the wrong address, Sir. There ain't no horse in that 'ere stable as you sent me to, and no man of the name of Corby either.' I instantly repaired, with the groom, to the stables from which I had bought the horse. The two or three loiterers whom I saw in the yard declared they knew nothing about the horse, and pretended they had never heard of Corby. I went in quest of a policeman; and giving him minute instructions, told him to search for the scoundrel and bring him to me at my father's house. In the meanwhile, I drove to Richard Tattersall's, who at once asked me the name of the offender. The instant I told him, he burst out laughing, saying, at the same time, 'My dear Sir, you've been chaunted by the cleverest fellow at that game I know. Admiral Fleming was done in the same fashion by another equally-gifted rascal but yesterday.'

I went home thoroughly chap-fallen. The next day the policeman came to me with the culprit, whom he had found in a public-house not many yards from the spot where I had first seen him. In my life, I never saw anything like the consummate assurance of the man. On asking him where my horse was, he smiled, picked his teeth with a straw, and, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, replied, 'Where is he? why, where he is, at this moment, I can't exactly say; but, if I'm not mistaken, he was sold three hours after you paid for him, down in Hertfordshire, to a Mr.—Mr.—I think his name was GREEN—yours, I believe, is YOUNG; and I expect, by the day after to-morrow, he'll be sold down again in Yorkshire, where they knows a good horse when they sees him, for a spanking sum. Why, *you* only paid fifty guineas for him. The Hertfordshire swell gave 70*l.* for him; and I should not wonder if he fetches 100*l.* in the north.' Aghast at his unblushing effrontery, I broke out into irrepressible indignation, and told him a few hours should see him in prison. 'Lor, Sir, that's bearing malice and hatred in your heart! and you are a parson! That can't

be right! If you send me to prison, you'll do me a deal of harm, and do yourself no good. And I'll tell you why: I'm what rude people call a man of straw! Now, that 'oss was not mine, at all; but I got a fiver from a friend to pretend as it was! He was a pretty 'oss, wasn't he? As sound as a roach too! I should not think the real owner, first and last, could have made less than 500*l.* by him. Now, I calls that better pay than breeding for the turf, any day. Don't you?' Seeing I could make no impression on him, I went to a Mr. Raimondi, a lawyer, in Great Portland Street, with whose help he was brought before one of the metropolitan courts (I forget which), and sentenced to prison for, I forget how long.

After waiting some weeks in vain, for redress, I went up to town again, to consult my lawyer. On enquiring whether I was likely to recover any part of my money, and hearing from him 'not a farthing,' I asked him for his account. It was, I think, 27*l.* 10*s.* This, added to my purchase money (52*l.* 10*s.*), made me the loser of 80*l.* This was experience; but it was dearly bought.

For three or four years, I never went up to town, during the season, without meeting the man who swindled me, always smartly dressed, and generally riding on a clever hack. Whenever he caught sight of me, he would ride up coolly to the curbstone by my side, touch his hat *à la* Wellington, and thus address me:—'How do? How do? Quite well?' Then, answering himself as if I had answered him—'Glad to hear it. That's right. Have not forgot your old friend Tom, I see. Bye-bye!'

1834. August 16. I cannot resign the curacy of Amport for three months, or take possession of my living before that time has expired.

October 9. Dined and slept at Conholt, to meet Sir Henry Fane and Wadham Wyndham. This place was left to Mr. Pierrepont by his uncle, Sir William Meadows. Tom Assheton Smith gave me the following impromptu by Sir William Meadows on Lord Cornwallis having been voted a plum, after the conquest of Seringapatam, while *he* only was made free of the city by the Grocers' Company:—

> 'From Leadenhall the *reasons* (raisins) come
> Why Grocers made me free;
> To you, my Lord, they vote a *plum*,
> But say *a fig* for me.'

1834. October 20. Dined with Lord and Lady Winchester, Richard Pollens, Dukes, and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy. Lord W. told me that, years ago, he was at a party at Lady Hertford's, at Manchester House, when a lady of high *ton* entered the room in the latest fashion from Paris, the gown being rather high in front, and extraordinarily low at the back, so as to expose the blade bones. Jekyll, who was there, and saw it, and was standing next to the noble marquis, at once delivered himself of this impromptu :—

'Les Élégantes, who used to bare
Their snowy bosoms to the air,
A new device have hit on :
For now they wear their gowns so low,
'Tis thought they soon intend to show
The very parts they sit on.'

1834. October 23. Dined at Red Rice with Mr. and Mrs. Tunno : a smart party there. They have a German butler, who goes the round of the table, offering the guests, not one or other of *two* wines, but *five !* The effect produced on the ear by his mode of offering a choice is something tremendous. He carries a bottle in each hand, being followed by a servant in livery with a silver tray, on which are three others, and he runs the gamut on the wines—each wine being announced in a higher key. The last is delivered with the suddenness and noise of a pistol-shot, thus—'Sherry, Champagne, MADEIRA, WHITE HERMITAGE, *HOCK !*'

This reminded me of Charles Mathews, junr., having once told me that he went into an eating-house to have lunch, and found the orders given by the visitors on the first floor were conveyed below to the kitchen through a tube. A gentleman came in and ordered a basin of ox-tail soup ; two others mock-turtle ; three more asked for pea-soup ; and one bouilli. The waiter, too busy to give the orders for each separately, gave them all together, with great rapidity, in this concentrated form, at the mouth of the tube :—'One ox—two mocks—three peas—and a bully !'

1834. October 31. Dined and slept at Sir Alexander Malet's, at Wilbury. We committed a ludicrous error. On driving up to the door we thought there was a strange want of promptitude in answering our servant's ring ; and when the bell was answered, only half the door was opened to us. We got

out, told the servant to take our things to our rooms, and entered the library; and, to our surprise, found Sir Alexander at length on the sofa, reading, and in his shooting-jacket. Afraid we were late, we expressed our joy to find he had not yet gone to dress. 'No,' said he, smiling; 'you are in plenty of time. In fact, you are rather before the time. I may say you are a week before the time.' We had mistaken the date. Of course we apologized, and ordered our carriage round again; but to our dismay it had gone back. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Lady Malet and Sir Alexander. It ended in our sleeping there, and enjoying ourselves infinitely more than if there had been a party.

1834. November 30. We have now been five weeks at Baston. There is no parsonage fit for one of the inferior clergy; only a hovel which a labourer inhabits, and pays three pounds a year for: so that build I must. In the mean time we shall have to rent a very lowly dwelling for more than twelve months, besides being indebted to the squire of the place for a roof over our heads for two or three weeks to come. By-the-bye I had not been four-and-twenty hours in his house before I discovered that his father and my grandfather had been intimate friends. From the moment he found this out, he seemed to take as much interest in me and mine as if we had been blood-relations.

I really must put on paper my recollections of him; for, great as is the love I bear his memory, his originality was too striking to be passed over.

In disposition no husbandman on his estate could be more unpretending. In the heart of his family no man could be more beloved. His chief infirmity was an utter inability to say 'no.'

> 'His nature was so far from doing harm
> That he suspected none.'

And yet it was a right manly nature, too, though compounded with a woman's tenderness. As a landlord he was generous and forbearing to the very acme of indiscretion. In his dealings with his fellow man he was always at a disadvantage; for he was as ignorant of the world and its ways as if he had been 'raised' in the prairies of the far West. He was formed to be loved, and doomed to be imposed upon.

His features were handsome; but too sharply cut, and defi-

cient in pliancy. His voice was an inharmonious treble, approximating to a squeak; and his pronunciation of some letters, such as *g*, was provincial. There was a bluffness in his first address which might seem to smack of harshness, until that impression was effaced by his smile, which was so radiant of benevolence, that the effect on his countenance was like the bursting forth of sunshine on a gloomy landscape.

I hardly know how to do justice to his figure and proportions. Beyond all doubt, they had a decided leaning to rotundity: but he was so sturdily constructed, and so hardy, that in the coldest winter's weather he would wear the self-same garments he had worn in summer. Mystery was stamped on every article he wore. He had an entire suit of brown holland, in itself mysterious; for it never could have been made for him: and the only conjecture I can hazard about it is, that it must have been fashioned by some village Starveling for an insolvent customer, and that, on the plea of charity, it had been palmed off upon the too-confiding squire. The gallant colonel's waistband was the equator to the globe of his body. Whether the latitude of his coat, which fell several degrees short of his circumference, was originally too small for him, or that the said circumference developed after it was bought, was a mystery. Whether his legs had expanded with his years, or that the longitude of his trowsers had shrunk from their proper proportions by reason of reiterated washings, remains an insoluble problem. But whichever speculation were the true one, the ugly fact remained, that they reached no lower than the calf of his leg. The most bewildering item of all, however, connected with his apparel, was a piece of pendent lay-cord, evidently not intended for the public gaze, but which, somehow or other, fretted its way after dinner from out the region of fine linen, which, at that period of the day, always became visible, and lay between the confines of his waistband and trowsers.

Granted that this stray string was an unconscious revelation, still, what purpose could it have served? I might have asked; but, if I had, it would have covered the possessor with confusion: and the chances were that he would instantly have taken measures to secrete the article; and its presence, so far from being offensive in my eyes, was an essential article of his costume, which I could ill dispense with. Alas! the dear old gentleman is gone, and his secret is gone with him.

> 'Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
> Can touch him further.'

I have told of his outward—would I could delineate his inner—man. His character was perfectly understood by the dullest hind in the village. Every one at heart was fond of him, and yet, in another sense, no one cared a brass farthing for him. I have seen him under the influence of hot anger, and when, too, it has been most justly roused; but I never saw it produce any effect on the objects of his wrath, save a shrug of the shoulders, or a bit of by-play in token of humorous indifference. I have heard him, when provoked beyond endurance by audacious liberties taken with his property, threaten the offenders with the severest penalties of the law; but so little did they heed the interdict imposed against their ever setting foot on his premises again, that they were sure to be seen next morning retreating from his back-door laden with good things from his larder. No one who had not witnessed, as I have, the liberties taken with him day by day, indoors and out, would credit the extent of them.

When I was staying with him, a woman, often employed as charwoman when the house was full, took to herself a partner, and set up housekeeping on her own account. In the course of her work at the squire's she had observed, with marked approbation, certain red damask curtains in a room rarely used, save when all the family were at home, and every one was needed. These she appropriated without the slightest compunction of conscience. The colonel shortly after happening to look in upon her, thought her curtains were the very counterpart of his, but never dreamed of her having taken them from his house, till, on his return home, he found them gone. He was furious, swore 'it beat everythink in the world,' and threatened her with the tread-mill; but next day, on reflecting that her need of them was greater than his, he gave them to her, and forgave her the theft.

A man who had, by thrift and industry, laid by enough to purchase seven or eight acres of land, found his gates in very dilapidated case. That was an evil easily redressed. The colonel had lately had some new ones put up in some of his fields; so, as many of them as were wanted were lifted off their hinges and made use of in place of the defective ones of his neighbour.

Three or four members of a large family, in which there had been considerable sickness, had been prescribed milk diet. What was the inevitable consequence? why, that one Sunday evening, on the colonel's returning from church, he was met by

one of his farm-servants, with the startling intelligence that, during the service, 'some 'un or other had milked three of his cows dry.' After this monstrous outrage, I told him that he must, for once, make an example of the offenders, or else that the morals of the whole village would be depraved by his laxity. He promised me he would: but next morning he came to me and said, 'I don't very well see how I can be hard with those poor wretches. You see, they were ordered milk for three or four of the family: they would not beg—they could not buy—and so, I suppose, they were driven to steal.'

It was the same story over again indoors. The dear old man had once, I believe, a gentlemanlike estate; but, what with the demands of a large family, boundless hospitality, and over-indulgence to the poor around him, Castle Rackrent was a joke to T—— House. All the doings there were thoroughly Irish, unsystematic, reckless. There were horses for the young men, a carriage for his clever light-hearted daughter, who would soon have reformed the whole establishment if he would have let her: and a table that, from nine a.m. till bed-time, seemed always to have a cloth spread upon it, and plates and knives and forks laid out for chance-comers. Then, let me not forget to say, that, in a stone-flagged chamber, close to the dining-room, was a huge barrel of strong beer on tressels, with a spigot in it, which was never allowed to remain at rest. If, however, there were any place in the dwelling in which there was a display of something like rule, and a regard for economy, it was in 'this well-beloved and consecrated spot;' for outside the door was pasted a bit of paper, on which, in conspicuous characters, was written this emphatic mandate:—'Shut the door after you: and mind you turn the tap home—*quite*—before leaving.' In spite of the perspicuity of this injunction, there was a never-ceasing drip, drip, dripping, which told that there was no place in which the master's orders were less regarded.

I witnessed once a scene which it requires an accomplished mimic to describe. The eldest son was in the army, a handsome, gentlemanlike young man, who had seen more of the world in twelve months than his father had done in his lifetime; and who, from the superior association into which he had been thrown, had imbibed a fastidiousness of taste not easy to satisfy in his paternal home. He was on a visit to his father, when we were staying with him. He had brought with him, as his groom

and body-servant, a smart, well-set-up soldier out of his regiment, who bore the exhilarating name of 'Hope.' One day the colonel, who was always contriving us treats and surprises, asked me 'if I were fond of punch?' 'I hardly know whether I have ever tasted it,' said I. 'I should think Mrs. Young *must* like it,' said mine host. 'I doubt if she has ever tasted anything of the kind, except punch *à la Romaine*,' I replied. He nodded his head, which was as full of implication as Lord Burleigh's in *The Critic*. I ought to say that, from my having moved about, and from his having been a stay-at-home, he felt very shy of doing, or allowing anybody belonging to him to do, anything before me which might argue solecism in taste. For instance, on the very day I am alluding to, as I was buried in a book, about an hour before the dinner time, I could not help raising my head with a look of amazement on hearing his footman whistling loudly while laying the cloth. I confess I had heard the man indulge in this graceful pastime every day; and so, no doubt, had his master; but we had never been together in the same room at such times. So that, when he looked askance at me, and saw the expression of my face, feeling himself responsible for such an infraction of the laws of *bienséance*, he sprang off his chair at a bound, and halloed over the bannisters—'I say, you Sir; don't do that. There's nothink in the world more dreadful than whistlink when you're laying a cloth.'

In due time the dinner was announced. The colonel handed down my wife, and his daughter and I brought up the rear. During the progress of the meal, Mrs. Young could not conceive what was the matter with her host; for he was evidently preoccupied about something. What that something was she soon discovered; for, just before the cloth was removed, and the decanters were set upon the table, an enormous jug was placed before the colonel. This he eyed with great complacency. He looked at me, then at my wife, and poured out a glass for her, declaring, as he did so, that he had always been celebrated for his 'brew.' He then poured out another for his eldest daughter; but in pouring out a third for me he manifested some dissatisfaction at the sluggish, dribbling reluctance with which the fluid seemed to come forth. He put down the jug, took off the lid, looked into it, and as he did so, sprang up, with a face inflamed with anger, almost shrieking out, 'Why, this beats anythink in the world! Why, I made this jug full, and it

is nearly empty, though I have only poured out two glasses! Well, I never!'

Not knowing what to think, and ever slow to suspect any one, he appealed to his firstborn. 'I say, George, do you know anythink about this punch?'

The young man, 'jealous of honour,' and 'sudden and quick in quarrel,' fancied, most mistakenly, that the question addressed to him conveyed an insinuation that he was concerned in the abstraction of the punch. So he retorted violently—'What, Sir! Do you mean to imply that I drank it?'

'Oh dear no, my dear George, of course not. I only wanted to know if *you* suspected anybody; for *I* don't know whom to suspect? I'm sure none of *our* servants would have taken such a liberty.'

'Ah, I see whom you suspect! You suspect my man Hope.' Then, regardless of his father's denial, and striding to the bell, and ringing it violently, he shouted to the man who appeared at the door—'Send up Hope, Sir.'

'Yes, Sir.'

Enter Hope, as rigid and upright as if he had just swallowed a poker.

G. D. (*loq.*). 'Hope, do you know anything of the punch, Sir?'

Hope. 'No, Sir.'

Col. D. 'Oh, Sir.'

G. D. 'Go, Sir!'

The son, turning to his father with an air of triumph at such incontestable evidence of his man's innocence, asked him if he were satisfied.

'Oh dear, yes, George.'

If the master was satisfied, it was well; and if Hope had drunk the punch that was missing, the *man* must have been satisfied too. I suspected Hope of having told not 'a flattering tale,' but a fib.

1834. December 3. To-day I made acquaintance with one of my parishioners, a half-witted creature, Bob Bonner by name, who, I see, is the village butt, on whom all the scapegraces of the village play off their tricks. I find they have been in the habit of giving him farthings, on the condition of his swallowing them! He has bolted so many, that his stomach must be a perfect copper-mine. I have told the young varlets that, if anything should happen to the subject of their practical jokes,

they will be held answerable for the consequences; and I have told *him*, as an inducement to be more prudent, that he runs the risk of being waylaid, and cut open, like the golden goose, for the sake of the treasure hid within him.

1834—1835.

During our brief sojourn of ten months in Lincolnshire, we were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Dr. John Willis, a distinguished member of that family whom Madame D'Arblay, in her *Memoirs* (Journal of January 25, 1789), designates as 'the incomparable Willises;' and who, from his connexion with George the Third, may be said to have attained to the dignity of an historical character.

His residence, which was only two or three miles from Baston, was, in fact, a private asylum for lunatics of rank and wealth; though so carefully were his unhappy patients excluded from observation, that his guests were never pained by their obtrusion. The Doctor himself was a most amiable, genial and gentlemanlike neighbour: entertaining liberally, yet without ostentation. Although there was nothing in the internal arrangement of his house, or in the appointment of his table, to suggest the wealth he really possessed, the scale on which he maintained his stabling was equal to that of many of our chief sporting nobility. I was told that, what with hunters up, and in condition, hunters at grass and not in condition, brood mares, colts, fillies, hacks in boxes, and carriage horses in stall, he had not fewer than ninety horses. When we knew him he must have been upwards of eighty; and yet he was as upright as a dart, and his step was as elastic as that of many a man of half his years. His features were good; his teeth, which were his own, were regular; his complexion was as pure as a baby's; and so robust in constitution was he, that he would hunt three or four times a week; and, in the event of a good run, often tire out a second horse. On moonlight nights, when going to dress and dine at Burleigh, he used often to send forward his valet with his 'things' in a chaise-and-four, preferring to ride there on horseback, and return in the same manner home, attended by a groom. Unless I have been misinformed, on the very day before his death he shot two or three brace of snipes in the morning, and danced at the Lincoln ball at night. Uniformly bland in society, and as a rule averse from detraction, there was one person of whom I have heard him speak with something like

bitterness; and that was William Pitt. He declared that he had not kept faith with him; for that, when he had evinced great reluctance to take charge of George the Third's person, he promised him, if he would consent, a baronetcy and a pension of 1500*l.* a year; neither of which he ever obtained. Whether Pitt had repented, or forgotten his promise, he would not say; but he confessed that he was too proud and independent to condescend to jog his memory.

Dr. John Willis's store of Court anecdotes was inexhaustible, and he poured them forth in such rapid sequence that one story was apt to thrust another out of the memory of his hearer, or cause him to jumble two or three together in inextricable confusion. But there was a particular one which retains its hold on my memory, and which ought not to be lost. Properly to understand it, the dates of the King's several seizures should be recalled; and, to this end, I have gleaned them as well as I can from authentic sources, and tabulated them for reference.

1788, October 12. George III. was subjected to medical treatment. His medical advisers were Sir George Baker, Sir Lucas Pepys, Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden.
Nov. First seized with symptoms of *insanity*.
Nov. 28. Dr. Addington called in.
Dec. 4. Dr. Willis and his son Dr. John sent for from Lincoln.
1789, Feb. King considered *convalescent*.
March 15. King pronounced *well*.
April 23. King returns thanks at St. Paul's for recovery.
1800, Jan. 22. King opened Parliament in person.
1801, May. Dr. Willis and Dr. John *again* with the King.
June 28. King's recovery declared, once more, complete.
1803, June. King slightly ill again.
1804, May. King's illness returns. Pitt in office.
1810, Oct. 9. King ill, but Dr. J. Willis not called in.
Nov. 2. King declared ill again.
1811, Oct. Sir H. Halford called in. Percival in office.
1811 (month I don't know). Dr. J. Willis had given up all hopes of amendment, and discontinued his visits to Windsor. Shortly after, it was proposed to call in Drs. J. Willis and Symons; but the Queen objected, having promised the king never to employ Dr. John Willis again.

1811, Nov. Dr. John Willis consented to stay with the King, after a fearful scene had taken place with the Queen, her doctors, and Council. The Regent now pledged himself to support Catholic Emancipation.

I conceive that it was to this period Dr. John alluded when he told me the following story:—

'When I first was summoned to attend George III., I gave great offence to the Queen by my method of treating his malady. As death makes no distinction in his visits between the poor man's hut and the prince's palace, so insanity is equally impartial in her dealings with her subjects. For that reason, I made no distinction in my treatment of persons submitted to my charge. When, therefore, my gracious sovereign became violent, I felt it my duty to subject him to the same system of restraint as I should have adopted with one of his own gardeners at Kew: in plain words, I put a strait waistcoat on him; and never, never used it without palpable benefit to the sufferer. The strait waistcoat was the offence to her pride which the Queen never could, and never did, overcome. On that account, I was turned off, and not in the civillest manner. I remained long under the ban of royalty, for having had recourse to an instrumentality which, under Providence, had helped to restore the sufferer to his reason and his country.

'One foggy day in November, 1811, I almost ran against the Chancellor in Piccadilly. He eagerly stopped, and thus addressed me: "Willis, you are the very man, of all others, I wish to see. You'll be sorry to hear the poor King is going wrong again. He has been having too many interviews with his ministers, and taking too long rides. He has gone out several times at eleven a.m. and not come home till four p.m. One day, between breakfast and dinner, he actually rode from Windsor to London and back—more than forty miles—and when he reached the Castle, though he evinced little fatigue, he betrayed immense excitement. The consequence is, he is relapsing into his old ways; and our only chance of warding off the worst is by timely precaution. For Heaven's sake, then, go down, without a moment's delay, and take possession of his person. I authorize you to do so, as Chancellor." I firmly, but respectfully, declined; assigning as my reason, that I had long ago incurred the Queen's displeasure; and that I owed it to my self-respect never again to expose myself to a repetition of the indignity

which had been put upon me. "John," said he, "listen to reason. I take the responsibility of everything on my own shoulders. It is quite on the cards that, in consigning my master to your care, I may incense Her Majesty against myself; but you do not suppose that I care one brass farthing for her displeasure while I have my own conscience to support me, and know that I am acting as I think best for the patient, the royal family, and the people. You ought to feel every whit as indifferent to anything that may be said of you when you are acting in a spirit of loyal submission to constituted authority. Take possession, then, I repeat, of the royal person; and scruple not to use the same remedies with the King which you would think it right to apply to any one else." Finding me proof against all his arguments, he walked away with an air of mortification, saying, as he went, "Ah, well; I see I must send some one else to you, whose words will have more weight with you than mine." I had not the slightest conception what he meant or to whom he alluded; and I was not in the mood to ask him. But the next morning it was made clear enough; for, as I was in the act of sitting down to my coffee and rolls in Bolton Street, I heard a carriage draw up at my door, and in a second or two the servant entered my room, ushering in no less a personage than the Prince Regent. If I had seen a ghost I could not have been more surprised or confused; for the last place in which we had met had been on the staircase at Windsor Castle, on which occasion he was graciously pleased to cut me dead. My embarrassment was in no way diminished by his walking up to me with a smiling countenance, and asking me to give him some breakfast. The servant had no sooner withdrawn, to make the requisite preparations for the meal, than His Royal Highness, putting his hand, almost affectionately, on my knee, thus addressed me:—"Old friend and faithful servant, I have risen early from my bed, and made haste to see you, that I may have the satisfaction of saying to you—Peccavi! I find I have done you injustice, and I want to make you amends. For some time you have found me cold and distant in my deportment towards you. I have been so intentionally,—but mistakenly. The truth is, I have long felt very angry with you; and I will tell you why. The last time the King was under your surveillance, I was one day passing through the corridors that led to his room, when I was completely staggered by seeing a large board affixed to one of the side walls, with

these words printed on it in large characters—'*No one* to pass this way without permission from John Willis, M.D.' I am free to admit, I regarded this as an unauthorized act on your part, and therefore as one of unwarrantable presumption. Knowing the objection the Queen had to my seeing my father, I fancied there must be some understanding between Her Majesty and yourself as to my exclusion from his apartment, although I know the Queen is not particularly fond of you. The Chancellor, however, has explained everything to me. He assures me that the notice which offended me was never intended to apply to me or my brothers, but as a means of warning off the pages and servants, and, I may even add, the equerries, from too close proximity to the King's apartments, as they had not only been heard to talk freely, and too near to the door of the room in which he chiefly was, but had been actually discovered listening there. I acknowledge now that I formed my opinions too hastily; and having said thus much, I trust for the future we are to be friends."

'Touched by his condescension I knelt down, kissed his hand, and attempted, though in broken accents, to falter forth my gratitude for his kindness, when we were interrupted by the untimely entrance of the servant with the breakfast.

'During the despatch of the meal, the Prince was playful and jocose, distilling political gossip and fashionable scandal in equal proportions from his lips. As soon, however, as the breakfast equipage had been removed, he desired me to draw my chair near to him, the better to disclose the real object of his visit. "John, the Chancellor has told you how uneasy we are about my father again. I am persuaded that, if we wish he should be spared, he must forthwith be placed under strict medical supervision. And I need not assure you, there is no one to whom we could so confidently entrust such a serious responsibility as to yourself. Yet, I hear, you ride rusty, and refuse to do your duty as a loyal subject. Is it so?" I then repeated my objections, and my reasons for them, almost in the very words which I had used with the Lord Chancellor. He interrupted me by saying, "Never mind the Queen. She is neither regnant nor Regent. Once for all, John, I ask you, as an old friend, to do ME a personal favour." Observing that I delayed giving any answer, he put his finger waggishly to the side of his nose, adding, "And if, Sir, you are hard-hearted enough to refuse me, as a friend—nay, as a suppliant—why then, as your Prince, I command you, on your allegiance, to obey me."

'I was not proof against an appeal so flatteringly put, and from such a quarter. In two hours' time I was posting to Windsor as quickly as four horses could take me. As I entered the Castle, some of the old servants, who knew me, looked surprised, but welcomed me; others shook their heads as I passed, and whispered to each other. I marched on without any attendance, and without interruption from any one, till I reached the foot of the grand staircase. As I was preparing to mount it, with the intention of seeking the King's room, my ear recognised his well-known voice humming a favourite air. As his step drew nearer, the singing was succeeded by whistling; and, in another second, forth he came upon the landing-place in his three-cornered hat, and in his Windsor uniform—blue coat, scarlet cuffs and collars, with his star on his breast, buff chamois leather waistcoat, leathern breeches, top-boots; with his whip in his hand, switching his legs as he advanced. His face, which, when he first appeared, was radiant with happiness and freedom from care, became livid, as soon as his eye fell upon me; his lip quivered; his eyes were suffused with tears; he gasped and glared at me like a noble stag at bay; he reeled, convulsively flung off his hat, dashed his whip to the ground, and, in accents of anguish, shrieked out, "John Willis again! Oh, gracious God! I see it all!"—and then fell heavily to the ground. I ran up to the landing-place whereon he lay, and applied some ammonia to his nostrils and temples. As he began to rally, he began to abuse me, calling me his enemy, &c., &c. I leaned over him and entreated him to believe that he had not, in his dominions, a more attached and devoted servant than myself. I assured him that those were his real enemies who tried to make him think that I was not. After a scene too distressing to recall now without distress, I induced him to rise, and, leaning on my arm, he repaired to his apartment. In five minutes he became, from nervous prostration, as weak as a baby. He sat down and wept bitterly, exclaiming, in heart-rending accents, "Oh, John! John! What can I do without doing wrong? They forget my coronation oath; but I don't! Oh, my oath! my oath! my oath!"'

Frequently, on subsequent occasions, he reverted with such exquisite and poignant pain to his coronation oath, that Dr. Willis told me he attributed his relapse entirely to Pitt's persistent but conscientious pressure on him on the Roman Catholic claims.

1834. At dinner to-day, at Mr. ——'s, much talk of Talma. This reminds me that Talma had told my father that, after the siege of Toulon, Napoleon the First wrote to ask him for the loan of a few crowns. He lent him all the ready money he had; and this readiness to help was never forgotten. On one occasion he sent for him into his dressing-room, and said to him the moment he entered, 'Mon cher, they tell me you are much in debt. Never mind! Send in your bills to me; I will pay them. Think no more of them, but give your mind to your art.'

1835. June. I was dining with a friend in Grosvenor Street, when the subject of spectra, ghosts, and second-sight, came on the *tapis*. I told one story which I had been told by my friend Mr. J. C——, which ran thus:—He was returning with a university chum to his college at Oxford, at the end of the Christmas vacation, on the outside of the latest coach from London. The snow, at the time, lay so deep on the surface of the ground, that the wheels of carriages and carts moved through it as noiselessly as if they had been muffled. The moon rode high in the heavens, and shone so brightly, that all the objects around were as distinctly visible as if it had been midday. Mr. C—— considered himself fortunate in having secured the box-seat for himself; and yet, although he shared the benefit of the coachman's leathern apron, and had on a greatcoat and cloak, a worsted comforter round his neck, and a flask of brandy in his side-pocket, he was half-starved with cold before he reached his journey's end. As my friend sat, with his chin drooping over his chest, his hat pulled tightly over his rime-covered brows, his eyes blinking like an owl's from the combined effect of an east wind, which was blowing penknives and razors, and half-frozen snow-flakes, he was roused up from an almost irresistible inclination to fall asleep by a disagreeable consciousness of the coachman's paying more attention to the guard behind than to the horses in front. Suddenly, at a critical spot, where four roads met, he begged the coachman to mind what he was about, or else expect to be reported. The fear of risk to life and limb caused him to open his eyes and keep watch over the driver. Just as he was again about to remonstrate with him, on seeing him once more about to relapse and crack jokes with the guard, a warning note on the bugle was given by the guard to a man walking in the middle of the road, who evidently did not hear the approach of the coach, and who was dressed in a

white smockfrock, ill suited to such inclement weather, and carrying a stick over his right shoulder, with a small pack hanging from it. Mr. C—— had hardly caught sight of the man ere he saw one of the splinter bars, on the near side, strike his hip with such force as to knock him down. There had been a premonitory shout from one or two of the 'outsides;' but the roaring of the wind, which they were facing, deadened the sound, and it came too late. In a second, every one on the top of the coach, as well as those inside, distinctly felt the coach lurch and heave over some object in the middle of the highway. The 'insides,' who had not seen the man, concluded that they had been driven over a heap of roadside mud-scrapings, which had been hardened by the action of the frost; but those who had witnessed the lamentable catastrophe from the top of the coach were confident that it was the body of a human being—and that human being the pedlar—over which they had been driven. The coachman pulled up instantaneously: all the outside passengers jumped down from their seats to render help. The first among them was the guard, who took one of the lamps out of the socket—moonlight though it was—the better to discern the extent of the mischief done. The next to alight was my friend Mr. C——, who, when he told me the story, confessed he felt a revulsion at the thought of the crushed, mangled, blood-besprinkled body he should behold; but he had hardly set his foot to the snow-clad earth, when he heard the guard almost yell out, 'Good heavens! there's no one hurt! there's no one to be seen!' And sure enough, after the closest search, there was neither trace of human body, nor the slightest sign of any material object of any kind which could account for the heaving of the coach. On the travellers resuming their seats and proceeding on their journey, an indefinable shudder crept over them; for they could neither resist the evidence of their senses, nor yet explain the supernatural phenomenon. The 'insides,' at first, tried hard to laugh away the impression on the minds of the 'outsides;' but gradually the disposition to ridicule gave way to silence, silence to reflection, and reflection to a reverential sense of awe.

In this mood they arrived at Wheatley, the last stage in the old coaching days, for changing horses before entering Oxford. There they found four fresh animals waiting for them, with their coats staring in spite of the rugs on their loins; and ostlers at their heads stamping with their feet, and beating their crossed

arms against their ribs, and execrating the coachman for keeping them out in the cold. 'What on earth has been the matter, Old Snail? We knows the roads run heavy; but we knows that they don't run no heavier for you than for others. There is not one of the down coaches that have been so behind time as you have.'

The injured coachman did not deign reply; but the guard, who, not having been censured, could afford to be communicative, told them the cause of their being so late. When they had heard what he had to tell, the ostler and the helper were seen to exchange looks of deep meaning, and to display a strong disposition to say something in their turn; but the air was too biting, and the passengers too importunate in their demands on Jehu to 'make haste,' to admit of such an unseasonable interruption. However, it transpired, the next day, that while the horsekeepers had been waiting for the coach, and calculating the probabilities of an accident they held together the following dialogue:—

Head ostler (*loq.*). 'I say, Bill, whatever can be the matter? 'Tis a owdacious sight beyond the time, to be sure. I've known the roads run a deal heavier than this, without such an unkimmon delay. Can't make it out.'

Under ostler. 'More can't I. 'Tis not as though 'twere market-day, or Christmas Eve. Then, what wi' turkeys and geese, and sausingers, and schoolboys, one could ha' understood it.—I say, what's the day of the month? It ain't nothing partickler, be it?'

Head ostler. 'Oh, for the matter o' that, 'tis the 16th of Janivary.—By-the-bye, Bill, your axing me the day of the month has put summut into my noddle. Though it ain't market-day, nor a holiday, yet it was this very day twelvemonth, and (looking at his watch) about half-an-hour earlier than it is now, that that there pedlar chap, who carried his wallet at his back, was murdered where the four cross-roads meet.'

There are two gentlemen now alive who were present and on the coach when this almost incredible adventure took place. One of those gentlemen is my authority for the story.

CHAPTER X.

AUGUST 12, 1835. Yesterday I was dining out in Brunswick Square, when, in the course of an argument on the subject of physical development, it was asserted that the English, as a race, were physically deteriorating. There were many present who indignantly refuted the statement by citing cases, within their own knowledge, of supreme beauty, such as William Locke, Horace Pitt, the Seymours, &c., &c. This reminds me that, some years ago, when a mere youth, I was taken by some friends to Egham races. The day, I recollect, was oppressively hot. After the first heat, I stood up in the carriage for the purpose of stretching my cramped legs and of inhaling a little fresh air. While I was in the act of doing so, I noticed, at a distance, a group of aristocratic young men eagerly engaged in conversation about the chances of the next race.

I got out of the carriage and walked towards them, especially attracted by the air of one who towered above the rest of his companions. There was something so peculiar in his dress as to stamp him, when surveyed from a distance, as a consummate fop, and nothing else. But, when I got near him, I entirely changed my mind, and thought that, if ever coxcombry were justifiable, it was assuredly in his person. He had on a white felt hat (quite a novelty in those days), and was dressed in a complete suit of nankeen—nankeen frock, nankeen vest, nankeen pantaloons, and nankeen gaiters, drawn smoothly over very thin shoes. His coat was buttoned up, so that one saw his whole figure, and such a one I never beheld before or since. It was as faultless as any sculptured divinity of the antique: and his face was almost as perfect. He might have stood as model for the Apollo. There must be many alive who will not think I have indulged in the language of exaggeration, when I mention that my hero was the late William Locke, of Norbury Park, brother to the present Lady Wellscourt, whose beauty also, the theme of admiration, has been transferred to the canvas by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

September 1836. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, the parson poet, is our neighbour. It was to the reading of his sonnets, when a youth, that Coleridge attributed his earliest poetic inspiration. He resides at the pretty village of Bremhill, which is within an easy walk both of Calne and of Bowood.

He is a clever, well-read, humorous, single-hearted, but eccentric person—morally as brave as a lion, physically as timid as a hare. In time past it was a matter of equal indifference to him whether he had to measure swords with Lord Byron, the merits of Pope the battle-field; or to wrestle with deans and chapters, church patronage the bone of contention. But to confront a situation involving the slightest personal risk was beyond his powers of nerve. For instance, he never entered my doors without first sending his footman forward on a reconnoitring expedition, to ascertain that there was no stray dog or cat prowling about for his special discomfiture.

One day, Lord Lansdowne, hearing that Bowles was going to Bath to attend a particular meeting, at which he himself meant to be present, offered him a seat in his barouche. Always happy in his lordship's company, he gladly accepted the accommodation: but as the carriage drove up, and he entered it, he was observed to become ghastly pale. He had seen that there were four horses to the carriage. He had hardly seated himself when one of them shied. He instantly exhibited the liveliest disquietude, first looked out of one window, then out of the other, and never spoke a word until they reached Chippenham, when, calling out to the postillions to stop, he burst open the carriage-door, and insisted on being let out. It was in vain Lord Lansdowne attempted to reassure him. Out he got, and followed in a one-horse fly, having first bribed the coachman to drive at a snail's pace.

On another occasion, I had an opportunity of witnessing a ludicrous display of his infirmity. Bowood was full of guests, and Moore, Rogers, and Milman being among the number, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles were invited to meet them. Bowles was no sooner dressed, than, on entering the drawing-room, he walked up to Lady Lansdowne, and made some complaint or other to her, which caused her at once to leave the room. He forthwith followed her. In a few minutes they both returned. As Lady Lansdowne passed me, she said, 'Bless the dear man, there is no pleasing him.' I did not know to what she alluded, until Bowles came up with a face of blank dismay, and asked me if I were going to sleep there. On my telling him that I was not, he exclaimed, 'I wish I were going home too. I shan't sleep a wink here. I was shown into a bedroom to dress in, in which I was intended to pass the night; but it was on the ground-floor, where there was nothing whatever to prevent thieves from getting in and cutting my throat! I have remon-

strated with Lady Lansdowne, and by way of rendering me easier in my mind, she has transferred me to a room so high, that, in case of fire, I shall be burnt to a cinder before I can be rescued!'

He was so cowed by the prospect of the imaginary perils of the coming night, that his usual flow of conversation was reduced to the lowest ebb, and he hardly ate a mouthful. It had been understood from the first between Lady Lansdowne and Mrs. Bowles, that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, she should return to Bromhill at night, and leave her husband to the enjoyment of his bachelor's bed and the congenial society of his friends. His nervous apprehensions, however, got the better of his social propensities; and, as the ladies were leaving the dining-room, he whispered to his wife, 'I won't stay. Go home with you I must, and will.' An hour or two after, as the carriage was coming round for Mrs. Bowles, from the stable-yard, heavy sulphurous clouds darkened the sky, a terrific thunder-clap, succeeded by a blinding flash of forked lightning, shook the nerves of the ladies, and at once determined the terror-stricken husband again to change his mind. He told his wife that, as she was not afraid of the angry elements and he was, she had better start at once, and leave him to his fate. This she did; and, after giving infinite trouble to his noble host and hostess by his childish fears and vacillation of purpose, it was at last arranged that he should sleep in a room adjoining Rogers', with the door between the rooms left open, so that he might have the protection of his more valiant brother poet.

He was once invited by the late excellent Dr. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells, to stay at Banwell. As usual, the first thing he did, when he went to his room to dress for dinner, was to inspect his quarters, and see if he could detect any assailable point from which danger might be apprehended. He crept about warily, looked to the fastenings of the windows, tested the working of the door-locks, peeped into the closets, and then into a small adjoining dressing-room, in which there was a tent-bed, unmade. From that fact, and the absence of washstand, towel-horse, &c., &c., he concluded it was to be unoccupied. Out of this dressing-room (if I remember rightly what I was told by one of the Bishop's sons) there was a door of outlet on to a back stair. The idea of sleeping alone in a room so exposed to nocturnal assault on two sides so appalled the poor poet, that, when a maidservant brought him up his hot water,

he took her by the hand, and told her that, if she would consent to occupy the vacant bed in the adjoining room, he would give her a sovereign. Conceiving that he meant to insult her, she bounced out of the room, and told the Bishop that he must get some one else to wait on the nasty old clergyman who had just come, as he had made improper advances to her. The Bishop insisted on knowing what he had said: and on hearing his *ipsissima verba*, told her that she had quite misconceived him, for all that he wanted was the protection of some one within ready call. 'I wish,' he added, 'that you and the under-housemaid would oblige me by taking up your quarters together in the room next to my timid friend.' You can place the bed against the door; and, as it opens in on your side, you will be safe from any intrusion on his part, if you are silly enough to fear it; and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that if he should be taken ill in the night he will have some one near him.' It so happened that the Bishop forgot to tell his guest of the considerate arrangement he had made for him; so that, on retiring at night to his chamber, still believing the dressing-room to be empty, he locked, not only the door by which he entered his own room, but that of the smaller room. In the middle of the night he fancied he heard footsteps in the direction of the back stairs. It then occurred to him that he had neglected to lock the outer door of the little room, which communicated with them. He jumped out of bed to rectify his oversight, and unlocked the door which communicated with the dressing-room. On trying to push it open, he felt a powerful resisting body opposed to him (viz., the maids' bed), and as he pushed he distinctly heard whisperings. This at once confirmed him in his conviction that there were thieves in the house. He ran back to the other door, bawling out 'Murder! Thieves!' with such stentorian energy, that the Bishop and all his family were roused out of their beds, though not frightened (for the Laws are all remarkably fearless); and it was long before their guest could be reconciled to his position, and induced to go again to bed. I should think it must have been long before he was invited again to Banwell.

These instances of his constitutional timidity are not more diverting than others which display his remarkable absence of mind.

My wife, Tom Moore, and I, and two or three others, were dining with him one day. He was holding forth on the wit of certain epilogues—Garrick's among the number; and telling

us of having heard Mrs. Siddons once deliver the prologue to a play which had been got up in behalf of the volunteers, in which there occurred these two absurd lines,

> 'The volunteers, rewarded by no pay,
> Except their feelings on some future day,'

when his servant presented to him my plate for some hare. At first he did not heed the man's presence, until, becoming dimly conscious of some one hanging over him, he turned round, and angrily asked him why he kept standing there. 'I'm waiting, Sir, for some hare for Mr. Young.' 'I have helped Mr. Young to some hare already.' 'No, please, Sir, you have not: you've only helped him to gravy.' Which was the fact.

Dessert ended, and coffee introduced, we adjourned to the drawing-room, where Moore's singing kept us in a state of enchantment until the hour for breaking up. Our carriage had been ordered at ten p.m.; but it did not come round till a quarter past. During the interval between Moore's departure and ours, Bowles, who was longing to get to bed, came up to us, and said, 'Your carriage is very late: I can't make it out;' and then, walking up and down, and muttering to himself, we heard him say, 'Niceish people; but why did not they order their coachman to be more punctual? It's a horrid bore. Never mind; it will be a good long time before we have to ask them again.'

He went once to dine and sleep at the Rev. William Money's, at Whetham. Mrs. Bowles' toilet being soon made she was in the drawing-room as soon as Mrs. Money herself; but Mr. Bowles, not having come down when the dinner-bell rang, his wife requested they would not wait for him, but go at once in to dinner. Soup and fish had been served, when a servant tapped at the door with a message, desiring Mrs. Bowles to step up to her husband, as she was wanted. On going to him she found him in a state of boiling indignation, with no trowsers on, with one leg in a black silk stocking, and the other bare. 'Here, Madam,' he cried out, 'that idiot of a maid of yours has put me up only one silk stocking for my two legs: the consequence is, I can't go downstairs to dinner, or have any dinner at all, unless some is sent up to me here.' 'Oh, my dear,' said his amiable wife, 'you need not stand on much ceremony with such old friends as the Moneys. Put on again the stockings which you have taken off, and come down in them. I will explain matters to the company.' He took the hint, and was in the act

of peeling off the black silk stocking, when he discovered that he had put two on the same leg.

I do not ask any of my readers to give credence to the following additional illustration of his absence of mind, though there are many in his old neighbourhood who believe it implicitly; and the man who told it me, the late Rev. Anthony Austin, Rector of Compton Bassett, insisted on it as a fact.

A little distance out of Calne, on the road to Derry Hill, there used to be, and may be still, for aught I know to the contrary, a turnpike. One very hot day in summer, Bowles, astride of his favourite old pony, with the reins dropped on its neck, was seen by three or four stone-breakers by the roadside, absorbed in the perusal of a book. Although the rider and his pony thoroughly understood each other, each ministering to the other's infirmities, yet on this occasion, the former finding himself inconvenienced by the occasional stumbling of his veteran ally, and frequently interrupted by his meanderings to the roadside to graze, dismounted, tied him to a gate, walked on a few yards, seated himself on a verdant bank, and surrendered himself at discretion to the captivating influence of his book.

When he had half digested the chapter he had been devouring, he arose, ruminated further on it, argued it out aloud with himself, opened the book again where he had left off, and, forgetting the pony altogether, sauntered leisurely up the hill, reading as he went, till he arrived at the turnpike-gate. On reaching this familiar spot, which he had been in the daily habit of passing through for years, with his eyes still riveted on his volume, he shouted out, with a lusty voice, 'Gate,' —then inserted his hand into his breeches pocket, took from it the toll, which he had already paid in going to Calne, and offered it to the gatekeeper. 'What is this for, Sir?' said he. 'Why, for my pony, you goose,' was the answer. 'But you have no pony Sir; and if you had, you paid me already in the morning.' On hearing the man say he had no pony, Bowles cast down his eyes as if he had expected to see it between his legs; then became strangely confused, and only through the suggestion of the man, was enabled to remember where he had left the animal.

I am bound in justice to admit, that I remember the subject of this story being twitted with it in a large company, and positively denying that there was a word of truth in it. But it is only fair to add, *per contra*, that the turnpike-keeper and

the stone-breakers adhered stoutly to their assertions; and the general impression was, that their evidence was more to be relied on than that of one so exceptionally oblivious and dreamy as the hero of the tale himself.

One more anecdote of Bowles, and I have done with him.

When very old, and when his mental faculties were painfully on the wane, he was seated in his armchair at the window, in his prebendal house at Salisbury, when he perceived an unusual crowd of people of all sorts, tag, rag, and bobtail, hurrying with eager steps in one direction.

He enquired of his attendant the cause of all this ferment, and was told it was the first day of the great assizes. On hearing this, he hung his head and betrayed symptoms of profound depression. Presently, with an abruptness that might have startled men of less sensibility, the loud blast of a trumpet was heard, 'Good heavens!' he cried out, 'what is that?' His servant informed him that 'the Judges were come.' He had no sooner heard this, than he fell to the ground, crying out in accents of piteous alarm, 'Guilty! Guilty!' Then turning his silvery head to the person nearest him, he said, 'If my doom is sealed, and I am to go to prison, I implore you not to allow that solemn coxcomb F—— to attend me.' N.B. A clergyman against whom he had conceived an unaccountable antipathy.

1836. Tom Moore, I see, is, very partial to Bowles, in spite, perhaps, in consequence of, his waywardness and eccentricity. He is gentle and playful with him: indeed, he pets him.

I must say Moore's tone, in conservation, is perfect. It appears to me to be as well-bred as if he had been born in the circle in which he moves, and in which he is treated by the highest as their peer. He is not devoid of self-complacency—it would be odd if he were—but it is not an offensive self-complacency: it is innocent and innocuous. He knows his gifts; and if he did not, all the fine ladies of London have done their best to enlighten him on that point. But he has a kind and feeling heart. Some men who have been 'muched' as he has, have not been improved by it. The poison of asps is under their lips; their tongues are stings; their language is gall and wormwood. But though Moore loves praise (who does not?), he would rather *award* praise to his fellow man than blame. I do not think he would willingly calumniate or even disparage: if he could not speak well of a man he would abstain from speaking ill of him. On the other hand—unless I cruelly misjudge him—I do not fancy that he is a self-sufficing man.

I doubt his being content, like Cowper, to live alone 'in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade.' I doubt if he would have been happy even with his Bessie, if he had found himself *tête-à-tête* with her for a few months on the island of Juan Fernandez. His social instincts are too pronounced and too gregarious for seclusion to be otherwise than distasteful to him. He has been pointed at so long as a lion, and spied at so much as 'a bright particular star' in the firmament of fashion, that I doubt if the assurance of a posthumous reputation, however permanent, would compensate him for an eclipse of contemporary popularity, however transient. The drawing-room is the sphere in which he shines the brightest. What with his singing and his conversational power, and his winning and deferential address, he must be, to gentlewomen, captivating. Two lines from Pope occur to me as very applicable to him:—

> 'Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
> A knowledge both of books and human kind.'

As to the refinement of his taste there can be no question; and as to his knowledge of men, his powers of observation, and the extensive range of his opportunities, there can be as little doubt. But, as to his knowledge of books, I am hardly competent to speak. I can't help suspecting his reading to be rather varied and desultory than systematic and profound. That his general stock of information is extensive, is undeniable; and that his powers of application, when there is a needs-be for their exercise, are great, is equally true. That he was never more wholesomely happy than when engaged in such works as his *History of Ireland*, his Life of Sheridan, Byron, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, with his Bessie by his side, and Bowood within an easy walk, I am disposed to believe. But, when he has struck work, or has nothing on the stocks, and no engagement with Longman on hand, no man longs more for play than he.

Without compulsory occupation, and with the Lansdowne family away, it is not long before the black cloud steals over his spirit, and settles there, till his unselfish wife suggests to him a run up to town as the best prescription for chasing away dull care.

No one can read his poems, or see his deportment in female society, without feeling that his admiration, not exclusively for beauty, but for the sex, is intense. I verily believe that, were his doctor to prescribe for him a twelvemonth's course of rigid abstinence from female society, the result would be as injurious

to his health as it would be for one addicted to dram-drinking to be ordered suddenly to take the teetotal pledge.

Although fondly attached to his wife, and with none of the lower propensities which detracted so much from the nobler qualities of Byron, it cannot be denied that, for many a year, he has lived in a state, more or less feverish, of chronic flirtation;

> 'From beauty still to beauty ranging,
> In every face he found a dart.'

The flame of his vanity has been so fanned and fed by women's tongues, that his spirit languishes without it; and yet there is a *naïveté* about his vanity, which, though it may cause a smile, does not nettle the *amour propre* of those to whom it is frankly exposed. I remember an instance of it in point. One morning, at breakfast, at Bowood, he mentioned that, when Lockhart was engaged in writing his father-in-law's life, he received a letter from him, requesting him to be kind enough to write, for publication, his impression of Sir Walter Scott's ability as a poet and novelist, and his moral and social qualities as a man. He said he had had great pleasure in complying with Lockhart's wish; and had paid an ungrudging tribute of respect to the great and good man's memory: though he owned to having been much mortified at being unable to find an excuse for introducing a word about himself. He mentioned that there was one circumstance connected with his visit to Scott of which he was longing to tell, but which, from a feeling that there ought to be no rival by the side of the principal figure on his canvas, he reluctantly withheld—viz., the unparalleled reception awarded to himself at the Edinburgh theatre, when accompanying Walter Scott there. 'Although,' he said, 'I merely went under Scott's wing, and as his guest, and though Scott at the time was the national idol, the moment we appeared, mine was the first name shouted forth. It spread like wildfire through the house. He was nowhere; and I was cheered and applauded to the very echo. When the *Life*, however, came out, I was rewarded for my self-denial by finding that Lockhart himself had done ample justice to the scene.'

Moore, unquestionably, was of the sanguine temperament, and, without disparagement to his manliness, as hysterical as a woman. That he was quickly moved to smiles, any one who has witnessed his surpassing sense of the ludicrous will readily acknowledge; that he was as quickly moved to tears, the following incident will prove.

1838. January 9.—Shortly after Lord Lansdowne had pre-

sented me to my little living on his estate, my wife and I were invited to dine and sleep at Bowood. As I was going to dress, our noble host met me on the stairs, and told me that he had just received a letter from the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, offering themselves for that day. There was already a large party in the house; and it was the very first time that there had been any one there, except Miss Fox, since the lamented death of the heir and hope of the family. It was, moreover, the first occasion on which his lovely young widow had appeared in mixed society since her loss. Lady Lansdowne, I was told, had had much difficulty in inducing her to appear at all. However, she took her place at table, and sat there, abstracted, eating nothing, saying nothing—the very image of sorrow.

Dessert over, the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room; and one of the first of Lady Lansdowne's acts, on our entry, was to walk up to Moore, and entreat him to sing. The piano was wheeled into the middle of the room. He took up his post on the music-stool, and the Duchess of Sutherland planted herself on a chair by his side. Lady Lansdowne and her daughter-in-law were opposite to the instrument, reclining on an ottoman. The rest of the company drew in, and contracted the circle, out of consideration for Moore; for all knew that though his voice was as sweet as a lute, it was limited in compass, and that, on that account, he preferred to have his auditors nestle round him. He happened to be in good voice and high feather. He was evidently flattered by the marked attention with which the Duchess listened to him; held his head higher than ever in the air, and sang song after song with faultless articulation and touching expression. All his ballads were more or less pathetic; such, for instance, as, 'When through life unblessed we roam,' 'At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,' &c., &c. During an interval, when he was preluding and harmonizing on the instrument, the Duke of Sutherland crossed the room, and, coming up to Moore, asked him to sing a song for him, of which he had the most agreeable recollection. 'You sang it,' said he, 'the first time I ever met you, years ago, at Middleton, at Lord Jersey's. It was something about bells.' Moore, looking up to the ceiling, as if trying to recollect what it could have been, ran his fingers over the keys, and began to play the air of 'Those evening bells.' But the Duke cried out, 'No, it was not that.' After a moment's further reflection, he began the song the Duke was really thinking of:—

'There's a song of the olden time
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the notes of some village chime
Which in youth we loved to hear.'

When he had proceeded with the strain thus far, he happened to turn his head from the Duchess, and glance at the widow. The instant he saw her lovely, sorrow-stricken face, with an abruptness that was fearful, he shrieked aloud, and fell flat on his face to the ground, in violent hysterics. Not a soul moved towards him, except Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who raised him with difficulty from the ground, supported him into the adjoining room,' and closed the door. The most embarrassing silence reigned through the drawing-room—a silence only broken by the alternate sobs and laughter of the poet from the next room. All felt that this scene had been provoked by the presence of the lady to whose bereavement every song had borne more or less of application, and especially the very song he was singing, which had been a special favourite of her deceased lord's. After a most distressing interval, the three absentees returned. Moore at once made his way up to the Duchess of Sutherland, and begged her and all the company present to make allowance for an overwrought poetic temperament, painfully acted upon by a train of melancholy associations, and allow him to redeem his character by singing something in a lighter and more joyous vein. He then began to sing 'Reason and Folly,' but his unstrung nerves had not yet recovered their tone; and the host, dreading, from the tremulousness of his voice, a repetition of the scene which had taken place, closed the lid of the piano, put his arms round his friend's waist, and said, 'Come, Moore, you shall sing no more to-night. You have sung too much already.' To so low a pitch had the spirits of the whole company sunk, that, at a signal made by Lady Lansdowne, the ladies took up their candles and went off to bed; and, early as it was, the gentlemen were not long in following their example.

At breakfast the following morning, the *contretemps* of the previous night was almost obliterated by the brilliancy of Moore's conversation. Would that I could recollect a tithe of it.

I do recall one subject of discussion, because I happened to have taken an insignificant part in it; and because by it I was disabused of an opinion I had long entertained, as it appeared, erroneously. Facility in composition had been our theme, and I had ventured to advance an opinion to the effect that, in poetry, the lines which will live longest, which have given the

greatest pleasure, and have become 'familiar as household words,' were those which had been thrown off with little premeditation. I mentioned my impression that the finest lines in *Don Juan* had been dashed off by Lord Byron under the inspiration of gin-and-water; and that the most striking lines in *Christabel* had been written by Coleridge under the exhilaration of opium. This, Moore said, was quite a mistake. He maintained that, though the primary thought, or figure of speech, might have been struck off the anvil of the brain under strong morbid excitement, yet that the development of the thought or the clothing of the figure was always the result of elaboration, and that, as a rule, one might feel sure that the lines which appeared, to a superficial reader, as having sprung spontaneously from the heart of the writer, were the product of the most scrupulous chiselling and polishing. He quoted, among others, Tom Campbell as the most finically fastidious of living poets. Reference to his manuscripts he said would show that some of his most celebrated lines, such as appeared to have been moulded at once in the glowing fancy of the poet, had really been hewn out by hard labour. There were instances he had himself seen of words altered no fewer than seven times.

The last time I saw Moore was when I was staying in Stratton Street with Miss B. Coutts. This was shortly before his last illness. He called and lunched, and Miss Coutts asked him to stay and dine. Charles Dickens was there that day; and Moore, who had been buoyant and delightful before he came, became taciturn and sulky after. When Boz had gone, Moore, evidently contrasting his reputation with his own past celebrity, spoke to me with much chagrin of the fickleness of public opinion and the instability of literary reputation. He said, 'I dare say Dickens is pointed out as "Boz" wherever he goes. So was I once pointed out as "Tom Little." I can't say how sad I feel when I go to the opera *now*. I take up my lorgnette and see no one I know, or who knows me. Twenty years ago I flitted from box to box, like a butterfly from flower to flower. Go where I would, I was greeted with smiles. I could not pass through the lobby of a theatre without hearing people whisper as I passed, "That is Tom Moore." *Now*, no one knows me, and no one cares to know me. *Telle est la vie*, Heigho!'

CHAPTER XI.

1838. JANUARY 15.—I am concerned at the general aspect of things in our parish. I find the peasantry becoming more and more querulous, defiant, and wrathful against their employers, the farmers. I fear, before long, we shall have this smouldering discontent blazing forth into open disaffection. Nor shall I wonder at it, however I may deplore it. We clergy tell the poor that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' but, query, is the hire sufficient for the labourer's wants? The labour given in this parish, after deducting two hours for meals, lasts for ten hours: the pay is 1*s.* 2*d.* per diem, or 7*s.*, which is expected to suffice for a week. Poor fellows! I have many a chat with them, and try to reconcile them to their lot; but I find it difficult to answer their objections against the present order of things, or to inspire them with more hopeful views of the future. The fact is, there is too much justice in their murmurs. They declare that the necessaries of life are comparatively more heavily taxed than the luxuries; that it never makes any sensible difference to them whether prices are high or low, for the price of meat always renders it out of their reach when at its lowest; and that, though the baker never omits to raise the price of the quartern loaf when wheat is dear, he invariably neglects to reduce it proportionately when wheat is cheap. I grant that the wages in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are lower than in other counties. But take those more favoured, and even then it is a perfect puzzle to me to understand how the labouring class—I mean the labouring class with families—contrive to live without incurring debt.

Note. The above is taken from my journal written thirty-two years ago. Since 1838 the taxes on tea and sugar have been greatly reduced, and increased consideration for the poor has been shown by each successive government; but still, I must think that the wages of the agricultural labourer are too low. My opinion is based on data derived from respectable sources in several parishes. The two following statements I select at random from many that I have by me. I took them down from the lips of two of the thriftiest and best-conducted families in the parish of Fairlight, near Hastings, when wages were not 7*s.* per week, as at Lyncham, but 12*s.*

The indispensable weekly expenses of a man, with wife and three children :—

	£	s.	d.
Flour, 5 gal. at 1s. 8d. ..	0	8	4
Rent	0	2	0
Firing	0	1	0
Tea, 1½ oz.	0	0	6
Sugar	0	0	5½
Butter, ½ lb.	0	0	6
Cheese, ½ lb.	0	0	6
Soap	0	0	1½
Soda, for washing	0	0	1
Candles	0	0	3
Schooling	0	0	2
Yeast	0	0	1½
	£0	14	0½

The indispensable weekly expenses of a man, a wife, and six children :—

	£	s.	d.
Flour, 7 gal. at 1s. 7d. ..	0	11	1
Rent	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Tea, 1 oz.	0	0	4
Sugar, 2 lb.	0	0	7
Butter, ½ lb.	0	0	6
Cheese, 1 lb.	0	0	6
Soap, ¼ lb.	0	0	1½
Soda, 1 lb.	0	0	1
Candles, ¾ lb. at 8d. ..	0	0	6
School, 2 children	0	0	3
Club	0	0	4
Yeast	0	0	1½
	£0	16	11

Now, in neither of these estimates is one farthing allowed for beer or animal food of any kind; for hat or cap, boots or shoes, stockings or socks, night-shirt or day-shirt, coat, gown, petticoat, or under garment, vest, trowsers, or those essentials of domestic life, needles and thread. Is it possible that the extra wages earned in harvest can defray the cost of these things? I think not.

These statements may be cavilled at. I may be told that, in spite of all I say to the contrary, married men with families do contrive to live on less than 12*s.* a week. I doubt it. It is true they may not be on the Union; but, think you, reader, that they are not deep in the ledger of the village shop, and the grocer's, and draper's, and tailor's, and shoemaker's, in the neighbouring town?

1838. January 17. 'Oh, my prophetic soul!' What I have been dreading has come to pass. The weather having been unfavourable for agricultural operations, the farmers have turned off their able-bodied labourers; and what follows?—the spread of discontent—barns broken open, granaries rifled, ricks burnt, sheep stolen out of the folds by night, and slaughtered under the windows of their owners, the carcase and fleece carried off, the head, with some insolent and threatening notice tied round it, left at the farmer's door. This morning I hear that Mr. Rumbold, one of our most substantial yeomen, on his return from Calne market, has been waylaid and shot at from behind a hedge in his own grounds. He has been severely, though not fatally, wounded. That murder was meant is evident; that it

failed of accomplishment is owing entirely to the marksman's want of skill. I visited the sufferer to-day, and find that he has not the faintest conception who his assailant could be; nor can he assign any motive that any one could have had for wishing to take his life.

1838. January 18. I wrote this morning to Lord John Russell, as the Secretary for the Home Department, advertising him of the unsettled condition of the parish, the outrages that were being daily committed in the immediate neighbourhood, and the attempted murder on the 16th. I then called a vestry for the purpose of deliberating on the steps best to adopt in the emergency. The vestry unanimously decided that I should go up to London and seek an interview with the authorities at the Home Office.

1838. January 21. I received this morning a letter from the Under Secretary at the Home Office, informing me that orders had been despatched to Scotland Yard to send us down an enterprising detective—Shackell. He arrived at five p.m., and I quartered him in the parsonage.

1838. January 22. Shackell was out all day alone, instituting searching inquiries and making himself familiar with certain suspicious localities frequented by the worst of our population. He returned as we were in the act of kneeling down to family prayers, and joined us in them; but before doing so, to my amusement, drew from his coat pocket a brace of pistols with spring daggers, and deposited them on the table. When we had risen from our knees, I asked him if he fancied he was in Ireland, that he thought it necessary to make so formidable a demonstration. He replied that, considering the disaffected state of the parish, and the fact of his arrival being well known, he thought it a necessary precaution to go armed; but that he did not like the idea of kneeling down in prayer with loaded weapons in his pockets. He went on to say, 'Let me advise you, Sir, if you have any weapons, to see at once to their condition, for you may have need of them. I assure you, I have been struck, in going my rounds to-day, by the sullen reserve of the men I have questioned at the public-houses. There seems to be a strong feeling of sympathy for the would-be murderer, and very little for his victim. Moreover, as I entered your garden-gate just now, I saw two men skulking about under your palings, who, when I wished them "good night," gave me no answer. Perhaps they are only keeping an eye on my movements. But I ought to tell you that, from words I heard

drop to-day, I see you have lost a good deal of your former popularity by having interfered, as they say, in what was no business of yours.'

1838. January 23. I accompanied Shackell in his rounds. He showed great intelligence, but gained none. We could elicit no fresh facts by a minute examination of the spot from whence the shot was fired; for, at the time the attempt against the life of Mr. Rumbold was made, the snow lay deep on the ground; so that what with a fresh fall in the night, succeeded by a hard frost, and the traffic of carts and waggons, all traces of the culprit's footsteps were effaced.

1838. January 25. The instant I arrived in town I waited on Colonel Rowan and on Shackell.

1838. January 29. I called on Sir Frederick Rowe, at Bow Street, on Mr. Phillips, Lord John Russell's secretary, on Lord Lansdowne, and Colonel Rowan.

1838. January 31. Went to see Du Potet, the mesmerist. I passed through a room in which were two or three persons in a state of unconsciousness. They reminded me of a story Horace Smith once told me.

A country farmer went to Dr. Ashburner, to consult him. In his way to the inner room in which the Doctor was in the habit of receiving his ordinary patients, he had to pass through a front and back drawing-room, in each of which were cataleptic subjects rigid as statues, and in extraordinary and unnatural postures. As soon as the honest yeoman saw the Doctor he made a clean breast of it, and confessed that whenever mesmeric effects had been reported to him 'he had been a thorough sceptic; but, after what he had seen, he had become a decided *antisceptic*.'

1838. February 1. The upshot of my application at the Home Office is, that we are to be allowed two resident London policemen for twelvemonths, on condition that we defray all contingent expenses—an impost our ratepayers, albeit reluctant to incur any fresh outlay, are too panic-stricken to refuse. Went to Bath in the afternoon, intending to take the baths for a few days.

1838. February 2. This day I walked to Beckford's Tower on Lansdowne. It is, in truth, a museum, wherein are deposited his large and cherished collection of pictures, gems, virtu, and china, which, rare and valuable as they are, represent but the *débris* of the original treasures of Fonthill. Afterwards I visited his private residence in Bath, which certainly displays a refinement of taste and a perception of harmony, proportion, and

colour, which the most fastidious Sybarite would find it difficult to impugn.

I have been permitted access to certain of his family papers, which have confirmed me in the impression I had before entertained—viz., that there seldom has existed a man to whom so much was bequeathed, by whom so little was done for his fellow creatures.

He lost his father, Alderman Beckford, when he was but seven years old; and before he was half out of his teens he was informed that he was to succeed to his fabulous fortune. Fourteen years' minority, and the succession to two other large properties, augmented the sum total of his possessions to an amount so colossal, that on coming of age he was congratulated on being the richest commoner in the world.

In boyhood he was much noticed by his relative the great Earl of Chatham; and there being but a year's difference between the age of his quondam friend's son and his own, and both being unusually precocious, he was fond of instituting comparisons between 'the two Williams,' and of predicting their future careers.

At sixteen he was consigned to the tutelage of a certain Dr. Lettice, with whom, at eighteen, he went to Switzerland. A campagne near Geneva was taken, where he enjoyed frequent intercourse with Voltaire, Huber (the naturalist), and the other celebrities who dwelt on the borders of the Lake, and reflected the lustre of their names on a locality as remarkable for the grandeur as for the beauty of its scenery.

The account of Beckford's stay in Switzerland might have had an attraction for the general reader in days when but little was known by the insular Englishman of the European continent, but it lacks it now. It was, however, while in Switzerland, and when only eighteen, that he wrote the *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters;* and commenced the rough draft of *Vathek*. At nineteen he published it. We must accept his own word for it, that it was written in three nights and two days; and that during that time he never took off his clothes, but contented himself with plunging his head in cold water, throwing himself on his bed for an hour or two, and surrendering himself to the vivid dreams which gave fresh colour to his waking thoughts. Of this work Byron has declared that he had an early admiration. He speaks of it as 'a work which, for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, far surpasses all European imitations; and bears

such marks of originality, that those who have visited the Fast will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it. His happy valley will not bear comparison with the Hall of Eblis.'

How long Beckford remained in the Pays de Vaud does not appear. Suffice it to say that, in less than twelve months he had returned to Fonthill, where he was staying with his mother until he started on a tour through his own country. After visiting all the principal towns, the seats of several relatives in the west of England, and the great hives of commercial industry in the midland and northern counties, he returned to London when Lord George Gordon's riots were at their height. As soon as his arrival in town was known to the King he was summoned to Court, and presented at a private audience by his father's great friend, Lord Thurlow. In the course of this interview with George the Third, a page entered and begged audience for an officer who had just been vigorously engaged in suppressing the riots. On his way to St. James's young Beckford's nerves had been keenly tried and his pity greatly excited by the sight of the dead and dying in the streets. On principle a thorough loyalist, and expecting to find in the monarch some manifestation of regret for the sufferings of the misguided multitude, he was horrified to see him hasten eagerly forward to meet the officer as he appeared at the door, and to hear him cry out at the same time, in the short, sharp, and snappish iteration peculiar to him—'Well! well! well! I hope you peppered them well! peppered them well! peppered them well! Eh? eh?'

In spite of the condescension showed him by his sovereign, his daughter, the late Duchess of Hamilton, used to say that, to his dying day, he was unable to overcome the aversion he had conceived for him after the vindictive disposition he evinced on that occasion.

At this period of his life, before the bloom of ingenuous youth had been dulled by the incense of adulation and the corrupting influences of wealth, he was, though effeminately romantic, amiable and unaffected; and as he would lie for hours on his back, under the shade of his own trees, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' it was evident, from his habitual self-absorption, and the indifference with which he regarded the elaborate preparations making in his honour that his preference was for 'the life removed.' One result of these exclusive

reflections was soon avowed. He declared his intention, as soon as he became his own master, of converting the grand, substantial, truly English mansion which had been erected only twenty years before, by his father, at incredible cost, into a building more consonant with his own peculiar taste, and partaking more of the oriental character. There had been originally a fine house on the same site when his father purchased the estate, although it had only attained to its ultimate scale and dignity under the auspices of Wyatt. Three noble avenues led up to it in different directions. It was

> 'enclosed in stately shrine
> Of growing trees;'

and not only of 'growing trees,' but of trees venerable from their antiquity and magnitude. The park in which it stood was enclosed by a high stone wall, seven miles in circumference; and was so ingeniously diversified by artistic planting, that a visitor might walk twenty miles, and never retrace his steps. Of the enormous size of the house, some idea may be formed when it is stated, that, at the *fête* given on his coming of age, three hundred persons were lodged under the roof, and six hundred dined daily in the hall. The multitudes who came from the surrounding towns and villages were entertained in tents and marquees. It was from his recollection of the scene presented at that time in the grand old hall, that his conception of that of Eblis took its rise.

Soon after attaining his majority, he started on what was then called the grand tour. His suite consisted of a musician to play to him, of a doctor to watch over his health, of an artist to paint and copy for him, and of Dr. Lettice to aid him in literary research. He was followed by six or seven carriages, a proportionate number of fourgons for the luggage of such a retinue, and a stud of first-class horses. He first made for Venice, by way of the Tyrol, and reached it by moonlight in a gondola. On setting foot on the piazetta, his sense of enjoyment was so intense that he could only give vent to it in tears. Abruptly breaking away from his party, and without giving any of them a hint of his purpose, he jumped into the first gondola he came near, and, captivated as well as enervated by his sensations, told the boatmen to convey him to one of the least frequented of the islands in the Adriatic, where he might remain a while, safe from intrusion, and give the reins to his overwrought imagination. As soon as he had left the boat, he told

the gondoliers to go to sleep if they liked, but to remain where they were till he returned. It was near midnight before he was discovered by Dr. Lettice, and then only through the help of some sailors, who had watched the course which Beckford's gondola had taken. He found him alone, wrapped in visionary speculations, which he did not thank him for disturbing. He afterwards confessed to him that the combined effects of the climate, the scenery, and the associations, classical, poetical, historical, pictorial, and romantic, had wrought so powerfully on his brain, that he believed that but for the timely relief of tears, he should have gone mad. The same effect was subsequently produced upon him by his first evening in Rome, and his first sight of Cintra and Vallombrosa. He used to say, in after years, that in those few nights he had lived through years of feeling.

Venice was a place so entirely after his own fancy, that he lingered there long: never so happy as when, at full length, with closed eyes, he was floating lazily across the lagunes in his gondola, and yielding to the balmy influences of the atmosphere till the gathering shades of evening warned him to go home and dine, and to hurry to the opera to listen to the dulcet notes of Paccharetti. He found himself soon so beset with invitations from the leaders of *ton* in the place, that, society becoming irksome to him, he tore himself away from its exactions, and hurried on to Rome. On first reaching the heights of Monterosi, and beholding the dome of St. Peter's, he flung himself prostrate on the ground in speechless rapture. It was late in the evening when he entered the town itself; and on reaching the Piazza del Popolo, leaving all concern about luggage and passports to his followers, and calling up one of his grooms with a led horse, he flung himself into his saddle, and, attended by his courier, galloped off to the object of his longing. He reached St. Peter's as the great doors were being closed. Extending a well-filled purse to the sacristan, he told him that every farthing in it should be his if he would but suffer him to remain in the mighty temple alone for a couple of hours. The man stared, scrupled—but consented. Beckford begged to be locked in, but took the precaution, *ad interim*, of returning his purse to his pocket. As he entered the vast building and heard the doors close behind him, and found the twilight deepening round him, his teeming brain ran riot. The odour of incense still clung to the walls, light still twinkled round the high altar. With stealthy steps and breath suspended he wandered *slowly*,

from chapel to chapel. Much which he wished to see was hidden from his view by the intervening shadows of the lofty pillars; when—joy beyond his fondest hopes!—the clear full moon arose and shed her silvery beams athwart the greater part of the interior. He could scarcely believe that two hours had passed, when he was reminded of the fact by the entrance of the door-keeper, to whom he gladly tendered the promised guerdon, and who was so well satisfied with his bargain that he gave his patron *carte blanche* to repeat his visits whenever he was disposed—a privilege of which he was not slow to avail himself. He would often remain there from midnight till dawn of day with no other seat to rest on than the steps of the high altar.

After devoting considerable time to the careful exploration of the antiquities of Rome, he went on to Naples. He was enchanted with it, of course, but still, amid all the attractions of that lovely city, he pined for his first love—Venice. Thither he returned; and while thinking seriously of a prolonged stay, an urgent summons to enter public life compelled him once more to return to England; though, at that time, the solicitations of his friends and relatives failed to shake him in his resolution to decline the proferred representation of the borough of Hendon. Having no ambition to enter on the stormy arena of politics, which were then agitating the senate, he retired to Bath, where he met with Lady Margaret Gordon, his own cousin. He quickly became intimate with her—loved, and married her. After presenting her at Court, and paying the necessary round of complimentary visits to his friends, he turned his back on London, and repaired, with his bride, to the favourite haunts of his early youth, pitching his tent at Melhabeau de la Tour, at Evian, and living in blissful retirement. It was there his first daughter was born; and there fifteen months later, after giving birth to another girl, that his wife died.

Shortly after, in quest of new scenes, and in the hope of alleviating his grief for his loss, and accompanied by Dr. Lettice, his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' he betook himself to Portugal, having previously sent his two children to Fonthill to be under his mother's care. He soon found wholesome distraction in building his well-known house at Cintra, Ra Mathao. There he had ample scope for the indulgence of his extravagant passion for Eastern architecture: with which the exquisite climate, and the almost tropical vegetation, were thoroughly in keeping. The recollection of his luxurious manner of life was still green, when Byron made his pilgrimage there.

'On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes, where, whilom, kings did make repair;
But now, the wild flowers round them only breathe:
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,
And yonder towers the prince's palace fair.
There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.'

The scale of his establishment, and of his general expenditure, surpassed anything that had ever been witnessed in that country. The consequence was, that he was overwhelmed with applications from the proudest magnates in the land for permission to visit him. With the Marquis di Marialva, the prime minister, and also with the Grand Inquisitor, he cemented a cordial friendship. One day Marialva called him aside, and told him that he was anxious to take him to some curious old Moorish remains, which stood in a situation singularly picturesque and sequestered. Having readily consented to go, early the next morning they started together on their expedition. When they drew near to the spot, Marialva desired his companion to order his numerous attendants to remain where they were, while they withdrew by themselves. In a few minutes they came upon the buildings, which were sufficiently striking to excite Beckford's admiration; but while he was examining them, Marialva, without any perceptible motive, abruptly whispered to him, 'Seem to be drawing. Pretend to be drawing.'

Fortunately, Beckford had his sketch-book in his hand, and was in the act of taking a view (which, by-the-bye, long after hung in the Duchess of Hamilton's boudoir at Easton Park), when a door in the building opened, and a tall thin young man, with a fine intelligent countenance, and an undefinable grace of movement, came forward and stood before the presumed artist. His mien was so full of majesty that Beckford, convinced he was no ordinary personage, and concluding that he wished to maintain his incognito, merely returned his salutation, and offered him a seat, while he went on with his drawing. It was not long before he found himself drawn into conversation with him. One topic followed another in rapid succession, and the political condition of England, France, Italy, Spain, and, finally, Portugal itself, was freely discussed. Home questions were put, and counsel sought of Beckford, on subjects of such delicacy as to require both courage and presence of mind to answer. His enthusiastic disposition however being piqued by

the singularity of the interview; and, being also partial to the people of the country, from whom he had received much respect, he uttered the honest sentiments of his heart about them without reserve.

The stranger was so captivated with the liberality of his opinions that he threw off all further disguise, and made himself known to him as the Prince of the Brazils. He had heard so much about the Englishman that he had hit upon this expedient as a means of knowing him without himself being known. From that hour they became fast friends.

After visiting every place in Portugal and Spain which possessed objects in art or nature worth the seeing, he returned to England, more than ever bent on building the abbey at Fonthill. His original idea was not to reside in it, but to erect for his own use a modest retreat hard by.

While the new building was in course of erection he went to Paris, where he remained during more than twelve months of the Revolution. He remained equally undismayed by Jacobins or Girondists, taking no part in the political feuds which disturbed other men's minds, and maintaining a dignified attitude of reserve. Strange to say, at a time when the worst passions of human nature were let loose and anarchy usurped the place of law, he lived on terms of equal good-will with the Duke of Orleans and with Mirabeau.

It was in the year 1793, when men of peace could once more move about Paris without fear, that Beckford was induced to go and see a very remarkable lion, which no man could tame; and which, from his exceeding ferocity, was a terror to all beholders. The instant Beckford entered the place in which he was confined, his angry roars ceased; he approached the bars of the cage where Beckford stood, and rubbed himself caressingly against them. Every one present was struck with the strange phenomenon, and watched the actors narrowly. The keeper went up to Beckford, and said he was sure that if he would enter the den with him the lion would not harm him. Although curious to make the experiment, he had no idea of making an exhibition of himself: so he told the keeper if he would wait till the hour of closing, he would not hesitate to enter the cage in his company. When the general public were dismissed, and Beckford walked towards the cage, the lion stood still, narrowly scrutinizing his movements. Beckford fixed his eyes steadily on him; the lion returned an equally steadfast gaze. After mutual investigation, the lion having taken his visitor's measure,

and seeing that he did not quail before him, went up to him, lay on his back, fondled him, and putting forth his tongue, licked his hands till the skin was nearly rubbed off. Luckily no blood was drawn. From that day, go when he might, Beckford was sure of an affectionate welcome from the king of beasts. The good understanding existing between the lion and the Englishman became a subject of court gossip; and many years after, when Charles the Tenth was residing at Holyrood, he asked the Duchess of Hamilton whether her father still possessed the same power of eye over wild beasts which he had displayed in the case of ferocious lions.

He continued in the French capital till after the death of Louis XVIII., making acquaintance with all the most conspicuous persons of that day: among the number, with Madame de Staël, whose talents he appreciated more highly than he did her morals. On his return to Fonthill, he dedicated himself in earnest to the realization of the projects he had long conceived, and which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

When he was residing at Naples, he had received much civility from Sir William Hamilton; therefore, when he, his lady, and the illustrious Nelson, volunteered him a visit in the course of the ensuing winter, he resolved to commemorate it by a grand *fête*. Nearly 700 workmen were employed in carrying out his plans. Torches were burning all night to enable successive gangs of workmen to continue their labours uninterruptedly. The consequence was, that in little more than two months the abbey had so far advanced as to be a model of architectural beauty. From one point in the grounds it was visible in all its grandeur—its turrets, gurgoyles, pediments, and pinnacles imparting to it the more salient features of an enormous monastery. The hall was spacious and lofty; the tower, which was in the centre of the building, was visible at a distance of forty miles. Three wings stretched from it, eastward, northward, and southward—each totally unlike the other, yet each constituting in itself an elegant and commodious residence. The splendour of its furniture and decorations, with its inexhaustible treasures of art, earned for it the designation of 'The Wonder of the West.'

The illustrious naval hero was received in the town of Hendon with an ovation worthy of him: the anxiety of the townspeople to get a glimpse of him beggaring description.

When the company invited had taken their seats in the old

hall, the scene was reported to have been singularly imposing. Every one was kept in profound ignorance of what awaited them, the work having been carried on behind an immense screen of timber, so that no one might know of the progress of the works.

To his guests, who begged that they might be allowed to visit the abbey, the erection of which had already created general curiosity, Mr. Beckford replied, 'that they should certainly see whatever there was deserving of notice before they took their departure.' The next day he was busy superintending operations; for his ambition was to give them a *fête champêtre*, which they should not easily forget. When the day arrived, and twilight deepened, numerous carriages drove up to the door, followed by a cavalcade of horsemen, in procession, in conformity with the directions of a printed programme. The visitors, unprepared for the coming event, chatted gaily as they drove or rode towards one of the grand avenues already mentioned: when at a sharp turn in the road, every carriage stopped, and one long, loud, ringing shout of amazement and delight burst from every throat. The enormous body of visitors found themselves, in an instant, transported as by magic to a fairy scene. Through the far-stretching woods of pine glittered myriads on myriads of variegated lamps, forming vast vistas of light, and defining the distant perspective as clearly as in sunshine. Flambeaux in profusion were carried about by bearers stationed wherever they were most needed. The Wiltshire Volunteers, handsomely accoutred, were drawn up on either side. Bands of music, studiously kept out of sight, and placed at intervals along the route, played inspiring marches; the whole effect being heightened by the deep roll of numerous drums, so placed in the hollows of the hills as to ensure the effect of their reverberation on every side.

The profound darkness of the night, the many-tinted lamps, some in motion, some stationary, here reflected on the bayonets and helmets of the soldiery, there seen through coloured glass, and so arranged as to shed rainbow hues on every surrounding object—the music, now silencing the hubbub with its dying fall, now waking the dormant echoes into life by its martial clangour, riveted to the spot the lover of striking contrasts.

Gradually the procession drew near to the abbey itself, the tracery of its splendid architecture being relieved by deep shadow, and the inequalities of the building being marked out by myriads of lights, revealing to the wondering eyes

of the spectators battlement and turret and flying buttress. No grander feature was there in the whole edifice than the tower, shooting up three hundred feet, the upper part lost in total eclipse. Reared above the main entrance fluttered the national banner, and by its side the Admiral's flag, as they flapped in the night breezes, to displaying their massive folds in concert. All present stood entranced. The moment the abbey was fully unveiled, every one, animated by a common impulse, sprang from their carriages and walked towards it. And when the 'conquering hero,' attended by his host, entered the walls, the organ thundered forth a pealing sound of welcome, which shook the edifice to its foundations; while notes of triumph resounded through the galleries and corridors around.

From the abbey they adjourned to the grand hall, which had been arranged for the banquet. An entire service of silver and agate of mediæval pattern was laden with the fare of other days. On the beaufet were piled heavy masses of gold and silver plate. On the board, and against the walls of the room, stood wax candles six feet high, in silver sconces; while huge blazing logs of cedar, dried and prepared for the occasion, and constantly renewed, contributed to the material comfort.

The banquet ended, and the guests well-nigh surfeited with the fanciful and gorgeous display they had witnessed, they were desired to pass up the grand staircase, on each side of which stood, at intervals, men dressed as monks, carrying waxen flambeaux in their hands. The company were first ushered into a suite of sumptuous apartments, hung with gold-coloured satin damask, (in which were ebony cabinets of inestimable value, inlaid with precious stones, and filled with treasures collected from many lands)—then through a gallery two hundred and eighty-five feet long, into the library, which was filled with choice books and rare manuscripts, and fitted up with consummate taste, the hangings of crimson velvet being embroidered with arabesques of gold, the carpets of the same colour—the windows of old stained glass, bordered with the most graceful designs.

At last the guests reached the oratory, where a lamp of gold was dimly burning by itself, shedding just light enough to display to advantage, in a niche studded with mosaics and jewels of great price, a statue of St. Anthony by Rossi. Here, again, the illusion of the monastery was well maintained. Large candelabras, in stands of ebony inlaid with gold, and multiplied by huge pier-glasses, formed an exquisite perspective, and enhanced the surpassing brilliancy of the scene. When the entire company was collected in this marvellous gallery, a

stream of solemn music came floating through the air, from a quarter unknown and unsuspected. (Beckford always thought the effect of music heard under such circumstances irresistible). Only eighteen months before his death, when eighty-seven years of age, he was wont to speak with rapture of a scene at which he had been present in one of his juvenile explorations. He had accidentally strayed into a grand but very sombre cathedral: the choir was chanting a solemn requiem for the dead; priests, motionless as statues, were grouped around a catafalque; lofty candles, lighted, surrounded the altar. There was a long pause for meditation, and then, from an unseen direction, voices of inconceivable sweetness wailed forth a funeral hymn. The priests themselves grew pale as they sang their parts, in response. 'As for me,' he used to say, 'my heart's blood curdled in my veins; and, to my dying hour, the mere mention of that cathedral, and the hymn I heard there, will thrill to my inmost soul.'

But to return to our subject, and finish this crude sketch of a *fête* which, for a long time, conferred on Fonthill an exceptional celebrity.

After gazing their fill on the multiplicity of sights that met them at every turn, the guests were directed to retire in a direction opposite to that from which they had come. But, before they were allowed to depart, spiced wine, sherbet, lemonade, and iced water, in flagons of ruby-coloured glass, and caraffes of rose-water, and little cases of ottar of roses freshly imported from Shiraz, and choicest fruit in baskets of gold filagree, were handed round to them. It was long after midnight before the visitors could tear themselves away: though their host would not permit them to linger, lest they should retire with their impressions impaired by familiarity. So that, before the lamps began to wane, the several bands, accompanied by the mighty organ, struck up their most exhilarating strains; and, as the night breeze wafted them through the air till distance drowned them, the guests left the abbey grounds scarce able to believe that they had not been enjoying an Arabian Night's Entertainment, instead of an English one.*

* There is a story told, worth repeating, and which I had nearly forgotten, of two gentlemen having one day climbed over the high park wall, in hopes of judging for themselves of the truth of the reputed beauty of Fonthill Abbey. They had no sooner jumped to the ground than they were met by the proprietor, who, instead of peremptorily ordering them off the premises, received them with haughty urbanity, conducted them

There is much in Beckford's life and character which might serve 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.' His father, shortly before his death, wrote thus to a friend:—'I have left my boy one of the finest houses in the country.' He took pride in thinking that he had done so. What a fall would that pride have sustained if he could have foreseen that, regardless of all the thought, time, and money lavished on that splendid structure, his son's first act would have been to level it with the dust; his second would have been to replace it by a fantastic one of his own devising, which would be destroyed by fire; and his third to rear a still more ambitious edifice than either of the preceding ones, the chief ornament of which would be its ruin. For, as if to typify the founder's own fate, it was the disproportioned height of the great tower which brought about the downfall of his house. And the owner himself, in like manner, being 'exalted above measure,' in his youth, was laid so low in his old age, that it might be well said of him, 'This was the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches.'

If sacred trusts ignobly used, even in this life, entail a penalty on the wrongdoer, assuredly the retribution which fell on William Beckford was a righteous one. He had abundance of talent—physical advantages of no common order—a priceless wife—the affection of two lovely daughters (one of them wedded to the head of a princely house)—boundless wealth, and all the influence begotten of it—power to obtain whatever could minister to his cupidity or his vanity—the notice of kings, queens, princes, prelates, potentates, Oriental as well as European—distinction in the world of literature and art, as a successful author, an accomplished artist, an architect, an archæologist, a musician, a poet, and a virtuoso: and yet—what has he left behind him? what has he done for his fellow-creatures? what did he do for those who were nearest and dearest to him? Nil! His performances fell immeasurably short of his pretensions; he preferred the flower to the fruit; he confounded the dross with the ore; he adapted himself to the lax morality

over his splendid, but solitary, dwelling, and afterwards set them down to a princely dinner. At ten o'clock at night they were re-conducted to the spot where they had been met, and told that, as they had found the way *in* for themselves, they might find it *out* as best they could. By day it was a perfect labyrinth, and what it must have been by night may be surmised from the fact, that they were found on the following morning still groping their way in the woods.

of other nations, while he paid but scant respect to the wholesome prejudices of his own. Dogmatic and arbitrary in his criticisms upon art, the school to which he was devoted was the poorest; for he preferred the modern and the romantic to the antique and the classical. Although by no means insensible to the beauty of nature, objects in themselves sublime had infinitely less attraction for him than inferior ones which derived their charm from circumstance or fancy: hence he preferred a Moorish tower to a Grecian temple. The character of his mind was preeminently histrionic. He revelled in scenic effect, and had a keener relish for the meretricious than for the simple and severe.

No wonder, then, that, in spite of certain external claims on public notice, lacking, like his own proud tower, stability, he should have fallen prostrate among the ruins of his own magnificence. He had flashed on the world of fashion like a meteor; and, like a meteor, had disappeared, as unnoticed and uncared for as if he had never existed. Had he been content with the noble residence bequeathed to him by his father —had he realized the solemn obligations entailed by the possession of great wealth—had he been endowed with more of filial piety, and disgraced by less of selfish sentimentality—had he consulted the rightful claims of his descendants instead of his own gratification—he might have enjoyed, in his old age, an approving conscience; and have learned, from happy experience, that 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;' and, instead of leaving to his posterity a more than doubtful reputation, as a voluptuary and a sensualist, he might have been embalmed in the affections of his children's children as a good son, a good father, a good citizen, and a good Christian.

1838. April 16.—On this date we left Lyncham for a three months' trip on the continent, during which time I kept no journal. And as no one will care to know the places I visited or the number of miles I covered in the time, I will restrict myself to the mention of two casualties, which, though they may fail to amuse, can hardly be said to fall within the ordinary experience of travellers.

First, then, in crossing the Apennines, on our road to Florence, we dined at one o'clock, at a very humble roadside inn, bearing the sign of 'I tre Mauri.' In the one room, common to all travellers of whatever degree, was a young Irish gentleman, journeying alone and bound for Florence, where he was meaning to prosecute his studies of the 'fine arts.' He seemed

as good-tempered as a stranger could be, alone in a foreign country, who was utterly ignorant of every tongue but his own. As a panacea for all the ills he might have to brave, he had provided himself with one of the 'Familiar Phrase Books,' with which all who are not linguists are familiar.

The amusement we derived from his Hibernian pronunciation of French and Italian, and his bungling substitution of French for Italian and Italian for German, was infinite. In giving, for instance, a hurried order to a servant for something which he wanted, he would run his eye down the German column in mistake for the Italian one; so that the medley he made of the two languages—pronouncing them as if they were English—the bewildered looks of the servants, and his indignation at what he was pleased to consider *their* stupidity, instead of his own, afforded us ceaseless food for laughter. Here is a specimen: 'Je dis! frau! (non) douzelle! wollen sie la bonté pour prendre (non) pour apporter (I mean) buttero.' Being unable to make the maid understand that he wanted bread, he got furious, and, springing off his seat, shouted out, 'Can't you compreneZ? Pane, you divil!'

For some time we held ourselves aloof, not from any exclusiveness, but because we knew that if we encouraged acquaintance with him we should be obliged to help him to ask for the necessaries of life; and, though very indifferent linguists ourselves, we should thus have deprived ourselves of much fun. All reserve between us, however, was broken down before nightfall by force of circumstances.

As soon as we had had our siesta, and despatched our meal, we continued our journey, taking it for granted that we should see no more of our Irish friend. We were travelling *vetturino*, and had a large roomy carriage, drawn by four black Neapolitan horses, which had just conveyed Mrs. Starke (whose guide-book was the great authority until John Murray's annihilated it) from Naples to Lodi, where she breathed her last. In our agreement with our driver, we had stipulated that we should remain a given number of days at Florence and Rome, before proceeding to Naples; that we should sleep at certain places, and accomplish the intermediate distance between those cities in a specified time. Now, on this day, having left 'I tre Mauri' in the afternoon, our proper sleeping-place ought to have been at an inn ten or twelve miles short of Florence. But we were so worried with the wretched accommodation we had met with on the road, that I

offered our *vetturino* a very handsome *buono mano* if he would push on and get us into Florence the same night. He undertook to do so, and certainly made an effort to keep his word. But, on reaching one of the bleakest, wildest spots I ever was in, he pulled up at a revolting-looking pothouse, and assured us that his horses could not go a yard farther to please the Pope himself. We were forced therefore to alight; and sorely out of heart we were at being ushered into our quarters; for the house looked like a place of rendezvous for sots and brigands; and we heard afterwards, on reaching Florence, that its looks did not belie it. However, we had nothing to do but to submit to our destiny. The building was utterly destitute of any kind of comfort. It consisted of a large smoky apartment, which served 'for parlour, and kitchen, and all,' some ramshackled outhouses for cattle, and two bedrooms for chance visitors like ourselves, which communicated with each other. The walls of these rooms were of rougheast—without any colour or paper on them. The beds were stuffed with leaves of Indian corn; the sheets were as rough as nutmeg-graters, and unbleached. The only articles in the room, besides the beds, were an unplaned deal table, and a pewter basin and ewer upon it. There was neither lock, nor bolt, nor hasp, nor latch, to either of the doors, *i.e.*, neither to the outer one, which led on to the stair, nor to the inner one, between the two chambers. My wife and I selected the inner room; and, for the good of the house, ordered coffee. After waiting an hour for it with exemplary patience, we found it, when it came, to be a nauseous compound of horse-beans and chicory, served in a battered old pewter can without a nozzle. The bread was such as Germans give their horses: of goat's-milk cheese there was more than enough; but cow's milk or butter were not attainable for love or money.

I fear we made wry faces at everything, and determined to bury our cares under the bedclothes. Before, however, equipping ourselves for the night, we had to contend with one preliminary difficulty, viz., the securing our door against midnight intruders. However, by the help of our medicine chest and my portmanteau we contrived to keep it closed, though anything but shut.

The loneliness of the situation, the absence of ordinary comforts, the stench from a huge pig-stye under the windows; the palpable perception of filth, and the strong suspicion of fleas; the sour manners of the innkeeper, and the repellent looks of his

wife, made us feel ill at ease. It was not long after barricading ourselves in, that we were made aware that the next room was tenanted; nor was our relief small when we head the native accents of our Irish friend of 'I tre Mauri,' who, feeling proximity to English people, in the event of any serious dilemma, a desideratum, confessed to us next day that he had ordered his driver to follow in our wake, and stop wherever we did. I was about to get into bed and put out my candle, when I heard bony knuckles tapping at our door, and a tremulous voice addressing me in an undertone. 'Whisper. Hark ye, Sir. You have not got a spare pistol about ye, have ye?' 'What for?' I asked. 'Well, Sir, by my faith, I don't like the looks o' things here at all, at all. As I passed through the kitchen just now, if you'll believe me, there were three strapping chaps, in their clothes, lying on their stomachs a-top of the kitchen dresser, and pretending to be asleep. We are, Sir, but two; and I've a shrewd suspicion that our rascally drivers are in league with these bloodthirsty ruffians, and have landed us here on purpose to rob us: so, Sir, we'd best be prepared for the worst. Have you such a thing in your room as a poker?' 'No.' 'Have you a walking-stick in your carriage?' 'No.' 'Ah, then, ye'll surely have an umbrella?' 'No.' 'Then, Sir, ye may dipind we're in a mighty purty mess. 'Pon my life, we must stand by each other, and defind the lady. Ye're not going to sleep, are ye?' 'Yes.' 'Ah, then, ye're wrong. Don't take your clothes off, whatever ye do. I'll lie in mine, I know.' I wished him good night rather abruptly, and slipped into bed, not altogether devoid of apprehension myself. After a while I heard him calling lustily over the stairs (there was no bell), 'Signora, due cotelette, subito.' As I was dozing, I was roused up by hearing a gnashing of teeth and a rattling of knives and forks, which seemed to me to continue an unnatural length of time. At last, all was still. My fears were allayed, and I fell asleep and remained so till I was woke by the light of morning streaming in at my window. I got up and dressed, in high spirits at finding my head still upon my shoulders—opened the door of separation between our neighbour and ourselves, and beheld him, fully dressed, on his bed, snoring heavily, and lying on his back, with a large knife in one hand and a poker in the other. I expressed a hope, when he opened his eyes, that he had slept well in spite of his fears.

'Not a wink,' he replied, 'till half an hour ago.'

'Well,' said I, 'you seemed to be making a capital supper

last night, if I may judge from the rattling of plates and knives and forks which I heard long after I had gone to bed.'

'Good supper is it, ye say? I never ate a morsel of their execrable garbage. The very sight of it destroyed my appetite, and would have done so had I been ever so hungry. I asked for pork chops, not because I wanted them, but because I wanted the knife and fork to protect myself and you with. Ye may dipind upon it, 't was I that baulked them! They saw I was wide awake and up to their tricks upon travellers, and was not the lad to fall an easy prey to their divilish devices. Then, again, they did not know whether you might have pistols in that portmanteau of yours, or not. In short, we've had an escape.'

In spite of the forebodings of our fellow-traveller, the night had passed off without mischance of any kind.

Incident the Second.—Shortly after passing the Devil's Bridge, one of our carriage-wheels came to grief. With infinite difficulty, and by the help of a rope obligingly lent us by the driver of a *retour* waggon whom we met, the mutilated member was repaired, and we were enabled to reach Andermatt in safety. On arriving there, the village presented a singular contrast to those we had lately left. The whole Pays de Vaud had been as one orchard powdered with cherry-blossom; here everything was white with the snows of winter. The intermediate spaces between the two or three houses of the village were choked up with snow, compact and hard as stone, and level with the roofs. On applying at the two miserable inns, the Drei Könige and the Sonne for sledges over St. Gothard to Airolo, I was flatly refused by both. On my asking the landlords, separately, why they objected to take us, they told me it was not safe; that they could not dream where I could have come from not to know that Mont Cenis was the only pass yet open into Italy; that the sun of early spring was only then beginning to assert its power over their ice-bound route; that avalanches were falling daily, and that they had only just heard from the Hospice on the summit of St. Gothard, that five men had been swallowed up the day before in their attempts to cross it. I admitted the force of their objections, but nevertheless tried to overcome them. I told them I was resolved to go at all risks, even if I went with no companion but my wife, and no guide but my compass; and that, as it was probable I should never have another chance of seeing Italy, I would double their usual pay if they would waive their scruples and take us. They were not proof against

the bribe, and after hem-ing and haw-ing, and affecting to demur, they made the necessary preparations, and at last we started. Our style of travel was primitive enough. Two flat cart-shafts were laid on the ground parallel with each other, curved at the two extremities, both before and behind, and held together by three crosspieces, as sleepers on a railway are by girders. Midway between the shafts of my sledge, and on the crosspieces, was tied my wife's trunk, with my portmanteau on the top of it. Astride this last-named article had I to sit, with my feet resting on the edges of the shafts. To enable me to preserve my equilibrium, a rope, fastened to the front of the shafts, was put into my hands to hold by. A man, with a leading-rein in his hand from the horse's mouth, ran by the side as charioteer and occasional drag. One decided advantage I had over my wife. My horse was in front of me, and if he were viciously disposed, or I saw any signs of danger, I had but to slip off my portmanteau on to a feather-bed of snow: whereas, she was powerless in any such predicament, being prostrate on a mattress (wrapped round her with cords), her arms and limbs as effectually confined as if she were a mummy. Her head was towards the horses' heels, and at their mercy; and what made her plight the more serious was the fact of her being within three months of her confinement. On my remonstrating with our conductors, they told me that, if she was brave enough to cross the mountain in such weather, they were not brave enough to have the responsibility of conducting her, unless she would implicitly conform to their wishes. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to submit.

For five weary hours, during which neither tree nor rock nor object of any kind was visible, nothing but a boundless expanse of ice or snow, were we being pulled about and dragged hither and thither—at one moment over Cols or the bed of a river, at another, over the frozen sources of the Rhine, or fifty feet above the Rhone—or, again, over the river Reuss, with snowy mountain-peaks, 8000 or 10,000 feet in height overlooking us, with snow-flakes flying in our faces and nearly blinding us, and filling our mouths, until we reached the Hospice, a massive, rude building of bastard Italian architecture, presided over by two Capuchin friars. This Hospice, the successor of the one which had been swept away, in 1775, by an avalanche, and of another which had been gutted by the French while encamped on the spot in 1799-1800, is little better than a miserable cabaret for carters from Switzerland

and muleteers from Italy, who make it a half-way house, or place of rendezvous for commerce. All I recollect of it is, a company of rude, uncouth men, collected in it, and an odious smell pervading it, compounded of bad wine, Parmesan cheese, Bologna sausages, horsedung, and garlic.

I had agreed with our conductors that they should halt two hours at the Hospice, to bait their horses and to refresh themselves; but when nearly three hours had elapsed, I asked them why they did not push on. Their answer was not encouraging: 'You see, Sir, the caravan from Airolo has not arrived; we fear it must have met with an avalanche; and, unless it soon comes, we can't take you any farther; for the track of their mules' feet is all the clue we have to go by.' He had hardly uttered these words, when we descried, about a mile off, a cavalcade of forty mules approaching, laden with bales of merchandize, led by some eight or nine drivers, dragging their way with difficulty through the snow round the side of a mountain gorge. In one minute my wife was again packed up, I was ordered to mount my rough steed, and off we set on our road to Airolo. We had not advanced half a mile when we met the coming caravan on a snow-clad bridle-path but four feet wide. When our drivers and theirs encountered, both sides seemed equally irritated by each other's interruption; yet neither dared utter a syllable lest the vibration in the air, occasioned by their voices, should launch an impending avalanche upon their heads. Even their gesticulations were tempered by their fears: yet as our pretensions to the right of road were inferior to theirs, because of their numerical superiority, we had to cede to them the wall, as it were, and let them pass. The only way in which this could be done was by letting our horses and sledges stand, off the path, on the slope of an uncomfortable-looking precipice. Our situation was certainly precarious; for while the string of heavily-laden beasts of burden were passing on their way, we were hanging over the verge with no other support than the buttress of our drivers' broad backs.

As soon as the road was clear of obstruction, it became necessary to make play as fast as possible, lest the fast-falling snow should obliterate the tracks of the mules' footsteps. It would be hopeless to attempt to describe the risks we ran, or the feats of involuntary agility I was compelled to perform, on our downward road to Airolo. I say *I;* for my wife had become an integral part of the machine to which she was attached, and was obliged to go wherever she was drawn:

whereas *I* could drop off—if not at pleasure, at all events, at will.

The descent into Italy by this route in summer is now practicable enough, for the precipitous slopes have been greatly reduced by skilful engineering. But in spring the passage is still attended with considerable danger, in consequence of the deep snowdrifts; and the exposure of the passes to tourmentes and avalanches of terrific violence. Nearly the entire route, from the Hospice of St. Gothard to within a short distance of Airolo, we were propelled down tortuous zigzag hanging terraces, of which the turns were at angles so acute that all the warnings of my guide, and all my own displays of horsemanship, could not save me from making occasional somersaults, and nearly rolling down the slopes to the bottom.

As to my luckless wife, I saw her whirled away in such giddy, reckless, boisterous fashion,—her face towards me, the back of her head towards her horse's heels,—that I regarded her as irretrievably doomed to destruction. At one time I became so alarmed that I shouted to my driver to tell hers to slacken speed. The answer to my appeal was the thrust of a horse-pistol in my face—a plain intimation that I might expect its contents down my throat if I did not maintain a discreet reticence while careering through the most critical part of the Val Tremola.

I must acknowledge that I never felt a greater sensation of relief in my life than when I once more saw Mother Earth lifting her honest brown face at me through her white veil of snow.

The string of my tongue unloosed, I made up for past privations, and halloed lustily to the sledge-drivers to halt. I dismounted eagerly from my portmanteau, pulled off my gloves from my benumbed hands, ran up to my inferior half—she was no longer *the better*—untied the cords of the mattress in which she had been enveloped, and found her senseless. The nine hours' fatigue, the jostling and jolting of her bones and muscles, and the strain upon her nerves, had been too much for her, and she had swooned. I packed her up again hastily, and conveyed her, in five minutes' time, to the inn at Airolo, gave her hot brandy-and-water, put her to bed, and thanked God for sparing us from the more serious consequences which might have resulted from our temerity.

1838. June. While at Naples I was introduced by Dykes and Reynolds to a friend of theirs of the name—and who in

his person represented the illustrious house of—Colonna. He greatly affected the society of our countrymen; and with all English residents, and most English visitors, he was a very general favourite.

Romano Colonna's patrimony had for so many years been involved in litigation, that the general impression among his well-wishers was, that the lawyers would absorb it all. However, the hopes and fears of years were, at last, resolved: a decision was given in his favour, and he found himself one bright morning in possession of a fortune, which, if not large, according to our ideas on this side of the Channel, was by his fellow-countrymen considered affluent. At the time to which I allude, the society of Naples was greatly enlivened by the presence in the bay of three magnificent English men-of-war, the 'Princess Charlotte,' 'Bellerophon,' and 'Rodney.' On each of these vessels Romano Colonna was a welcome and a frequent guest; and, in return for the hospitality he had received, he determined, on the very day of the decision of his cause, if it should be a propitious one, to commemorate the event by giving the officers a handsome entertainment. The dinner took place, and proved a great success; the *cuisine* was faultless; the wines no less so. The dessert was on the table, ices were being handed, songs were being sung, the mirth was growing fast and furious, when the door of the room was flung open, and the waiters, in a body, burst in, crying out in giddy excitement, 'Au balcon, Messieurs, au balcon!' Every one sprang up from table, upsetting their chairs in their eagerness to reach the balcony; and from thence beheld a sight unequalled in the world. The glorious Mediterranean, with its bay-indented coast, its picturesque islands, Procida, Castel a Mare, Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi, were all one blaze of brilliant light, as if under the reflection of magnesium. There were ships of all shape and size; some tossing and heaving on the angry billows; others dragging at their anchors, the victims of submarine convulsion; Vesuvius itself belching forth, in spasmodic paroxysms, broad streams of molten lava. At first, an instinctive sense of awe, begotten by the might and intensity of volcanic fire, imposed a breathless silence on the tongues of the beholders. Then, as the eye became more inured to the dazzling glare around and above them, they shouted forth their ecstacies and clapped their hands like children witnessing, for the first time, the transformation scene at a theatre. 'Well,' cried one, 'You have gone and done it, Romano!' 'I say,' said another, 'did you bespeak this of the clerk of the

weather, old fellow?' ''Pon my word,' said a third, 'I prayed for this sight before we weighed anchor, but I never expected my prayers to be heard. Where are you, Colonna?' Receiving no answer, some supposed (as he was a strict Catholic) his silence to imply disapprobation of the tone of levity in which they were talking of a phenomenon affording so sublime an evidence of Almighty power. But none liked, even for a second, to withdraw his gaze from the marvellous sight before him, lest, in doing so, he should miss any of the electric coruscations occasionally shooting up from the fiery fountain. After a while, however, the obstinate taciturnity of their hospitable entertainer called forth general comment; and heads were quickly turned to ascertain the cause. To their utter consternation, they found him apparently lifeless on the floor. 'What can be the matter with him?' said one. 'Oh,' said another, 'he is, very probably—not being strong—suffering from the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen.' But no. The cause was simple enough. One glance, as he rushed to the window with his guests, had sufficed to show him that, from the direction of the wind, his whole estate, which lay at the base of Vesuvius, must be devoured by the flood of burning lava. By a tragical coincidence, on the very day, nay, at the very hour, in which he was celebrating his triumph, the hopes of years were blighted, and he became a ruined man.

1838. August 20. On my return from the continent, I found that the man who had shot at Mr. Rumbold with cold-blooded but not malignant intent to kill him, had been discovered and sent to the Devizes House of Correction. His name was George Maskelyne, one of the very last men in the village whom I should have suspected. He was a poor, stolid, unlettered hind, inoffensive in his demeanour, not addicted to vicious company, not given to drink; but *unable to read or write*, and *too old to be induced to learn*. Having lost his parents while a child, he had led the life of a waif; and never having known a home, or having been cared for by any one, his disposition, without being actually soured, had been rendered unsocial. He had never been taught to respect the Lord's Day more than any other in the week. He told me himself that, from having no work to do, and no resources, he hated Sundays; and that, to wile away the weariness of the day, he took to rabbit-shooting, which he considered to have been the cause and commencement of his downward course. 'You see, Sir, I bought a gun, and I owed for it. I bought a lot of

powder and shot, and owed for 'em. Then, he as let me have the things on tick began to threaten me with jail, unless I paid un; and I had nothing to pay with.' In short, he gave me to understand that, though he valued his own liberty, he cared so little for another's, that, to extricate himself from debt, he thought he could not do better than shoot a well-to-do farmer, and ease him of his superfluous coin. He was committed to prison till the next assizes, when he was found guilty, and sentenced for execution.

1838. August 26. This day I received a visit from the Governor of the Devizes House of Correction, with an earnest request from Maskelyne that I would go and see him. I have already stated that he never went to church; and as I had never found him at home when I went to his door during the week, my knowledge of him was lamentably little. I knew that his soul's health was well cared for by the chaplain of the jail, and I had but little faith in my own power of making any vital impression on him in one interview; yet I felt it impossible to refuse compliance with an appeal made to me under such distressing circumstances. It was impossible to resist the conviction, that if he had but been properly educated he might have escaped the degradation of a felon's death. As it was, his mind was a blank—his heart as hard as the nether millstone. But how could it be otherwise? The weeds of natural corruption had been allowed to take root downward and bear fruit upward. 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts,' &c., &c.; but how can the heart be reached but through the brain? if the brain be dead, how can the heart be alive? If the truths of Scripture cannot be understood, how can the heart be benefited by them? Poor George Maskelyne's state could hardly be more appositely described than by the language used by the Provost in *Measure for Measure*, where, in speaking of Barnardine on the day of *his* execution, he says he is 'A man that apprehends death, no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.'

1838. September 3. The last time I saw poor Maskelyne, I was telling him that the holiest man that has ever lived, when he has come to die, has died a sinner pardoned for his Saviour's sake alone, when he burst into a paroxysm of tears. I caught him by the hand, supposing them to be an indication of his

penitence, thanked God, and took courage. He continued to weep so bitterly that I could not but hope that the frozen fount had thawed at last. 'These tears are a goodly sign, my friend. You sorrow, I trust, for your sins past. You seek for pardon!' Judge of my horror at his answer: 'No, Sir, I don't! I was not thinking about my sins. It is as I'm so dreadful hungry. I'd give all the world, if 'twas mine, for one good bellyfull afore I die! I do assure you, I feels as if I could eat a jackass!'

This story was told years ago in the *Saturday Review*, but the writer had it from me.

1839.

As I have no entry in my Diary for this year except private engagements, which could have no possible interest for the general reader, I shall take the liberty of introducing here one or two scraps, from my commonplace book which possibly may amuse him.

1839. March. I possess the originals of the following in print. They are *bona fide* advertisements printed on cards.

THOREL,
Loueur de Carrosses,
Rue Socrate, No. 15.
A Rouen.

A l'honneur de prévenir MM. les Voyageurs qu'il tient des Berlines et des Cabriolets très-élégans, avec de très-bons Chevaux, pour tous pays, et à volonté.
au plus juste prix.

THOREL,
Hackney Coach Keper,
Socrate Street, No. 15.
At Rouen.

Has the honor to prevent the travellers that he keeps the Coaches and Bogues very elegants with very excellent horses for every Countries at wishes.
and at very just price.

Au Grand Frédéric
Rue de Richelieu, No. 101.

Blanchard jeune,
Successeur de M. Petipont.
Tient fabrique et Magasin de Bas de Soie, coton, fils, filoselle et laine, il tient aussi un grand assortiment de Flanelle de Santé, en étoffe, et au métier, tel que Jupons, Chemises, Corsets, Gilets, Pantalons, Caleçons pour hommes et pour femmes. Il se charge de toutes sortes de commandes relatives à son état. Il vend

At the Great Frederick
Richelieu Street, No. 101.

Blanchard jun.,
Successor of Petipont.
Manufacturer and Merchant of Silk Thread, Cotton & Wool Stokings. Keep a great assortment of all kinds of Flannel made or not made, like, upper or under peticoats, waistcoats, drawers, soks, shirts and bodices for man or woman: he sell likewise good Cotton for embroideries and knittings: he take, too, all things

aussi les Cotons à tricoter et à broder. Il se charge également de faire blanchir les Bas de soie et tous les articles de Flanelle : le tout à juste prix.

made in silk or flannel to whiten, the all, at the most moderate prices.

Belgique Hotel
situated
St. Thomas Street—— by the Louvres
No. 15. in Paris

This Hotel is advantageously reputed for his property, as also for his elegant furniture. The owner beg leave to invite all English Ladies and Gentlemen to come seeing the apartments. They will find larges and small rooms freshly decorate, and very commode in all kind and manner. The services are exactly, and should been execute carefully, and what is to been astonished, that the prices are very much lower and most moderated as elsewhere.

1839. Among the very few papers which my father left behind him I found the following. I think the prayer quoted sufficiently characteristic to justify its insertion.

'There is no class of persons more truly devout than the shepherds of Scotland. Among them the exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decorum; but, formality being a thing despised by them, there are no compositions so truly original, occasionally for rude eloquence, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity.

'One of the most notable men for this sort of homely fireside eloquence was Adam Scott, of Upper Dalgleish. I had an uncle who herded with him, and from him I had many quotations from Adam Scott's prayers. Here is a short sample.

'"We parteeclarly thank Thee for thy great gudeness to Meg; and that it ever cam into your head to tak ony thought o' sic a useless bow-wow as her [alluding to a little girl of his who had been miraculously saved from drowning]. For Thy mercy's sake—for the sake o' Thy puir sinfu' creeturs now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way; and, for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, hae mercy on our Rob. Ye ken Yoursel', he's a wild mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish. But put Thy hook intil his nose, and Thy bridle intil his gab, and gar him come back to Thee, wi' a jerk, that he'll no forget the langest day he has to live. Dinna forget puir Jamie, who's far awa frae us the night. Keep Thy arm o' power about him, and, ech, Sirs, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and

smeddum to act for his sell: for if Ye dinna, he'll be but a bauchle i' this warld, and a back-sitter i' the next. Thou hast added ane to our family. [N.B.—One of his sons had just married against his approbation.] So has been Thy will. It wad never hae been mine. But, if it is of Thee, do Thou bless the connection. But, if the fule hath done it out o' carnal desire, against a' reason and credit, may the cauld rain o' adversity settle in his habitation."' &c., &c.

The next letter will tell its own tale. It has not the date of the year in which it was written; but the original, which was sent to a friend of my father's, was given him by its owner as a curiosity.

C—— D——s Priory, Aug. 27
till Sept 10 *that I shall go at Lady E—— F.*

'My dear E——.—I am shameful to have not had the pleasure to entertain you since you have with disdain abandon London; but the respect to which I am indebted for your eldest sister had oblige me to think of her Ladyship before you. i hope that you have a better weather during your excursions on the lacs than that we have here; for almost every day the tunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey; but what is more tiresome is the lamentations of peoples, which seeing the rains fall all the days, predict us with famine, plage, and civil wars, by the scarcity of bread, but it is a great error, for the harvest look very well. Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English; and during the nights if some rats or mouses trouble me, i tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Sir G——e is suffering with a rheumatism. Lady H——e O—— who have the pretension to be a very good Physitien, but who is very ignorant, after that he have yesterday well breakfast, has given him a physic, and after he have dined she give him another, and she desire that he take a walk, *au clair de la lune*, in place of to be near good fire. No: a dog or cat would be more prudent. Before yesterday, the brother having eat and drank too much, and being tormented with a strong indigestion, my lady gave him 8 grains of James Powder. the unhappy brother was near to die, and one was obliged to send to a physitien at Shelford, who arriving, found him so well, that he judged it best to wait if the nature would

save him or not; but happily, being a strong nature, he was restored. Lady H——e, the best of women is the worst of Physitien. She had killed some year ago a superb ox with James Powder; and, on another occasion, having received 24 turkeys very fatigued to have walked to foot a too long journey, she contrive to refresh them to give them some *huile de castor;* but 12 of that number died, and the rest did look melancholy, so long as they did live. i have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S——n. i put my thanks at her feet as the post go at 2 o'clock. i have not time to write to her ladyship, but i will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that I have not forgot Lady S——n in my prayers, though not so good as i could wish indeed. Believe the faithful friendship that i feel for you, my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger. Write me often and my old wife. Believe me that i love a friendly letter more than a purse of guineas.

'Yours,

'COMTE DE C——z.'

CHAPTER XII.

1840. JANUARY 29. Dined with Captain and Mrs. Dewell, and slept at Dauntsey House, a large modern mansion, situated in the village which adjoins that in which I live. It is now the property of a gentleman of the name of Fenwick. When I first stayed in it, in the year 1823, the Rev. W. Bissett and Lady Catherine were living there. The house, inside, is comfortable and capacious, and contains one or two well-proportioned reception-rooms; though, viewed from without, it has but little pretension to architectural beauty. It is built on the site of an old manor house, on a lake-bottom of loam, with a substratum of gravel, and stands in the centre of large, rich water-meadows, through which a sluggish river slowly crawls under the very windows of the dwelling. It has no woods to screen it from the winter's wind; and, indeed, is bare of any trees whatever above the dignity of a pollard-oak or a stunted willow. The dimensions of the present house might almost justify a park; but the flatness and Flemish tameness of the immediate scenery has probably discouraged successive proprietors from

any attempt at ornamental planting. If it were not for a certain life imparted to it by the presence of herds of oxen, with which the fat pastures are stocked, a drearier spot could hardly be conceived.

Near the house itself, a small ornamental grass-plot only intervening, stands the pretty village church, and a few hundred yards from it is the entrance-gate. Directly opposite, and across the road which leads through Rodburne to Malmesbury, stands the parsonage.

As far as I can learn, the Dauntsey estate has changed hands frequently, and undergone many vicissitudes. Some considerable time ago it belonged to the Peterborough family; and more remotely still to a family of the name of Stradling, who came to a most disastrous and untimely end.

On a certain Sunday, in the beginning of the year 1500, when the old manor house stood where the present one now stands, the village congregation assembled in church was surprised at the absence of every member of the squire's family and household—a circumstance the more remarkable from the uniform regularity of their attendance, and their consistent observance of the Lord's Day.

As soon as mass had been celebrated, the people, nearly all of the labouring class, instead of wending their way home, lingered about the west door of the church, busied in random speculations as to the cause of so unusual an occurrence. Some of the more enterprising made a circuit of the house, and hastily returned, declaring their suspicions that something dreadful had happened, inasmuch as the shutters of every window were closed; and not a footfall was to be heard about the premises. Though curiosity and misgiving were at the highest pitch, yet no one was bold enough to enter the house without the sanction and presence of their spiritual director. As soon, however, as he had joined the agitated groups of wonder-stricken peasants, he requested one or two of the principal farmers to accompany him to the house, and begged the rest of his flock to remain where they were till he returned to them. Before having recourse to forcible entry, they inspected carefully the least protected parts of the dwelling. Inasmuch as every door was locked, and every window closed, they concluded, that, if there had been any deed of violence done, it must have been perpetrated within, and not from without. Having rapped and shouted to no purpose, they broke into the offices; examined them all, and found nothing missing—nothing disturbed. But

on proceeding to the sleeping chambers, they found Sir Edward Stradling and all his servants murdered in their beds. In no single instance were there any signs of struggle perceptible. All had had their throats cut from ear to ear so adroitly, silently, and energetically, as to make it doubtful whether a cry could have escaped from the lips of any of the victims.

The priest and his followers, with eyes almost starting from their sockets, and cheeks blanched with horror, rushed forth to the expectant crowd and told them of the appalling scene they had witnessed. By common consent the house was shut up, and the keys left in the custody of the priest, who announced to his flock that he must, without a moment's delay, concert measures with competent advisers for the discovery of the perpetrators of such a wholesale butchery. Intelligence was transmitted, with all the speed practicable in Henry the Seventh's reign, to the constituted authorities in the hundred, with an urgent request that proper emissaries might be sent to search the house, and make the investigation necessary for the detection of the culprits.

After some time, they arrived at Dauntsey, and the first person they applied to was the priest:—for he it was who had charge of the keys of the manor house—who had given the magistracy the first intelligence of the tragedy—who had sent an account of it to the *Hue and Cry*—to whom they were directed for any local and personal information they might require for the successful prosecution of their labours,—who introduced them into the manor house—and by whose orders the murdered bodies had been left as they were found.

On entering the library, the drawer of a certain escritoire was found open and empty, from which it appeared afterwards that a large sum of money had been abstracted. This was the only article of furniture on which the robbers had bestowed a thought.

The search having been deemed, on the whole, unsatisfactory, the *employés* were in the act of taking their departure, when one of them happening to turn his head as he was leaving the kitchen, fancied he saw the door of the oven open and close again. Doubting the evidence of his own senses, yet wishing to convince himself that he was not the dupe of a heated imagination, he went up to the oven, and, on taking hold of the handle and pulling it towards him, felt himself resisted. By a slight exertion of strength he wrenched open the door, and, as

he did so, beheld a half-starved urchin cowering and trembling within.

The priest, who had observed the delay of the officer in joining him, returned to see the cause. The moment the boy, who had been speechless and paralysed, caught sight of him, he screamed out in accents of irrepressible terror—'Look there! The bloody parson! The bloody parson!' On hearing these words, the police agents looked at the priest, the ghastly hue of whose countenance, at once roused their suspicions. They instantly laid hands on him, told him he was their prisoner, and forthwith took him before a neighbouring magistrate, in company with the boy, whose deposition was taken down in his presence. From his evidence, it appeared that he was a ploughboy in the service of Sir Edward Stradling; that he was allowed to sleep in the house; that, on the night of the murder, he had crept down into the kitchen for flint-and-steel to strike a light with; that he had hardly entered at one door, before he was conscious that two or three men, without shoes, were stealthily creeping into the kitchen by another, and were followed by a man whose face was made vividly visible by the light reflected on it from a lantern which he carried in his hand. This face he at once recognized as that of his own priest. In a state of abject terror lest he should be discovered, he hastily secreted himself in the oven, where he remained till he was found. He had been there for many a weary hour, and was only kept from starving by occasional application to the larder, when he knew that no one was near. He had not the courage to try to escape, fearing that a watch might be set outside; and that, if he were seen, he might be suspected of connivance in the crime.

The other men implicated in this unparalleled atrocity had had abundant time for effecting their escape before the discovery was made. They were never traced, but the circumstantial evidence against the priest was so conclusive, that he at once confessed that, knowing the bachelor squire to have had a very large sum of money in the house, he had suggested the robbery to his accomplices, on the condition that he should have half the spoil. He was hanged in chains on a plot of ground near the house in which he lived, and which, to this day, is well known in the village as 'Hangman's Close.' For years there was a tradition in the neighbourhood that nothing would grow on that accursed spot; but it has been since enclosed in a kitchen garden, and is found to be as productive as any other ground in the vicinity.

One important fact connected with this tale remains to be mentioned. As the first messenger despatched was on his road to the officials of the hundred, he was met, accidentally, by a certain Sir John Danvers, a handsome man, of broken fortunes, to whom he told the errand on which he was bound. The knight, knowing that Sir Edward Stradling's sister must be the heir to his estates, turned his horse's head towards London, and reached her house in Paternoster Row before the tidings of her brother's murder had reached her ears—proposed to her, and was accepted. In this way the Dauntsey property fell into the hands of the Danvers family.

The substance of this strange story was told me many years ago by the late Earl of Suffolk, and is authenticated by John Aubrey, the well-known antiquary.

1840. June 2. I cannot recall the exact date, but sometime, I think, during this year, I lost one of the very best of my parishioners. His death was very striking. J. H—— was one of the poorest of the poor. He had been disabled from all work by illness for years. Sorely afflicted as he was, he bore his heavy burden with a patience, and even lightness of heart, which I never saw equalled. He was a Dissenter, but not a rancorous one, and always welcomed my visits kindly.

I never went to him that I did not carry away from him far more good than I could leave behind me. It was impossible to be in his company without feeling one's immeasurable inferiority to him in all the essentials of vital religion. With his rearing and associations, it was only natural that he should have imbibed something of the phraseology common to Dissent, and which many would call cant; but a man must have had a very narrow mind who could not have tolerated his language, for the sake of the Christian meekness, faith, patience, hopefulness, and charity with which his spirit was imbued. The last time I saw him was under circumstances not easily forgotten.

During the four years I had known him he was never entirely free from pain. From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet he was a mass of putrifying scrofulous sores, and yet his face always shone with an inward peace which no amount of bodily anguish was able to disturb. In a rude upper chamber, with a floor so ricketty and full of holes as to be dangerous; with a roof so dismantled and rotten that the rain dropped through it; stretched on a crazy pallet, without any covering but two parish blankets, lay this patient martyr and his only son, a youth of

fifteen, their hands clasped together, their countenances reflecting back on each other the mutual love that glowed within their hearts—fellow-sufferers from the same hereditary malady, fellow-believers in the same creed, rejoicing in a common tribulation, and dying almost together. They were alone when I entered, for the good wife and mother (and she was both) had walked into Wootton-Basset for the doctor. As soon as the father saw me, he exclaimed, 'Before you do anything for us, reverend Sir, I wish you would pray for our good doctor. I pray for him daily. For six or seven years I have had from him the best advice, and never had it in my power to pay him one farthing. For six or seven years I have had to send for him in the night, and in all weathers, and never has he failed me. He has come to me as readily and as quickly as if he was obeying the summons of a wealthy gentleman, instead of such a pauper as I am. Ay, and seldom has he left my wretched roof without leaving a trifle in my wife's hand. I wish you to pray for a blessing on his head.'

I had not been with him half-an-hour, when I saw a movement in the bed: I heard a gulp—a gurgle—a gasp—then saw the son clutch the father's hand, and heard him say, 'Come, father; come quickly; I'm going. Don't be long behind me,'—and then sink back and breathe his last.

The father smiled, raised himself in his bed, looked at his son, kissed him, clasped together his emaciated hands, lifted them on high, and in tones which some may call fanatical, but which I can only think were those of heavenly rapture, uttered these lines from one of his old Puritan hymn-books—

'My sins are countless as the stars,
Or sands upon the shore:
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalene
Were pardoned, all, by Thee:
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For Thou hast pardoned me.'

He then sank back, like his son, smiled, and expired.

1840. June 5. Dined with Sir Willoughby and Lady Gordon: accepted their invitation to accompany them to Chelsea Hospital Chapel: sat with Sir John Maryon Wilson, who told me that the flag which I had seen, under the influence of a lively summer breeze, flapping in the Chaplain-General's face, had

been taken by his own hand at the battle of (I think) Vittoria. A plain, capital, manly sermon he gave us, in good Saxon English, admirably adapted to the audience he addressed.

1840. July 3. I have been amused by a letter which has been sent me from a clerk to his rector. It would appear that the clerk had complained of the insignificant remuneration he had received for his services, and finding that there was no idea on the part of the rector or the churchwardens of raising his fees, he threw up his office in disgust. Subsequent reflection convinced him he had made a mistake. It was therefore in the spirit of penitence that he wrote the following extraordinary production to his rector.

'DEAR AND REV. SIR.—I avail myself of the opportunity of troubling your honour with these blundered-up lines, which I hope you will excuse, and which is the very sentiments of your humble servant's heart. I, ignorantly, rashly, but reluctantly, gave warning to leave your highly-respected office, and most amiable duty, as being your servant and clerk of this your most well-worked parish, and place of my succour and support. But, dear Sir, I well know it was no fault of yours, nor any of my most worthy parishioners. It was because I thought I were not sufficiently paid for the interment of the silent dead. But will I be a Judas, and leave the house of my God, the place where His honour dwelleth, for a few pieces of silver? No! Will I be a Peter, and deny myself of a office in His sanctuary, and cause myself to weep bitterly? No! Can I be so unreasonable as to deny, if I live and am well, the pleasure to ring that solemn toll that speaks the departure of a soul? No! Can I leave off digging the tombs of my neighbours and acquaintance, which have many a time made me shudder and think of my mortality, especially when I have dug up the mortal remains of some one as I perhaps very well knew? No! Can I so abruptly forsake the services of my beloved church, which I have not failed to attend of every Sunday for this seven year and a-half? No! Can I leave waiting upon you, a minister of that Being "that sitteth between the cherubims, and flieth upon the wings of the wind"? No! Can I leave the place where our most holy service calls forth, and says, "Those whom God hath joined together (and being, as I am, a married man) let no man put asunder"? No! Can I leave that ordinance, where you say, "Thus and thus, I baptize thee in the name of" &c., &c., &c.; and he becomes

"regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's Church"? No! Can I think of leaving off cleaning at Easter the house of God, in which I take such delight, in looking down her aisles, and beholding her sanctuary and the table of the Lord? No! Can I forsake taking a part in the service of thanksgiving of women after childbirth, when mine own wife has been delivered these ten times? No! Can I leave off waiting on the congregation of the Lord, which you well know, Sir, is my delight? No! Can I leave the table of the Lord, at which I have feasted a matter of, I dare say, full thirty times? No! And, dear Sir, can I ever forsake you, who has ever been kind to me? No! And I well know "you will entreat me not to leave you, neither to return from following after you: for where you pray, there will I pray; where you worship, will I worship; your church shall be my church; your people shall be my people, and your God shall be my God."

'By the waters of Babylon am I to sit down and weep, and leave thee, O my church, and hang my harp upon the trees that grow in the yard? No! One thing have I desired of the Lord all the days of my life—to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. "More to be desired art thou, O my church, than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter to me than honey and the honeycomb." Now, think, Sir, this is the very desire of my heart, still to wait upon you, which I hope you will find to be my delight as hitherto; but I, unthinkingly and rashly, said I would no longer; for which "I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart."

'Now, if you think me worthy to wait upon you, please to tell the churchwardens that all is reconciled; and, if not, "I will get me away into the wilderness, and hide me in the desert, in the clefts of the rocks;" but I hope still to be your Gehazi, and when I meet my Shunamite, to be able to say, "All, all is well." I will conclude my blunders with my oft-repeated prayer, that it may be "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

'Now, Sir, I shall go on with my fees same as I found them, and will make no more trouble about them; but I *will not*, I *cannot*, I *must not* leave you nor my delightful duties.

'Your most obedient servant,

——— ———.'

1840. July. A skeleton of unusual stature has been dug up in this parish. Considering the spot in which it was found,

and the local tradition long current among the poor people, I do not see why their conjecture about it may not be true.

On the outskirts of the village, and on an elevated position commanding an extensive valley, whose grass fields are as much appreciated by the huntsman as they are celebrated with the agriculturist for their dairy produce, stands the picturesque and ruined abbey of Bradenstoke. Within a few hundred yards of its walls there is a central mound—whether indicating a British or Roman camp, I am not antiquary enough to determine—which is flanked by embankments, ditches, and earthworks. The other day, some farm-labourers, in digging for gravel in one of the banks, came upon an entire skeleton of unusual size. Why it had been deposited there, and how long, was for some time a mystery. At last, however, the popular impression in the neighbourhood was that it was the remains of the very Sir John Danvers of Dauntsey mentioned at page 278 of this volume.

Every reader of history knows that the High Court of Justice was assembled in Westminster Hall on January 20, 1649, to try their sovereign, Charles the First; that he was then and there impeached as a tyrant, traitor, and enemy to the Commonwealth, for having levied war against the parliament and the people they represented; that the King, when brought before the Court, thrice declined to submit to their jurisdiction; and that, at the fourth time, certain witnesses were examined, by whom it was proved that the King had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the parliament.

Every student of history also knows that, on the Restoration in 1660, such of the regicides as were alive were tried and condemned. My own paternal ancestor, Simon Mayne, I am sorry to say, was one of the regicides, but died before the Restoration. On the anniversary of Charles the First's execution, the bodies of the more prominent of the regicides were ordered by proclamation to be disinterred, hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, and decapitated, their heads fixed in Westminster Hall. Any one who refers to the warrant for Charles the First's execution, issued in 1648, will see that the seventh signature in the list is that of Sir John Danvers. A tenant of his, who was devoted to his memory, happened to be in London when the proclamation was issued. The instant that he was made aware of it, apprehending that his late master's body would be treated with the same ignominy as those of his colleagues, he rode down to Dauntsey, and, with the help of others, disinterred the

remains and conveyed them to a certain bank in the grounds of Bradenstoke Abbey. For years there has been a tradition to this effect in the village. It is in this very bank that the skeleton has been dug up; and it is the skeleton of a man of great stature, and so far answers the description of Sir John Danvers. It seems to me that there is every reason for believing the skeleton to be his.

1840. August. Mrs. Young and I dined with the Rector of Wootton Bassett. His wife is lovely in person, amiable in manner, essentially feminine, but lamentably deaf. Owing to this infirmity, a ludicrous mistake arose. The ladies were in the drawing-room, and my wife was sitting with her back to the door. A gentleman, whom we had met for the first time, had left the dining-room before the others, and had entered so silently, that Mrs. Young, unconscious of his being behind her, made the following remark to the lady of the house:—'What a very agreeable man Mr. Hare is' (the very gentleman at the back of her chair). 'Oh, yes,' said the deaf lady, 'and so warm and comfortable of a winter's night.' The hostess had thought Mrs. Young was praising her room and not her friend.

1840. September. Whether it was before or after this date I do not know, but my father was one day entering either Exeter Hall, or the Hanover Square Rooms, on the occasion of a concert, when he saw the eyes of a lady fixed on him, whom he fancied at a distance he knew. He strode over several benches to reach her, but on getting nearer found he had mistaken her for another. He bowed apologetically and retired in some confusion. The next morning he received by post a note the language of which I cannot remember, but the substance of which was something of this kind—'Sir, the lady at this morning's concert, to whom you made an unauthorized advance, was not without a protector. He it is who now demands satisfaction at your hands—a satisfaction he has long desired—viz., the pleasure of making your acquaintance,' &c. My father, who had been considerably agitated by the opening words of the note, was greatly pleased to find it was neither more nor less than a very kindly invitation from Dr. Gleig, the Chaplain-General of the Forces.

1840. November 1. I preached at Sutton Benger, on the occasion of the opening of an organ. Some little time ago the clerk of a neighbouring parish took leave, without his rector's permission, to absent himself from church one Sunday. The

rector, on asking his substitute what had become of him, was told he had gone to see a cherub opened. It turned out he had gone to the opening of a seraph-ine.

1840. November. Our roads being very much neglected, and requiring an amount of supervision—which they did not get—our village was blessed with three turnpikes. One of them was kept by an elderly man of the name of Jeffries. He was an uninteresting creature; but his person, voice, dialect, and phraseology were so quizzical, that I often went to see him. From long-confirmed habits and want of education he had become impervious to religious impressions, so that my ministerial visits were barren of any beneficial results. If I introduced the subject of religion he would become listless, taciturn, and sulky. The rough outline opposite, which I took of him, though inartistic enough, gives a very tolerable idea of the man. His hair was scant and grizzled; his eyes were like ferrets'—the lids were red and raw; he had neither whisker nor beard, but on his skin, which was seamed and rugged, were strange incrustations. I never saw a coat on his back, let the weather be what it would; he was always in his shirt-sleeves. He wore a red plush waistcoat, the cast-off garment of some short, thin footman. It was so small for him, that it never was known to be buttoned; and so short as to involve an indecorous interregnum between itself and a pair of orange plush breeches. The general effect of his person, when viewed from behind, was grotesque in the extreme; for, owing either to natural deformity or an accident to his right hip-joint, one half of his hindquarters was nearly double the size of the other, and was rendered all the more noticeable by a large patch of buckskin sewn on by his own fingers, on which, with a backhanded dexterity for which he deserved a patent, he always sharpened the knife which he used in his supplementary vocation of basket-maker. It was evident that he took great pride in this exhibition of manual skill, for he invariably reserved the stropping process for such times as he had to open the gate to travellers. His legs were both large, one enormous. His sound one was encased in a well-darned gray worsted stocking; but the invalid one was screened from the prying scrutiny of 'sassy boys' by a green-baize curtain drawn below the knee by curtain rings, which ran on a piece of wire, and girt the knee itself like a garter. The curtain itself was by some mysterious process fastened at bottom to one of the carpet slippers which he wore on his great swollen feet.

In one of my periodical visits I was talking to him seriously, and expressing my regret that his duties at the receipt of custom should prevent his ever getting to church, when he interrupted me by saying—'Yes, Sir, it be a pity, bain't it? We pike-keepers, and shepherds, and carters, and monthly-nusses has got souls as well as them as gets to church and chapel. But what can us do? "Why," I says, says I, to the last passon (parson) as preached at me, "don't Catechism say summut or other about doing our duty *in* that state of life in which we be?" So, arter all, when I be taking toll o' Sundays, I'm not far wrong, be I?'

'Well, my friend,' said I, 'I wish, between us, we could hit on some plan or other by which you might do your duty to your God as well as to man. What would you say if I paid a man to take your place in the afternoons on Sundays?'

Jeffries. 'No, no, Sir; *that* would never do. What! leave my post to a stranger? What would master say to me if he heard on't?'

J. C. Y. 'Well, God is not confined to temples made with hands. At all events, I'm glad to see His Word upon your shelf.'

Jeffries. 'Yes, Sir, I've had that ever since I was a boy.'

J. C. Y. 'Do you ever read it?'

Jeffries. 'Can't say as how I do. I allus (always) gets so porous over it.'

At this moment a little boy of twelve years of age, with a clay pipe in his mouth, entered and asked for a light. Jeffries thrust him out indignantly, saying, 'Consarn your carcase. Go 'long wi' ye. Gie *you* a light, ye forward young varmint? Why, such as you bain't qualified for pipes!' and then resumed his dialogue with me.

J. C. Y. 'I have been wishing to speak to you for some time past. I wish you would not allow Jane G—— to sit here so much with you. She is a disreputable, bad girl; and I must tell you that your intimacy with her is much talked of.'

Jeffries. 'Now, my good man, I've been a wanting to speak to you for some time. Don't ye believe all as folks tell ye. I knows very well as people uses to talk slight on her, and 'buse her. But don't *you* do it. Do as I do. I allus (always) praises her. Charity hides a deal o' sin, master: ain't that Scripture? If it are, am I to be lectured at for sticking up and saying a good word for she? I tell ye what it is, Muster Young, thuck's as civil a wench as you'll see 'twixt now and Candlemas. Folk

may talk, and folk may listen to what other folk talk; but one thing I *can* say, I never heerd no trumpery come out o' she: leastways, as a body may say, not downright langridge (language). Sartinly, I heerd tell as how she were sassy (saucy) to you when you spoke about the marrying. But what's the use o' going on like that wi' such as she. Poor thing, she *ain't no turn for it*. 'Taint you only as mislests (molests) her. There's Muster Hinton, the clerk, were as viery (fiery) as a snail about it. As to menfolk and junketing, and all that, I do believe the gurl (girl) were given a little thuck (that) way. But, for all that, 'tis very wrong for folk to make up tales about she and I. I can't see why you should 'spect I, Muster! Wonst (once) I own I was as big a reprobate man as any in the wuddle (world); but now, what wi' boils and buncles (carbuncles), and rheumatiz and chilblains, and one thing a-top o' t'other, I've took a deal of thought about things, and now I say, as should not, that there ain't a punctaller (more punctual) man in England, let alone Wil'shire. I tell ye what it is, blood will tell, in the long run; and I cum o' good kin. Why, 'twas but yesterday fortnight as my own sister cum and see'd me; aye, and acknowledged me very 'andsome, too. If you'll believe me, she cum here wi' a hoss and a gig, and a veil on. *That* don't look as if I were such a wild 'un. 'Tain't reasonable to 'spose it, or *she'd* never have come to see me.'

Many weeks after, when I was visiting him, I took out of my pocket-book a bit of paper, and asked him to let me sketch him. While I was doing so the following dialogue took place between us.

J. C. Y. 'I wonder, Jeffries, if you would object to stand up for a few minutes while I try to draw you?'

Jeffries. 'What! D'ye want to make a plan o' me.'

J. C. Y. 'Yes. I suppose when you were young you were rather a smart-looking fellow, eh?'

Jeffries. 'Well, I don't know; perhaps (with a gratified chuckle of self-satisfaction) when I were young, I were. As for face, I was about as well off as the general of us: at least, so they told me; though my eye was hurtit (hurt) wi' a cow when I were a lad; and it's a kind o' run ever since: leastways, I should say, every now and tan (now and then). But there was one thing I was—I were unaccountable lissome and strong. One of my calves would measure both my smalls,—put across, you know.

J. C. Y. 'Would you turn a little more to the right, that I may see more of your side-face?'

J. C. Y. *del.*

OLD JEFFRIES.

To face p. 284.

Jeffries. 'Lor, I ain't proud. If you wants I to odds anyway I'll do 't. By-the-bye, I were a-telling you how supple and strong I were. Many a time I've put three sixpenny bits atween my legs and jumped about wi' em without spilling one. How I pities them poor groom creeturs (creatures) what have their gaiters made so big at bottom. I tells 'em 'tis a making game o' their Maker; for 'tis turning their legs upside down—nothing else. Ah, I were wonderful strong in them times. I mind (remember) once a mortal foppish man, Phil Thomas, coming into public where I was wi' some friends one evening. Thomas, you must know, were allus (always) up to some gammutting job or other, he were; and he had not been long in the place before he cum cunning behind me, and kept a tickling my ear wi' a straw to make t' other chaps laugh; so I says, says I, "Master Thomas, I would not do that; 'tis silly." Well, presevere he would: so says I, once more, "If you goes on like this, there'll be a racket." 'Twarn't long afore he done it again: so I ups wi' my fistes and hammered him amazin'; and when I did hit him on to jowl (on the cheek)—(with a laugh of exultation at the recollection of his prowess)—blow'd if I did not chuck him on to fire. Ah! ah! ah! He did not stay there long. No! no! He made one jump out, and then fell to a-rubbing and a-yelling like a pig when it's being wormed; and then cut clean away, I don't know where, for I never see'd him again, I promise ye.'

On another occasion when I called on him I found him in low spirits.

J. C. Y. 'Why, Jeffries, you are out of sorts to-day. What is the matter?'

Jeffries. 'Why, I be sorry to say, a very great friend o' mine have had the handbolts' put upon him. Why, 'twas no longer agone than Corsham fair as he had a cup o' coffee wi' me in this very blessed spot, and we was as thick as two thieves; and now, only to think o' his sitiation: 'tis a shame, and that's what it is.' Here he actually began to whimper.

J. C. Y. 'I am afraid, Jeffries, you are not very particular as to what company you keep. There are two sayings which are worth your attending to: one "A man is known by the company he keeps;" the other, "Birds of a feather flock together;" and the Bible tells you not only to "avoid evil," but even "the appearance of evil;" to "walk circumspectly," &c., &c. And, trust me, if you are "hail, fellow, well met," with every one who is willing to smoke a pipe with you, you will yourself be

looked on with suspicion as having tastes in common with your companions. Be cautious.'

Jeffries. 'Lor! You must not think as I'm for thieves. If I had my way wi' 'em, I'd hang 'em all up like onions, I would. That's how I'd act to every chap as was a fore-runner o' them games; for them sort never does no good to no one, as I can see, only harum (harm). But this here lad as I'm partial to ain't so bad as that. He never broke open the house. I know as he didn't. He only happened to have a key by him which happened to fit the lock clever, and he turned it; and then (poor feller, I daresay he were hungry!) he only took a side o' bacon and a dozen knives and forks (and them only small uns too). Poor chap! I can't a-bear to think on't! I've a mind to talk to some lawyer at Wootton Bassett or Marlbro' for un, if I could only leave this here gate for an hour or two!'

On my giving him my mind very plainly on the laxity of principle he had betrayed during his communications, he began to forget himself. But on my rising in some indignation to leave, he made me a propitiatory offering. 'I say, Sir, don't ye be 'fended. Let's be friends, Sir. Accept one of these peppermint humbugs, or a bull's-eye, or a red-herring, though they be but queerish samples!'

My wife and I were one day returning home after paying our prescribed round of pastoral visits to the sick and poor, when, as we approached the turnpike-gate over which Jeffries presided, our olfactory nerves were assailed by an odour which was more stimulating than savoury. We were not long at a loss to discover from whence the aroma proceeded; for on passing the sidegate of the pike, old Jeffries, whom I had not gone near since our last interview, hobbled out, halloaing after us, and holding up with an air of much pride what at a distance looked like a Bologna sausage in half-mourning; but which on nearer view assumed rather the shape and size of an amputated leg in a gray worsted stocking. 'Do ye come in. Do ye come in, Ma'am and Sir. I'd dearly like the Missus to taste a morsel o' my cooking!'

He had actually boiled in one of his discarded stockings a pudding of his own concoction, the ingredients of which were flour, suet, red-cabbage, onions, and apples.

But enough of Jeffries.

1843. July 18. I believe that little is known of the first introduction into our Church system of that nearly obsolete functionary, the parish-clerk.

It was in the reign of the eighth Harry, that the revenues of the beneficed clergy having been seriously reduced by the dissolution of the monasteries, and diverted to the aggrandisement of the monarch's favourites, the incumbents of large and populous districts availed themselves of the assistance of laymen in the more secular department of their labours, and engaged them to lead such portions of divine service as more properly devolved on the congregation.

Let me descend, however, from the usages of more remote days to the parish-clerk with whom so many have been familiar for the last half-century.

One would naturally have supposed that, in the selection of laymen destined to play a somewhat prominent part in the public worship of the sanctuary, a nice discrimination would have been exercised; and that a candidate's special qualifications for such office would have been rigidly tested before appointment: whereas, it would appear to have been rather the rule to choose, if not as a foil to the minister, at least as a burlesque, on the function, the sorriest driveller that could be found—some 'lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch at side,'

> 'triumphant over time,
> And over tune and over rhyme,'

who, by his snivelling enunciation of the responses, and his nasal drawling of the A—mens, was sure to provoke the risibility of his hearers. With few exceptions, he may now be regarded as a sort of ecclesiastical fungus, the unwholesome growth of two or three centuries of laxity and latitudinarianism. And yet in his day and in his way, he used to be deemed by staid old-fashioned church-goers as essential an officer, if not as ornamental a one, as the parish-beadle.

If the one were referred to as the proper enforcer of discipline among the refractory scapegraces of the aisle, the other was held to be not a whit less essential to the efficient celebration of united worship in the desk.

That the spirit of modern enlightenment is rapidly sweeping away these antiquated relics of a bygone age must be a matter of common congratulation with all who are jealous of delegating to a half-educated hireling a duty and a privilege which of right belongs to themselves. No man has less personal reason for desiring clerk-extinction than I have; for no one can be more fortunate in his coadjutor than myself. But that does

not make me blind to the fact that a congregation of rustics forced to refer to a fugleman to lead them in prayer and praise, must have a very inadequate apprehension of their responsibilities.

My own good clerk, in spite of certain constitutional peculiarities, which in my estimation rather contributed to his attractiveness than detracted from it, was a man of such lofty aspirations and of such blameless purity of life, that in making him Nature made the very ideal of a village clerk and schoolmaster (for he was both), and then then 'broke the mould.' His grave yet kindly countenance, his goodly height, his breadth of shoulder, his well-proportioned limbs, encased in breeches and gaiters of corded kerseymere, and the natural dignity of his carriage, combined 'to give the world assurance of' a bishop rather than a clerk. It needed familiarity with his inner life to know how much singleness of purpose and simplicity of mind, and contentment, and piety, lay hid under a pompous exterior and a phraseology somewhat stilted.

When I first knew him he was, I should think, about fifty years of age. He dwelt in a small white-washed cottage of no pretensions, which, by virtue of his situation as schoolmaster, he enjoyed rent-free. It stood in the heart of a small but well-stocked kitchen-garden, which was entirely cultivated by himself. His salary was about 40*l.* per annum; and on this, with perhaps 5*l.* a-year more, derived from church-fees, he brought up five children in the greatest respectability, all of whom have since done well in life. Each member of this primitive household looked up to its head with veneration. I verily believe they regarded him, morally, as a Zeno—mentally, as a Solon; and certainly, measured by the side of his neighbour and contemporary, the labourer, who only knew what he had taught him, or the farmer, who knew less, because he had never been taught at all, he was a giant among pigmies—a Triton among minnows.

With the exception of a Bible, a Prayer-book, a random tract or two, and a Moore's Almanac, I think when I went first to the village there was hardly a book to be found in it. So that when first my worthy friend saw the goodly array of standard works upon my shelves, and was told that he might have free access to them, his heart seemed to leap within him. In his unsophisticated eyes a book, whether profound or shallow, was still the product of mind, and therefore an object of reverence. To have told him that the work of any author was not worth perusal, would have been like telling a man starving in the

J. C. Y. *del.*

MY PARISH CLERK.

To face p. 290.

midst of profusion that the bread within his reach was not well-baked, and therefore not worth eating. His appetite for information of all kinds was insatiable; and strange to say, by a power of assimilation peculiar to himself, he managed to extract from inferior productions every particle that was wholesome, and to reject what was unprofitable. He would suck the juice of the fruit, and discard the pulp. If, on the other hand, he got hold of a book of sterling merit, he would never lay it down till he had possessed himself of its substance, and transfused the writer's thoughts into his own brain. So receptive and imitative was his intellect, that his conversation, his deportment, even his spirit, became imbued with the individuality of the author whose writings he had been studying. I lent him a volume of Dr. Johnson's works. I soon found his conversation sententious and dogmatic. I lent him Lord Chesterfield's Letters. For a week or two after, there was an airiness and jauntiness about him quite foreign to his nature. The class of works that he relished most, and which argued well for the correctness of his taste, were Jeremy Taylor and Bacon and Milton. After many months' reverential communion with these Goliaths of literature, he became pensive and contemplative; and his manners more chastened and severe. Yet, had a stranger, wanting in the faculty of reading character, listened to his inflated phraseology, and at the same time been aware of his ignorance of men, he would have been puzzled to determine whether he were more of a pedant or a simpleton.

The better to appreciate this worthy, the reader should bear in mind that the very secluded spot in which he dwelt had been his birthplace, and remained his local habitation to the day of his death. He had never travelled farther from it than to the neighbouring market-town. His opportunities of association with his fellows had been restricted to his native village. He had been excluded by force of circumstances from the outer world, and never seeing London, and rarely a provincial paper, he knew little of what was going on in political life except what he picked up from me. In those days, in spite of much kindness shown me in the neighbourhood, my life was rather a monotonous one, and my chief intercourse was with my parishioners; so that hours spent, as they often were, with a man so original, fresh, and untainted, were to me a real pleasure. It was a matter of infinite amusement to me to elicit the wonder of one so guileless and impressible. If I told him anything which in his estimation partook of the marvellous, of an exca-

vation witnessed at Pompeii, of the ascent of Vesuvius, or of a descent into the Catacombs of Rome, he had a habit of folding his hands together over his stomach, leaning his portly body forward on his right foot, well advanced, and poising it in the attitude of suspended attention; and when the interest of the narrative was complete, of sinking back on his left, uttering with an intonation of amazement worthy of Dominie Sampson—'In-deed!'

Although by no means deficient in moral courage, he was physically timid. My having braved the terrors of the deep in an occasional two hours' trip across the channel, inspired him with a high estimate of my intrepidity, although 'my journeyings oft' by coach led him to think slightly of my discretion.

'Am I, reverend Sir,' he asked me, 'to understand that you voluntarily trust your perishable body to the outside of a vehicle of the soundness of which you know nothing, and suffer yourself to be drawn to and fro by four strange animals of whose temper you are ignorant, and are willing to be driven by a coachman of whose capacity and sobriety you are uninformed?'

On my pleading guilty to the impeachment, he continued, 'From what I am told, I fear that the love of risk and adventure must be a very widely-spread instinct, seeing that so many people are ready to expose themselves to such fearful casualties. Now and then, Mr. Malster* Large lends me the North Wilts paper; and I rarely have ever opened one without reading of some coach accident or other. I must say I am grateful to think that I have never been exposed to such terrific hazards.'

I used to try to laugh him out of his fears, and told him that the best cure for them would be for him to accompany me on the York House coach to Bath, from whence I would take him on to Bristol and Clifton. My offer was refused without an instant's hesitation; and though he admitted that he should greatly like to see such towns—especially at night, when lighted up with gas—yet he thanked God there was no gas in Lyneham, and, therefore, no fear of explosions; and that, greatly as he should like to see four horses skilfully driven, nothing on earth should ever tempt him to enter a coach, which, from the mere shying of a horse, or the most trivial circumstance, might be overturned in one instant.

* 'Our village' had a habit of distinguishing one person from others of the same name, by prefixing the title of their calling as if it were a Christian name.

It was not long after this conversation that an unexpected opportunity presented itself for judging of the justice or fallacy of his fears. The Great Western Railway from London to Bath, then in course of construction, had been completed and opened as far as Swindon. One day our quiet little village was startled from its propriety by the sight of handbills, posted on every available wall or barn, announcing that, until the line was opened for traffic the whole way, the journey from Swindon to Bath, and from Bath to Swindon, would be performed by stage-coaches, which would ply four or five times a day, and would pass through Lyneham. Since the year 1659, when the first coach in England started from Coventry, I doubt if ever there had been a greater sensation than that created by this intelligence. I was myself so pleased at the prospect of enjoying greater facilities for locomotion, that I was not proof against the infection of my neighbours; and, on the day named for the running of the coaches, I sent a request to our schoolmaster that he would allow the boys a holiday, as a like act of grace had already been conferred by the farmers and employers of labour on their workmen.

The morning was ushered in by leaden skies and a biting east wind: but who cared for atmospheric disturbances at such a time, and under such circumstances? Every one was early astir, bent on inaugurating the auspicious event with becoming spirit. The ploughshare stood still in the furrow: the flail in the barn ceased its monotonous thud; the hammer in the smithy for once left the anvil at peace; the sails of the windmill on 'the hillocks' were tightly coiled; the public houses were decorated with ivy and laurel; wives, mothers, daughters, clad in their Sunday attire, were carrying in their hands extemporized bouquets of laurustina and chrysanthema, at that season the best products of their little gardens; while husbands, fathers, and brothers supplied themselves liberally with holly and laurel, to shower rough welcome on the heads of the coach-passengers as they went by.

In due time our church-clock struck the hour of arrival advertised, and, as hearts beat with expectation, and watches were referred to by those who had them, and no coach appeared, impatience, long suppressed, began to vent itself in audible murmurs of dissatisfaction. The village bells, which had been clanging forth a joyous peal from the church-tower, flagged, and faltered, and intermitted; grey heads wagged with prophetic misgiving; the loafers vowed they had been hoaxed;

the saucy urchins in the crowd telegraphed their suspicions to each other by derisive applications of thumb and forefinger to the nose; the middle-aged proposed to adjourn to the beer-shop, and drown their disappointment in the bowl; when suddenly the miller on 'the hillocks,' officating as our outlook, was observed to spring up on the gallery of the mill, and wave his flour-encrusted hat enthusiastically above his head.

Presently we heard the cheery notes of the key-bugle, succeeded by the animated clatter of horses' hoofs ringing on the hard, crisp road. Then we saw perspiration ascending smoke-like through the clear and frosty air from the reeking flanks of four hard-pressed animals; and the guard, in his gorgeous scarlet coat—in the eyes of our unsophisticated rustics, a king—to the terror of nervous women and the delight of the little boys, suspending himself by both hands from the railing round the roof of the coach, and with an adroit jerk of his right foot, detach the break from the off hinder wheel, restore it again to its hook below the perch, and afterwards resume his seat with lofty dignity. The cumbrous coach, released from the restraint of the drag, rattled down the hill towards the parsonage, swaying and swinging from side to side under the superincumbent weight of toppling luggage. Once more the key-bugle struck up the familiar air of 'Sodger Laddie'; the coachman squared his elbows, depressed his wrists, drew up the leathern apron over his knees; squirted tobacco-juice, in approved fashion, through his teeth; gave the horses their heads; smacked his whip, and by a skilful application of the lash to the hind-quarters of the leaders, urged them into a rattling gallop. With lightning speed they spun past the blacksmith's shop, the new work-school for girls, the village shop, the baker's, the malster's, on—on—towards the school-house of our clerk, with its cockney yew-clipped hedge, and its well-turfed bank, sloping six feet towards the road, in the form of a revetment. The little gate which led into the garden was padlocked, and at the end of the box-edged path, which separated his cherished potato- from his onion-bed, stood the master and his scholars—he, issuing his orders with the stern air of a commanding officer; they, drawn up in single file, and in a line parallel with the hedge; and, in their impatience to see, showing a mutinous disposition to break their ranks. At this juncture, as the sound of the rapidly-revolving wheels grew more and more distinct, and the shouts of the mob more and more vociferous, the deep, sonorous, but tremulous voice of the

schoolmaster, delivering his orders, was heard high above the tumult. 'Hats off!—Hats off, I say! Boys, prepare to cheer.' Then, descrying some insubordinate spirit craning over the hedge, and thus infringing on the uniformity of the line, roaring in tones of nervous anger, 'Lesser boys!—stand back! Stand back, I say!'

I was told next day by one who watched him from his post of observation, that, as the object of general interest drew nigh, he could see, from the blanching of my friend's cheek, and the clenching of his hands, that the convictions of years were clouding his spirit with gloomy apprehensions; and certainly it was a curious confirmation of all his odd fears on the risks attendant on coach-travelling, to find that, as the stage arrived opposite his garden, the driver, who was new to the road, and was not prepared for the sharp angle at which the road to Calne diverges, by a too sudden tightening of the off-wheeler's rein, had thrown the coach on the lock, upset it in the ditch, and precipitated all the outside passengers over the heads of the terror-stricken boys, into the very midst of his much-prized ash-leaf kidneys.

He himself was so unnerved by the accident, that he lost his presence of mind, and was therefore tardy in offering help to those who needed it. I believe that, until he had time for dispassionate reflection, he rather regarded the victims of misfortune as enemies who had made a hostile descent on his territory. And, amiable as he was, and full of sympathy as he showed himself when he had rallied from his alarm, the sense of danger 'so horribly did shake his disposition,' that, instead of maintaining his position, he retreated towards the extremity of his garden, as if the unwilling invaders, instead of being overthrown, were in full pursuit of him. I will not dwell on a scene at which I was not actually present, or attempt to describe all that took place before the coach was set up again on its wheels, and the uninjured passengers were able to pursue their journey; but content myself with saying that when I met my worthy neighbour shortly after, he shook his head at me, and said, 'Ah, Sir! was not I right in saying I would never enter such a dangerous carriage as a four-horse coach? I assure you I was not the least surprised! It was just what I expected!'

Patient and contented as he was by nature, and indulgent by habit, he could not help once complaining to me of the trouble it gave him to keep his boys within bounds on the half-holiday

afternoons of winter, when the weather put a stop to out-door games. I reflected on this—said nothing to him at the time, but invited him the next evening to tea, that Mrs. Young and I might teach him chess. He took to it eagerly; and, after he had become a tolerable proficient, I advised him to teach the game to one or two of the sharpest of his lads, and let them in turn teach others of their school-fellows. He fell in at once with the suggestion; and it was with no slight satisfaction that, a few weeks after, I saw, one Saturday afternoon, all the big boys engrossed in the interest of the game. He told me, that that which had been to him the noisiest day of the week, was now the quietest; that the boys had become so enamoured of chess, that, of their own accord, and with the help of large old book-covers, they had made chess-boards for themselves; and out of a few bits of wood, by the help of a knife and their own ingenuity, had made sets of very creditable chessmen.

I was myself playing with the subject of this sketch one evening, when, on my taking his queen, he begged he might at once give up the game, 'for,' said he, 'I consider, reverend Sir, that chess without the queen is like life without a female.' Presently, when our game was ended, and it had struck nine o'clock, he rose, and declined to play any more, assigning as his reason, that if he did not return at once, 'folk at home would be disturbed; and I am happy to think,' he went on to say, 'that I never yet planted a thorn in a female bosom, and hope I never shall; so, Sir, I wish you good night.'

The next event which stirred the pulses of our usually apathetic population, was the opening of the railway line from Swindon to Bath, and the consequent cessation of coach-traffic through our village. The part of the line which passed close to it consisted of a deep railway cutting. I invited my clerk to go with me, and see the passing of the very first train. We had not long reached our destination, before our ears were assailed by the gruff snort of the engine, as it laboured up the severest and sharpest gradient on the whole line from London. As soon as it had attained to the highest point, strange palpitating throbs burst from the throat of the chimney, preceded by the shrill scream of the whistle, followed by a frenzied w—h—i—s—h, and then an impetuous rush down the incline at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The novelty of the sight, the strangeness of the sounds, the marvellous velocity with which engine, tender, carriages, and trucks disappeared, the dense volumes of sulphurous smoke, were altogether too much for the nerves

of my simple dominie, and he fell prostrate on the bank side, as if he had been smitten by a thunderbolt! When he recovered his feet, his brain still reeled, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he stood aghast, unutterable amazement stamped upon his face. It must have been quite five minutes before he could speak, and when he did, it was in the tone of a Jeremiah. 'Well, Sir, that was a sight to have seen: but one I never care to see again! How awful! I tremble to think of it! I don't know what to compare it to, unless it be to a messenger despatched from the infernal regions, with a commission to spread desolation and destruction over this fair land! How much longer shall knowledge be allowed to go on increasing?'

CHAPTER XIII.

William Hinton knew not a word of Latin: yet he had a pedantic pleasure in introducing it whenever he could. His ignorance of the Latin grammar was so amusing that I never attempted to correct him. So little did he know of its first principles, that he had no conception that an adjective agreed with its substantive in gender, number, and case. When he wished to impress one with a smack of his classical erudition, he would refer to a little pocket dictionary, and substitute the Latin for the English word. If he had occasion to write me a note, he invariably signed himself 'Gulielmus Hintoniensis, Rusticus Sacrista.' He never addressed my wife but as 'Charus Domina': and on one occasion, when he sent her a copy of verses, written in honour of her return, after a three months' absence on the continent, he headed them with these words, in large letters: 'Gratus, gratus, optatus,' and dated it 'Martius quinta, 1842.' He rarely gave me notice of a funeral except in doggerel. The following note, and the verses appended to it, were sent to Mrs. Young's unmarried sister, in acknowledgment of a slight souvenir she had brought him from abroad.

'Januarius Prima, 1840.

'Charus Domina.—That the humble Sacrista should be still retained on the tablets of your memory, is an unexpected plea-

sure. Your gift, as a criterion of your esteem, will be often looked at with delight, and be carefully preserved, as a memorial of your friendship, and for which I beg to return my sincere thanks. May the meridian sunshine of happiness brighten your days through the voyage of this life; and may your soul be borne on the wings of seraphic angels to the realms of bliss eternal in the world to come, is the sincere wish and fervent prayer of, Charus Domina, your most obedient, most respectful, most obliged servant,

'GULIELMUS HINTONIENSIS,
'Rusticus Sacrista.'

'GRATITUDO.

A gift from the virtuous, the fair, and the good,
From the affluent to the humble and low,
Is a favour so great, so obliging and kind,
To acknowledge I scarcely know how.
I fain would express the sensations I feel,'
By imploring the blessing of heaven
May be showered on the lovely, the amiable maid
Who this gift to Sacrista has given.
May the choicest of husbands, the best of his kind,
Be hers by the appointment of heaven!
And may sweet smiling infants, as pledges of love,
To crown her Connubium be given.'

Here follows another characteristic note, intended to remind me of a forthcoming marriage.

REV. SIR.—I hope it has not escaped your memory, that the young couple at Clack are hoping to offer incense at the shrine of Venus this morning, at the hour of ten. I anticipate the bridegroom's anxiety.

'RUSTICUS SACRISTA.'

Among other notable traits of his character, I may mention that he was very curious on the subject of ladies' dress. He once asked me to tell him 'in what guise feminine respectables usually appeared at an evening party?' On my describing to him a lady of the day in a low dress, he blushed and shivered, and exclaimed, 'Then methinks, Sir, there must be revelations of much which modesty would gladly veil.'

He was curious, also, to know if it were true, as he had been told, that mothers in high life, well able to nurse their offspring, were in the habit of delegating to others the duties which of right devolved on themselves. On my telling him that babies who

had weakly mothers were frequently brought up by hand, and that wet-nurses were often engaged by those who were themselves well able to nurse, he expressed himself as greatly shocked at such a reversal of the laws of nature. It so happened that, the very next day, a lady and her two daughters came to stay a couple of nights with us, who, having often heard me enlarge on the worth, and, at the same time, the drollery of my fellow-workman, begged me to invite him to tea, that they might make his acquaintance. I had considerable difficulty in inducing him to come. At last, however, he yielded to my solicitations and made his appearance. He had not been half an hour in the room, when he gave my friends a sample of his eccentricity. The ladies were dressed, as any other gentlewomen of their station would be, in low gowns. When first he entered the drawing-room, and was formally presented to them, the, to him, unaccustomed display of neck and shoulders, quite overcame him. He bridled and sidled, and coloured, and turned his head, first on one side and then on the other, profoundly abashed by the consciousness of being in the room with a mother and two daughters, who were exposing more of their charms than he had ever seen before. It was in vain, for some time, that I tried to draw him into general conversation. He was fairly dumb-foundered. The primmest of Roman Catholic priests could not have maintained the custody of the eyes more rigorously. I strongly suspect he was wrestling with his conscience, as to the propriety of countenancing by his presence such bare-shouldered disclosures. After a while, however, consideration for my wife seemed to outweigh his disapproval of a depraved conventionality: he conquered his shyness; and, mentally reverting to what he had learned from me the night before, on the subject of nursing, he screwed his courage to the sticking-place, roused himself from his maidenly squeamishness, and turning to the mother, thus addressed her: 'Pray, Madam, allow me to ask you, as one moving in high circles, a question. Am I to understand that, from you, their legitimate nurse, these young ladies really never enjoyed the privilege of the breast?'

I shall be very sorry if, by my want of pictorial skill, I have left an impression on my reader's mind, that the subject of this sketch was a mere embodiment of self-importance. A more simple, single-minded, humble being never breathed, in spite of the air of importance which, beyond all doubt, he wore, and which I think had been assumed for years, under the idea of impressing those under his charge with a becoming sense of the

dignity attaching to his office. His inflated phraseology, I fancy, must have been the result of misdirected and ill-digested reading.

I hope I may venture, without impropriety, to tell—what it ought to gratify his surviving relatives to be reminded of—viz., that when I returned from Clifton, where my wife was seriously ill, to bid him farewell, he greeted me, on my approaching his bedside, with as much serenity of manner as if he had been only going on a journey to a far country, for which he had long been preparing. 'Well; reverend and dear Sir. Here we are, you see! come to the nightcap scene at last! Doubtless, you can discern that I am dying. I am not afraid to die. I wish your prayers.' After some time, he repeated the words, 'I say, I am not afraid to die, and you know why. Because I know in whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'

As I was about to leave him, after ministering to him, he exclaimed in his characteristic tone and manner, 'Thanks, reverend Sir! Thanks for much good will! Thanks for much happy intercourse! For nearly seven years we have been friends here. I trust we shall be still better friends hereafter. —I shall not see you again on this side Jordan!—I fear not to cross over!—Good-bye!—My Joshua beckons me!—The promised land's in sight.'

On the 5th of July, 1843, I read the Burial Service over my dear clerk. I shall long mourn his loss.

1844. July 20. The Bishop of Oxford and Lady Harriet Bagot, having kindly invited my wife, my father, and myself to witness from their windows the great experiment to be made with Captain Warner's much canvassed projectile, we went to lunch with them. There was no one there but Lord and Lady Charles Thynne. After lunch Lord Charles sang to us, quite admirably, and then we adjourned to the balcony. The scene below us, as seen from 'The Snake' houses, was most striking. From one end of the East Cliff down to the battery on the west there was a dense mass of excited people of all classes, collected from all points of the compass—not only the resident population and visitors of Brighton, but naval officers, and scientific engineers, and chemists, and members of both Houses of Parliament, from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

In a smooth sea, under a blue sky, about a mile in front of the Chain Pier, was a three-masted vessel, the 'John o' Gaunt,' of 300 tons burden, given by the Admiralty for the experiment, riding at anchor, her flags flying from her masts, but not a

living creature on board. Every precaution had been taken over night, and during the night, to guard against tampering or trickery.

It was generally believed that, whenever the implement of destruction was fired, its effect for miles would be tremendous, and that the shock would be severe enough to imperil the safety of every frangible object on the Parade.

Extraordinary precautions had been taken by nervous residents, who dwelt in houses facing the sea, to remove their pier-glasses and chimney ornaments to their cellars or other places of security, and sanguine were the hopes of jobs to come cherished by the plumbers and glaziers.

As the time appointed for the experiment drew nigh, the silence, which reigned absolutely over 80,000 people, was very impressive. Every eye was strained in one direction, every tongue was spell-bound by a common curiosity, every breath was suspended by the same mixture of faith and unbelief, when, without the slightest premonitory indication of anything, and without sound of any kind, a stream of smoke was seen to pass along the sides of the victim vessel from stem to stern, and then it vanished—the place thereof knew it no more. It had dropped noiselessly in the water, the gaudy pennons floating from her mainmast, the only vestige that remained to mark where she had lain. The silence with which this instantaneous effect was brought about was so unexpected, that one's first sensation was bewilderment. There was an element moreover of solemnity in it; and the good bishop, who had never taken his hand-telescope from his eye till the catastrophe took place, shut it to with a bang, and with tears on his cheeks exclaimed 'Good heavens! Fancy souls aboard!'

Lord Brougham, who had been lying on his stomach with his lorgnette in his hand for half an hour, and who had from the first, both in public and in private, denounced Warner's plan as chimerical, was quite overcome, and with a candour that did him honour, went up to the inventor and expressed his regret for his past obstinate incredulity. Lord Ingestre, a personal friend of Warner's and in possession of his secret, came into the drawing-room and told Lady Harriet that, with as much of the explosive material as he could carry in a pill-box, he could blow up half the East Cliff.

1845. January 12. I have been dipping into Moore's *Life of Byron*. In it I read these words:—'On the day Miss Milbanke's letter of acceptance reached Byron, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with

his mother's wedding-ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment, Miss Milbanke's letter arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contain a consent, I will be married with this very ring."' Vide Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. i. p. 265.

This extract reminds me of two stories, one of which bears a strong analogy to the above. The partner of an old friend of mine, in good business, but overwhelmed by the heavy demands of a large family, was induced to accept for one of his sons a situation in a mercantile house in Australia. The night before the young man left this country, he called his favourite sister aside and presented her with a ring, with a stringent injunction that she should never take it off her finger on any pretext whatever, as long as he was in the land of the living. He confessed to her that he was very superstitious about the loss of rings, and told her that, if they should never meet again, and she should survive him, he wished her to discontinue wearing that which he had given her, and to substitute for it a mourning one. 'But,' he added, 'we will hope to meet again in years to come, and that you will then be able to assure me that my little souvenir has never been off your finger since I put it on.'

Four months after the young man had sailed, his father came home at the usual hour to dinner, and was met in the hall by the daughter to whom her brother had given the ring. The father perceived that she had been weeping, and she in turn was struck by the exceeding dejection of his looks. Each charged the other with suppressing some secret cause of sorrow. At last they opened their hearts to each other. He had to tell of the wreck of the vessel in which his son had sailed. On his way home he had been reflecting how best to break the sad intelligence to his family, when he was thrown off his guard by the sight of his girl in tears. She, in turn, had to tell him that, while weeding in her little garden at the back of the house, she had pricked her finger with a thorn—the very finger on which she wore her brother's gift; that she had taken it off while trying to pick out the thorn with a needle, and had inadvertently dropped it into a mass of mould which she had only just turned over with her spade. After long search she failed to find it; but, in its place, had picked up a rusty mourning ring, on the inside of which were inscribed these words from Horace's well-known Ode,—

'Quis desiderio sit pudor . . .
Tam cari capitis?'

As soon as she learned the cause of her father's grief she ceased to fret for the ring she had lost, and, remembering her brother's last words, had the newly-found one cleaned, and adopted it in its stead.

The other story to which I referred is less sensational than the preceding one, but sufficiently curious, too.

Charles Mathews, the elder, went one fine summer's day to dine and sleep at Sir Thomas Farquhar's at Roehampton. Shortly after his arrival, his host proposed, as it wanted two hours to dinner, that they should take a turn on the common and get an appetite. They had not been gone ten minutes before Mathews missed the gold pin from his black neckcloth. He prized it greatly, not because of any value it possessed for others, but because there was set in it a beautiful miniature of his wife's eye. He was so much disconcerted by its loss that he did not recover his equanimity the whole evening. The following summer, exactly twelve months after, Sir Thomas Farquhar again invited him down, and again proposed an ante-prandial stroll. Having a disagreeable recollection of his misadventure of the year before, Mathews had half a mind to decline the walk; but, not liking to oppose the wishes of his kind entertainer, he went, and had not gone a hundred yards on the heath when he saw an object glistening from the very centre of a thick furze-bush. On going up to it he discovered his missing treasure uninjured. The painting in the pin being protected by glass in front, and by a gold plate at the back, it had been effectually screened from rain and snow.

1845. April 5. Dined with Mr. Roper of the Wick. In the evening Miss Betty Penruddock (I can't help thinking of the Wheel of Fortune) came in, in the evening. She is the lady whose presence of mind and ready wit saved her house from being plundered at the time of the riots in 1833.

Two days ago this cheerful, light-hearted old lady was paying a call on Mrs. Roper, when a circumstance occurred partaking of the tragical and farcical. If Miss Penruddock weighed an ounce, she weighed fifteen stone. She had a parrot, which was so great a pet that she could not bear to be separated from it. 'It did eat of her own meat, and drank of her own cup,' and lay in her pocket when she got out of her carriage to pay morning calls. By allotting to it such quarters, she protected it from the cold, and the teasing of street boys, to which it would have been exposed if left in the carriage, and at the same time prevented the possibility of its asserting its independence by flying out of the carriage window. It so happened, that, on the occasion

of Miss Penruddock's last call, she had embarked in a discussion with the lady of the house on a subject on which she felt keenly. In the warmth of argument she sprang up from the sofa, walked up to Mrs. Roper, and enforced what she had to say with energetic but good-humoured gesture; then returned to the sofa, and flopped herself down with much *empressement*. As she did so, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Roper's sister, who was sitting at one end of the sofa, fancied she heard a very discordant sound proceed from beneath Miss Betty, but supposed herself to be mistaken, as neither the lady herself nor any one else seemed to notice it. As Miss Penruddock rose to say 'Farewell' she dived into the depths of her pocket, with the intention of extracting a card from her case to leave on Mr. Roper. But as she drew it forth, she uttered an involuntary shriek, and brought out with it her Poll-parrot, dead, and flat as a biffin. She had involuntarily played the part of Coroner, and sat upon its body.

1845. April 18. Dined with Mr. Charles Craven. After dinner I was telling of a visit that had been paid in Paris to Alexis Didier, the clairvoyant, by Mrs. Dawson Damer, Lady Jane Peel, and James Adam Gordon of Knockespock, and the impression made on them all by his unaccountable revelations. Among other instances cited, I told of the extraordinary evidence Colonel Gurwood had had of his powers, when he had seen him at the house of Monsieur Marcillet. I observed Mr. Frederick Seymour smiling at me—incredulously, as I thought. 'I see you don't credit a word I am saying. I assure you I tell my story as my father told it me; and he had it from Gurwood's own lips very shortly after the event.' 'My dear Young,' said Mr. Frederick Seymour, 'I have myself heard Gurwood tell the story exactly as you have told it, and when *he* told it me, I felt disposed to smile; but if I had, so sincere was he in his own belief, that he would have had me out directly. Why I smiled just now was, first, to hear you gravely ascribing the revelation of certain facts to supernatural causes, when I knew, perfectly well, the natural instrumentality by which he acquired his knowledge of them; secondly, to think that a man of such vigorous intellect as Gurwood's should have lent himself so readily to such an imposture.

'You will allow, I am sure, that if a professed clairvoyant stoops to double-dealing in one instance, he fairly lays himself open to the suspicion of having recourse to it in others. Now, I will supplement your story with an addendum which Gurwood never mentioned to any one out of his own family, and yet of which Alexis apprised him. You must know then, that in

his early days Gurwood was a great favourite and *protégé* of Mrs. Fitzherbert. In after years they quarrelled: the breach never was healed, and they never met again. When, therefore, after Mrs. Fitzherbert's death, her will was opened, he was more surprised than her executors to find that she had bequeathed him a legacy of a thousand pounds. Of that fact Alexis reminded him.'

'Well,' asked I, 'and how could the man have gained his information?'

'From Lord Hertford, Mrs. Fitzherbert's executor, who told me,' said Seymour, 'that, hearing from his friend Gurwood that he was going to see Alexis—who was at the time the rage in Paris—he primed the clairvoyant beforehand with his data.'

1845. July 20. Captain Forbes lunched with us. Before he came, I told our youngest boy, Gerald, that he had been a very gallant naval officer, and had seen much service. The lad's desire to see him was great. He had a scar across his face of which he evidently approved. When the Captain left us, we asked him what he thought of him. His answer was funny. 'Oh! that scar in his face is all very well; but if he can't show a few more gashes on his stomach and legs I would not give much for him.'

1845. October 3. I was passing a tête-à-tête evening with Miss Runnington, when who should drop in unannounced, but Lord Lyndhurst. I had often heard him in the Courts of Law as Sir Joseph Copley. I had often heard him in the House of Lords as Lord Lyndhurst. I had often admired his splendidly-developed brow beatling from beneath his wig, as he sat a silent listener to the banter of Brougham (at his side on the woolsack)

> 'smiling in such a sort
> As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
> That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.'

But here, in a small drawing-room divested of the trappings and the suits of office, in a brown scratch wig and a black frock coat, he abandoned himself to a reckless playfulness with his old friend, and for three hours conjured up so many all-but-forgotten tales of her uncle and aunt, the late Sir Samuel and Lady Mary Shepherd, that he nearly threw her into hysterics. From the ordinarily set expression of his features I was not prepared to see so much play in them. It is easy to understand his reputation *du salon*, for it is evident that he has rare powers of fascination, when he chooses to exert them.

1845. December 29. Dined with Charles Taylor in Bruns-

wick Square. We were kept waiting for Sir Henry Webster, who made no apology for his delay until after dinner, when he explained it. It seemed that, as he was driving to join the party in good time, in passing the battery, Dr. Hall, bare-headed, stopped his carriage, and begged him, for the love of God, to follow him into the house from which he had just come out. On entering it, he beheld a fearful spectacle—poor Colonel Gurwood dead on the floor, by his own hand; his lovely wife and daughters kneeling in frantic grief beside him. It was after such a scene that he came to dinner.*

After dinner, the conversation turned on the vexed question, as to whether the Duke of Wellington had been taken by surprise at Waterloo, or not. After a lively and rather warm discussion, antagonistic opinions being advanced on each side with equal confidence, I turned round to Sir Henry Webster, who was coolly peeling an orange, and taking no part in the controversy, and asked him if he had not been at Waterloo. 'Ah,' said he, smiling, and raising his voice at the same time, 'I have been amused at the groundless speculations hazarded by some of you gentlemen, when here sits one who knows as much about the facts which you have been arguing as any man in the world. I beg distinctly to declare, that the Duke of Wellington was not taken by surprise. The real state of the case was this: the Duke knew perfectly well that the possession of Brussels would be of primary importance to Napoleon, on account of the moral, military, and political advantages to be gained from it. He knew, therefore, that Napoleon would make for it. The Duke's game was to anticipate him, and make Brussels his own head-quarters. He knew, also, that it was more than likely that Napoleon, by forced marches, would try to engage with the British forces before their strength had been increased by the addition of more of the allied troops. On the 15th, Napoleon had marched on Charleroi, and, at dawn, had unexpectedly fallen on the Prussians, and compelled them to fall back. Intelligence of the advance of the French was despatched at once to the Duke. At three o'clock, while he was eating an early dinner, the Prince of Orange galloped up to his hotel to tell him that the French were advancing by the valley of the Sambre on Brussels. He received the intelligence with his usual calmness. At five o'clock he had matured his plan of operations, and had his orders to the chief commanding officers ready-

* By a tragical coincidence, the next year, in the same month, in the same way, Sir Henry put an end to his own life.

written on cards, intending them to be distributed, after supper, at the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

'Now, you may not perhaps know, gentlemen, that I was the Prince of Orange's aide-de-camp. The Prince had himself been actively engaged that day in helping the Prince of Saxe-Weimar (whose brigade of Netherlanders had been driven in on Quatre Bras) to defend the farm-house there. He had then ridden on to Brussels to see the Duke, and to attend the ball; but, before doing so, he told me to remain where I was,* and bring him certain despatches which he expected, the instant they arrived. At ten o'clock ———, the minister, came to me, telling me that the advanced guard of the Prussians had been driven in at Ligny; and ordering me, without a moment's delay, to convey the despatch he put into my hand to the Prince of Orange. "A horse ready-saddled awaits you at the door," he said, "and another has been sent on, half an hour ago, to a half-way house, to help you on the faster. Gallop every yard! You will find your chief at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. Stand on no ceremony; but insist on seeing the Prince at once." I was in my saddle without a second's delay; and, thanks to a fine moon and two capital horses, had covered the ten miles I had to go within the hour! The Place at Brussels was all ablaze with light; and such was the crowd of carriages, that I could not well make way through them on horseback; so I abandoned my steed to the first man I could get hold of, and made my way on foot to the porter's lodge. On my telling the Suisse I had despatches of moment for the Prince, he civilly asked me if I would wait five minutes; "for," said he, "the Duchess has just given orders for the band to go upstairs, and the party are now about to rise. If you were to burst in suddenly, it might alarm the ladies." On that consideration I consented to wait. I peeped in between the folding doors and saw the Duchess of Richmond taking the Prince of Orange's arm, and Lady Charlotte Greville the Duke's, on their way to the ball-room. The moment they had reached the foot of the stairs, I hastened to the Prince's side and gave him the despatch. Without looking at it, he handed it behind him to the Duke, who quietly deposited it in his coat-pocket. The Prince made me a sign to remain in the hall. I did so. All the company passed by me, while I hid myself in a recess from observation for fear of being asked awkward questions. As soon as the last couple had mounted the *première étage*, the Duke of Wellington

* Whether it was at the farm of Quatre Bras, or somewhere near, I forget.—*J. C. Y.*

descended, and espying me, beckoned me to him, and said, in a low voice, "Webster! Four horses instantly to the Prince of Orange's carriage for Waterloo!" '

The very day after hearing this account, I went to lunch with Mr. and the late Lady Jane Peel, who, as the Duchess of Richmond's daughter, I knew to have been present; and I asked her if she could recall distinctly the circumstances of that historic night. 'Do you think,' she asked, 'that any one who was there ever *could* forget the events of that night? Well I remember what Sir Henry Webster has told you—viz., the rising from that supper-table, and all that followed immediately after it. I know I was in a state of wild delight—the scene itself was so stirring, and the company so brilliant. I recollect, on reaching the ball-room after supper, I was scanning over my tablets, which were filled from top to bottom with the names of the partners to whom I was engaged; when, on raising my eyes, I became aware of a great preponderance of ladies in the room. White muslins and tarlatans abounded; but the uniforms had "sensibly diminished." The enigma was soon solved. Without fuss or parade, or tender adieux, the officers, anxious not to alarm the ladies, had quietly stolen out; and before they had time to guess the nature of the news which had robbed them of their partners, and changed the festive aspect of the scene, they found themselves, instead of asking questions, holding their breath, while the musicians ceased to play; for the dub-a-dub of the drum, and the rolling of artillery-waggons, and the blast of the bugle, and the tramp of large masses of infantry, and the neighing of cavalry horses, told them how near they were to the seat of war, and how imminently a great battle was impending.'

> 'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
> Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
> And there were sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
> Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
> If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
> Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!'

While treating of Waterloo, it will not be inopportune to mention an interesting circumstance which was told me by one who professed to be in a condition to substantiate its truth.

Louis XVIII., after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and shortly before the battle of Waterloo, wrote an autograph letter to the Duke of Wellington to consult him as to the best place for his head-quarters.

The Duke, I am assured, with his usual sagacity and forethought, had advised his Majesty to put up at the principal hotel in Ghent—for two sufficient reasons: first, because, in the event of the defeat of the allies, he would not be far from the coast, from whence he could embark for England; secondly, because, in the event of victory, he would be on the way to Paris, which when the roads were open he could easily reach by way of Tournay.

In consequence of this sound advice, the king occupied the hotel suggested in the town; and during the anxious days of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, in the year 1815, he endured his suspense with a calmness and equanimity for which few of his own countrymen would have given him credit.

The room he occupied during the day had in it a large projecting bay-window, so open to the street that any one interested in watching his movements from the opposite side could do so without difficulty.

Such an one there was in a house directly facing the window designated. There a stranger sat for many hours ensconced behind a heavy curtain, with a keen gaze riveted on every movement of the monarch. Louis le Gros for the most part was engaged in reading or writing: but now and then he was seen to waddle his way towards the window and look out anxiously, as if expecting some one. Late in the evening he was reading a newspaper with his back to the street. Presently the eye of the vigilant observer was diverted from the object of his attention by the sound of horses' feet. In another instant an orderly soldier was observed with an air of great excitement to pull up at the hotel-door, fling his bridle to the first person at hand, and vanish rapidly through the postern.

The sight that met the swarthy stranger's gaze told its own tale. There could be but one interpretation of it; when he saw the king throw away his paper, and fling himself unreservedly into the arms of the travel-soiled trooper. The self-appointed sentinel had planted himself in his post that he might be as near as possible to the king, shrewdly guessing that whatever the issue of the deadly struggle going on, he would be sure to receive priority of intelligence. Having witnessed the royal demonstrations of joy, he had no misgivings as to the cause; therefore, immediately thrusting a well-filled purse into the hands of the ostler, he jumped into a post-chaise and four which was awaiting him, and started, *ventre à terre*, for Ostend. He reached the harbour just as the Government packet, which was lying in the offing, was about to leave for Dover.

When he was within a few yards of the vessel, he saw the Right Hon. Vesey Fitzgerald before him, in the very act of stepping on board. As Mr. Fitzgerald made for the steerage end of the vessel, our stranger friend made for the forepart; knowing well that if Fitzgerald once found him out, he would want to accompany him to London; and his great object was to reach the Metropolis before any one else.

Muffled up closely, therefore, in his cloak, he lay on a coil of ropes near the bowsprit, the better to escape notice. He succeeded in doing so, and on reaching Dover was the first to spring on shore and rush to a place of rendezvous, where his servant and a carriage-and-four were awaiting him. At every stage on the road he had relays of horses, previously bespoken; and before the news of the great victory was known by Government, Rothschild—for he it was—had realized an enormous sum of money. I have heard it said that not only Vesey Fitzgerald, but Tom Assheton Smith also, was entrusted with despatches from the Duke to Earl Bathurst, at the same time that he conveyed Lord Fitzroy Somerset to England in his yacht, but this Mr. Smith always denied.

1846. May 20. I received an intimation from my father that he had had a letter from the woman who suckled me when I was an infant, to say that she was about to leave Liverpool for Brighton, with no other object than to see me, and that he hoped I should be kind to her. I felt anything but pleased at the prospect of the visit, as I could hardly believe that she would have undertaken such a journey out of purely disinterested love for one she had not seen for forty years. I blush to acknowledge that I suspected it to be a cleverly-contrived ruse for obtaining money. I was disabused of such an unworthy impression as soon as I saw her: for I found that she was the wife of a well-to-do ironmonger, and was better able to help me than I her. I never shall forget her visit. As soon as she set eyes on me, she sank into an armchair and nearly fainted. A second glance revived her. An irrepressible shudder then came over her, occasioned by unutterable disappointment in me. Though the colour soon returned to her cheek, her limbs literally shook for some time, from the effects of previous agitation. The poor affectionate creature had nursed her love for her baby-charge and kept it warm within her heart for forty years: for forty years she had given the reins to her imagination, and conjured up an ideal image of what he ought to have been; and when she saw a commonplace, corpulent individual of mature years, who 'belied the promise of his spring,' the illusion of her

life was shattered to pieces. I was as kind to her as I could be; my wife still more so: but, though she accepted our well-meant attentions civilly, there was an utter absence of cordiality towards us. She seemed to think she had been duped. She told me that though she had the best of husbands, and the most dutiful of sons, yet that, until she *saw* me, I had occupied the first place in her heart.

My gardener told me that he had seen her coming up the lane leading to my house, and that he could not conceive what was the matter with her, for that she stopped at one time as if taking breath, then leant against the wall, then reeled like a drunken woman.

I must say I should like to know to what law in the economy of nature physiologists would ascribe this extraordinary tenacity of affection in one who had none of the ties of blood to explain it. Can it be a question, not of blood, but of milk? The power of feeling pleasure or pain is innate, and common to every child. Instinct guides the child's lips to the mother's breast. Taste causes it to relish its milk. The presence of the being, whether that being be a mother or a hireling, who gives it milk, is pleasurable. From loving milk the babe loves the giver of it. But, query—is the act of imparting, or rather of having imparted, pleasure to the child sufficiently delightful to the nurse to explain a love as ardent as, and far more permanent than, the love of passion? From what could it have sprung in this instance? Not from instinct; or this strange sentiment would not have been peculiar to her. Not from gratitude; for I had laid her under no obligation. Not from compassion; for I had never laboured under any signal distress to draw it forth. Not from esteem; for I was lost to her before she could know anything of my qualities, good or bad. It certainly is passing strange. There is a mystery connected with nursing which I have never been able to fathom!

Why, for instance, is it that one so often sees a love on the part of foster-brothers, as well as in the foster-mother for her foster-child, equalling, and sometimes surpassing, that of mothers and brothers in blood? Can it, in the case of foster-brothers, arise merely from the simple fact of their having imbibed the same nutriment from the same fount? Well, as one says when one despairs of guessing a riddle—'I give it up.'

1846. May 23. Last night I happened casually to mention to Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown that I had never seen Charles

Dickens. Although Miss Coutts had a large party to entertain, yet with that amiable consideration for her friends which is a feature in her character, she withdrew into an adjoining room and despatched a messenger to him with a note inviting him to lunch next day. Before we retired to bed an answer was received to say he would gladly come.

1846. May 29. I am delighted to have eaten, drunk, and chatted with 'Boz.' I have so often found the Brobdignagians of my fancy dwindle into Lilliputians when I have been admitted to familiar intercourse with them, that, considering my unqualified admiration of 'Boz's' writings, and the magnitude of my expectations, it is something to say that I am not in the least disappointed with him. I longed to tell him of the life-long obligations he has laid me under; for there was a period in my life when sickness and sorrow, and their attendant handmaid anxiety, were constant inmates in my home, and in those sad days we used to look out for the post-bag which was to bring us the last number of 'Nickleby,' or 'Chuzzlewit,' or 'Dombey,' with all the eagerness with which an invalid listens for the doctor's footstep on the stair. No drug, no stimulant, ever wrought the wondrous effects that the sight of the green covers of each number did on our poor patient. At their advent, grief and pain would flee away; and, in their stead, pleasant tears and 'laughter, holding both his sides,' would take their place. How we used to dread coming to the close of a number! To what devices we had recourse for spinning it out! How, like greedy children smacking their lips with the keen sense of enjoyment over some dainty, we would linger over every racy morsel of humour, roll it over our tongues, and repeat it to each other for the sake of protracting our intellectual feast as long as possible.

I hate to hear invidious comparisons made between the merits of Dickens and of Thackeray. Each has his excellences, and neither trenches on the domain of the other. For though they are both students of human nature, they approach her from different sides. Thackeray writes in pure and idiomatic English; and he has a deep insight into the foibles of his kind. But, though personally he has made many staunch friends, and all who know him love him well, yet he certainly does not take as genial or as generous a view of men and women as Dickens. He sees men and manners with the jaundiced eye of a pessimist; whereas his great competitor sees 'good in everything,' and has a heart boiling over with good-will to all mankind. None so

poor but he can do him reverence; none so depraved in whom he cannot detect some redeeming quality. Thackeray has an intimate knowledge of the hollowness, artificiality, and waywardness of fashionable life; and, from out the depths of his own experience, constructs imaginary lay figures, which he considers as typical representatives of a class. But Dickens's portraits, however antic they may seem, are yet drawn from real flesh and blood. Thackeray's picture-gallery is composed of recollections of men and women he has met with in promiscuous society. Dickens's portraits are studies from the life of those whom he has met with, not in Rotten Row, nor in the drawing-room, but whom he has rubbed against in the by-ways of the world, and who have attracted him by their individuality. The characters in Dickens's writings which have been most severely criticised as exaggerated or distorted, are actual transcripts of *bona fide* originals. Why, who that knew her, could fail to recognize the original of Mrs. Leo Hunter? In younger days I was at one or two of her parties in Portland Place. Who, that is familiar with Manchester, does not know the Cheerybles brothers? Who, that is old enough to remember a certain inn in Holborn in coaching days, can forget the original of Sam Weller? The original of Mrs. Gamp is not so generally known, but I know well the ladies who first introduced her to Dickens's notice.

Dickens, of course, writes for his livelihood; but it is not exclusively for profit, or even for fame: he generally has a moral purpose in view. He never panders to popular prejudices, but boldly rebukes vice in whatever rank of life he finds it; and takes a profound, and yet a practical, interest in the cause of the ignorant, the oppressed, and the debased.

While I write, I am reminded of an anecdote which shows in a very strong light the extraordinary sway he exercises over the hearts even of those 'unused to the melting mood.' Mrs. Henry Siddons, a neighbour and intimate friend of the late Lord Jeffry, who had license of admission to his house at all hours unannounced, and come and go as she listed, opened his library door one day very gently to look if he was there, and saw enough at a glance to convince her that her visit was ill-timed. The hard critic of *The Edinburgh* was sitting in his chair, with his head on the table, in deep grief. As Mrs. H. Siddons was delicately retiring, in the hope that her entrance had been unnoticed, Jeffry raised his head, and kindly beckoned her back. Perceiving that his cheek was flushed and his eyes

suffused with tears, she apologized for her intrusion, and begged permission to withdraw. When he found that she was seriously intending to leave him, he rose from his chair, took her by both hands, and led her to a seat.

Lord Jeffry (*loq.*). 'Don't go, my dear friend. I shall be right again in another minute.'

Mrs. H. Siddons. 'I had no idea that you had had any bad news or cause for grief, or I would not have come. Is any one dead?'

Lord Jeffry. 'Yes, indeed. I 'm a great goose to have given way so; but I could not help it. You 'll be sorry to hear that little Nelly, Boz's little Nelly, is dead.'

The fact was, Jeffry had just received the last number then out of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and had been thoroughly overcome by its pathos.

Dickens began his career when a youth of nineteen, under his uncle, John Henry Barrow, who started *The Mirror of Parliament*, in opposition to *Hansard*. Hansard always compiled his reports from the morning newspapers, whereas Barrow engaged a special staff of able reporters, sending each important oration in proof to its speaker for correction. When Stanley fulminated his Philippic against O'Connell, it fell to young Dickens's turn to report the last third of it. The proof of the whole speech was forwarded to Mr. Stanley. He returned it to Barrow, with the remark, that the first two-thirds were so badly reported as to be unintelligible; but that, if the gentleman who had so admirably reported the last third of his speech could be sent to him, he would speak the rest of it to him alone. Accordingly, at an hour appointed, young Dickens, note-book in hand, made his appearance at Mr. Stanley's. It was with evident hesitation that the servant ushered him into the library, the tables of which were covered with newspapers. Presently the master of the house appeared, eyed the youth suspiciously, and said, 'I beg pardon, but I had hoped to see the gentleman who had reported part of my speech,' &c. '*I* am that gentleman,' retorted Dickens, turning red in the face, and feeling his dignity somewhat offended. 'Oh, indeed,' replied Mr. Stanley, pushing about the papers, and turning his back to conceal an involuntary smile. It was not long before Sir James Graham stepped in, and then Stanley began his speech. At first he stood still, addressing one of the window curtains as 'Mr. Speaker.' Then he walked up and down the room, gesticulating and declaiming with all the fire and force he had shown

in the House of Commons. Graham, with the newspaper before him followed, and occasionally checked him, when he had forgotten some trifling point, or had transposed one proposition in the place of another.

When the entire speech had been fully reported, Stanley returned the revise with Dickens's corrected edition of the parts of the speech which had been bungled, with a note to Barrow highly complimentary to the stripling reporter, and with a shadowy prediction of a great career for him in the future.

Dickens had totally forgotten this incident, until, many years after, when he was invited to dine with Lord Derby for the first time. Having been shown with the other guests before dinner into the library, he felt a strange consciousness of having been in it before, for which he could not account. He was in a state of bewilderment about it all dinner-time; for he could not recall the particular circumstance which brought the reporting adventure to his mind. But, at all events, something did, and he reminded his host of it. Lord Derby was delighted to recognize in his new friend his boy-reporter of former days, and to tell the story to a select few, who, with Dickens, had stayed behind after the rest of the company had departed.

1846. September 17. Miss Irving dined and stayed with us for a couple of days. She is a very amiable, pious, and cultivated person, with considerable pretensions to beauty, which she inherits from her father, Edward Irving, celebrated in the past generation, at first, for his great powers as a pulpit orator, and subsequently, for his connection with 'the Tongues'; and still better known to the present through Mrs. Oliphant's admirable Life of him, was a very notable personage. I have been told that, somewhere about the year 1811, he acted in Ryder's company in Kirkaldy, Fifeshire; and that he was at that time devoted to the stage; but that the obliquity of his vision, the strangeness of his dialect, and the awkwardness of his gait, exposed him to so much ridicule that he quitted the stage in disgust for the pulpit.

I well remember his first appearance at the Scotch Church in Hatton Garden, and the unparalleled sensation he created. His renown as a preacher threw even that of his friend Chalmers into the shade. The most distinguished members in the senate might be seen, Sunday after Sunday, struggling with each other in their efforts to obtain standing room. And yet it is a singular fact that when he officiated as Chalmers' assistant in the Tron Kirk, in Glasgow, he failed to attract much notice.

So little was he appreciated there that persons would leave the kirk as soon as he mounted the pulpit, assigning as their excuse for doing so, 'Maister Irving gies the word the day: it's no our Doctor.'

And yet, to a mixed audience, I should have thought he would have been far the more popular of the two; for, in addition to the poetry of his eloquence, to which the natives of a mountainous country are always particularly sensitive, he was richly endowed with those physical attributes to the impressiveness of which few are insensible, and in which his rival was singularly deficient. In person he was the very ideal of a Covenanter. Apart from a squint, which occasionally imparted a sinister expression to his countenance, and which reminded one of Walter Scott's description of Balfour o' Burley ('he skellied fearfully wi' one eye'), he was the most picturesque and imposing person I have ever seen. His profile was perfect; his nose was Grecian; his mouth beautifully chiselled; his chin square; his complexion a transparent olive; his brow high; his hair the colour of the raven's wing, rich, and falling in heavy waving masses down to his very shoulder-blades. His figure was superb. He had not the high-bred Cavalier carriage of person which distinguished Horace Seymour; but he was quite as tall, with greater breadth of shoulder, an equally fine flank, and a very straight, muscular, and well-proportioned leg. He always wore a black frock-coat, knee-breeches, and black worsted stockings, without gaiters, and a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat. I followed him once through Kentish Town, up Highgate Hill, and saw him enter Gilman's door. He was evidently going to sit with Coleridge, who had a very great affection for him. While I was studying the grandeur of his proportions, I could not but observe that there was not a soul who passed him who did not stop to look at him. The abstraction of manner, perceptible even in his walk, the quaintness of his attire, and the originality of his whole appearance, predisposed the butchers' and bakers' boys to quiz him; but it was plain enough that when once they had looked him over they had abandoned their intention. His voice was full-bodied and sonorous; his intonation, thoroughly Scotch as it was, rather enhanced the effect of his delivery than detracted from it. His gesture was free, spirited, yet not redundant. Those who do not mind how cold pulpit addresses are, provided dignity be not sacrificed, would have called it theatrical; but it was natural to him, his action suiting the words, and its appropriate-

ness helping to interpret them. There was no sawing of the arm, but a very rare and discreet use of that member, which he reserved for great occasions, when he desired to arrest, or felt compelled to denunciate. I never saw anything, on the stage or off, on canvas or out of it, so awakening as the manner in which —after having spoken of our Lord as the Fount of living waters, and after telling his auditory that one of the greatest requisites was thirst (after righteousness), and that all, without distinction of colour, class, or creed, were welcome to go to Him and drink —he threw up both his long, nervous arms, the drapery of his gown hanging from them in ample toga-like folds, and cried out with the voice of a herald, and with a smile radiant with the sense of Divine benevolence in empowering him to deliver such a proclamation—'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' The attitude was the attitude of Raphael's representation of Paul preaching on Mars' Hill; but it was freer, and far finer. What Paul's action or delivery may have been one cannot say; but we know he had physical defects, which warrant one in assuming, without irreverence, that Irving's action and delivery were superior to his. Paul's 'bodily presence was weak:' Irving's bodily presence was a power. Paul's 'speech was contemptible:' Irving had the tongue of an Apollos.

The first occasion on which I saw and heard him was on the third Sunday on which he preached in London. A great friend of his, and a devoted member of his congregation; one who remained one of his steadfast adherents through evil and through good report, to the close of his career, rented a pew in the Hatton Garden church, or chapel, whichever it was, and gave me a seat in it. After service she took me to him in the vestry, introduced me to him, and told him that I was destined for holy orders. He instantly desired her to withdraw, laid his hands upon my head, offered up a prayer for me, and, after a word of kindly counsel, gave me at parting his benediction.

The last time I saw him was in Newman Street, where he was holding forth with unimpaired vigour, not to a crowded congregation, but to empty benches. I heard the utterances that day, and very creepy they made me feel. Sir William Knighton told my uncle that, yielding to an impulse of curiosity, he one day walked into Newman Street, and, to escape notice, stole up into the gallery, and entered a long pew, at the extreme end of which were two ladies kneeling in rapt devotion. After listening for some time to one of the evangelists, preaching from Ezekiel,

he was perfectly electrified by a portentous sound of unearthly character, whence proceeding he could not tell. It resembled a mighty rushing wind at first; then it rose, and increased in volume; then it fell, and became lulled to a gentle murmur; then, again, from the midst novel sounds arose which might be verbal, yet which were inarticulate and unintelligible. He looked above, below, around, to see from whence these strange noises issued, but in vain. The two ladies who were sitting at the end of the pew in which he was, and who seemed quite familiar with the routine of the service, he thought he would ask to solve the mystery for him. But before addressing them he inspected them more narrowly, and observed that the younger of them was sitting with her eyes closed, and rigid as the Sphinx, but with her jugular vein palpitating violently. He drew nearer to her, and then for the first time discovered that the inexplicable utterance proceeded from her throat.

Feeling as if he were in too close quarters with something uncanny, he took up his hat and precipitately withdrew. Justly or unjustly, as soon as Irving 'took up wi' the Tongues,' as I heard an auld Scotch wife say, he declined in public estimation, and was regarded generally as the victim of 'a strong delusion and a lie.' If the charge be just, it is inscrutably mysterious; for he was singularly unworldly, God-fearing, and single-hearted. And I must say of his followers, of whom I have known several, that I know no body of religionists who have impressed me more with their Biblical scholarship, their profound knowledge of prophecy, and their liberal disposition towards the Church of England. They are all convinced that a special revelation was vouchsafed to them, at the time, of the Gift of Tongues, but that it has done its work. I believe they deny no doctrine that the Church of England holds, though they hold more than she asserts, and consider that we have lost an order.

CHAPTER XIV.

1846. NOVEMBER 2. I dined with Miss B. Coutts at the Bedford Hotel, and met at dinner—no less distinguished a person than Prince Louis Napoleon, who had recently escaped from his imprisonment at Ham. There was a large and rather brilliant party asked to meet him. Miss Coutts sat,

as she always does when she has a very large dinner party, in the centre of one side of the table, with the Prince at her right hand. As the most insignificant person present, I entered the room last, and *sans dame*. As I could not go below the salt, I made for the lowest place near to it; but found every place but the chair next to Miss Coutts on the left already occupied. She beckoned me up, told me to fill the vacant seat, and presented me to the Prince. Sydney Smith used to say that he always found himself crumbling his bread, from nervousness, when he was obliged to sit next a bishop. I was in much the same predicament, from dread anticipation that, when the ladies withdrew, I should be thrown next the Prince, and might, if he addressed me, be called on to expose my miserable French before the whole company. However, the Prince at once spoke to me in English, and, by his affability, put me and every one else completely at our ease.

Little could any of us that evening have dreamed of the brilliant destiny for which he was reserved.

1846. December 17. I was this day taken dangerously ill. I was confined to my bed for five weeks, and prohibited from taking duty for twelve months.

May 4. Left England for the continent with friends.

1847. June 29. Returned to England.

1848. August 3. As I was walking from Southwick into Brighton, I saw a phenomenon not common in our latitudes. It had been raining considerably before I left home; but when I started it had ceased, though the skies still threatened more wet. On reaching Brunswick Terrace, I was much struck by the vivid contrast exhibited between the land and the sea view. The sky immediately over my head was a bright blue; and the houses, seen in perspective along the whole extent of the West Cliff, appeared unusually white, and bright and sparkling: the more so, from their contrast with the sky over the sea, which was dark, lurid, and charged with electric fluid. In certain conditions of health, I have been unable to look at the sea, when under sunshine, without suffering from *muscæ volitantes*: so that, on looking out seawards, and beholding a phenomenon I had never seen before, I began to suspect that an incipient sick head-ache was affecting my visual organs. That which I saw was a large column of water rising from the sea, quickly assuming the form of a gigantic pear, stalk downwards, gyrating and rotating; and at each revolution expanding in circumference, and, at the same time, rising higher and higher, as if attracted towards the slate-coloured clouds above.

Distrustful as to the correctness of my own eyesight, I appealed to the flymen who were standing on the beach side of the parade, and asked them if they saw anything uncommon out at sea. They turned their heads to look, and at once assured me that what I saw was not fancy, but fact, though what it was or what it meant they could not say. At that moment there came by a sailor, who quickly resolved our doubts. 'Why,' said he, 'don't you know what that is? That's a waterspout. Very nasty things they be. We always fires at 'em when we're at sea: that disperses them. If one comes against a ship, the ship gets the worst of it, I promise ye; and if it goes against that chain pier you'll see summut as will make ye stare. By Jupiter! it is making for the pier. No! Yes! No! Hurrah! She's just skimmed by the end of it. It has gone inland.' Where exactly it broke I never heard; but it skimmed over the downs, and, in another second, we saw, in strong relief against the murky clouds, numberless white objects fluttering and flapping through the air like a flight of sea-mews; and shortly after heard that, in its transit, it had torn up the stanchions of the booths erected on the course for the races, and rent the canvas into shreds. It was the tattered fragments floating wildly to and fro which we had mistaken for a flight of birds.

1849. March 19. I have just heard of the unlooked-for death of an excellent and gifted man, James Morier, the author of *Haji Baba*. He was a general favourite, and will be greatly missed in Brighton society. It was but a few days ago that I was sitting next to him at dinner at Lady Henley's, and talking romping nonsense with him; first, on the absurdities of Lavater's system; then on the theory of Gall and Spurzheim. I told him that I had always, from a child, been unduly impressed by a bald head, and said I would give anything to be able to enter a pulpit with such a phrenological development as his. 'Ah!' said he, 'you might like it, possibly, in the pulpit; but I'll be hanged if you'd like it at the dinner-table, with nothing to protect you from the hot, beery, oniony breath of pampered flunkies. No, no. Thank your stars that you have a thatch to your skull to protect it from the indignities to which the bald-pate is subjected.'

1849. July 4. Taking duty at Gadshill for a change. Spent a delightful evening at Bonchurch with James White, Mr. Danby, Mr. and Mrs. John Leech, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Dickens, and Miss Hogarth. Dickens showed us one or two capital conjuring tricks which he had just brought from Paris.

1849. July 26. Went to a bazaar at Lady Susan Harcourt's. The Queen and the Prince Consort were there. Heard a charming story of one of the royal children, which I hope is true. When last the Queen was about to be confined, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys, 'I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?' The child, pausing—'Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony.'

1849. August 7. Joined a pic-nic at Appuldurcombe, under Cook's Castle. Our party consisted of James White, John Leech, Mark Lemon, Dr. Lankester, Dr. Smith (*Bible Dictionary*), Mr. Danby, Captain and Mrs. Hawkins, Lord Maldon, Miss Peel, and, though last not least, Charles Dickens. Mark Lemon was very amusing: Dickens silent and observant of every thing and every body around him—but husbanding his own powers.

1849. December 22. At dinner, or rather after dinner, yesterday, at Lady Cornwallis's, James Anderson told me, aside, of a tragical disaster in which he had once been concerned. He was walking along the East Cliff from his own house in Sussex Square, Kemp Town, towards the New Steyne, when he heard such a violent clattering of horse's hoofs that he could not help looking behind him to ascertain the cause. On doing so, he was alarmed to see approaching, at a terrific pace, a powerful horse, with his head between his shoulders, and the bit between his teeth, tearing away with a very handsome young lady, whose hat had fallen off and whose hair was hanging about her shoulders. In her rear was an elderly gentleman following on horseback, but judiciously keeping back at a moderate distance, that the sound of his horse's hoofs might not frighten the runaway still further.

Anderson, a powerful man, instead of running in front of the horse, as ignorant people are so apt to do, rushed into the road and ran fast in advance, and by the side, so as to be able to catch the animal by the curb, and, by one or two violent jerks of his strong arm, bring it suddenly on its haunches. As the young lady, jerked out of her saddle by the abrupt violence of the arrest, was falling to the ground he received her in his arms. A crowd of pedestrians who had witnessed the scene, and who knew the popular preacher by sight, ran up to congratulate him on the issue of his timely gallantry, when, with a face blanched with horror, he pronounced her dead. She had ruptured a blood-

vessel in the heart through intensity of terror. The shock to the father when he came up and heard the news may be conceived.

The mention of Anderson's name reminds me of his going to dine with Dr. Hall on one occasion. The Doctor was dressing when he arrived. In the drawing-room he found a gentleman waiting, with whom he at once entered into conversation, and addressed, under the idea that he was familiar with Brighton; but he was soon undeceived. "No. I never was in Brighton till to-day; but, nevertheless, I have made acquaintance with a great local power,' said he. 'Who may that be?' asked Anderson. '*Who* he is I know not; but I am certain *what* he is. It is that distinguished functionary the Master of the Ceremonies. It could be no one else. It was a gentleman attired *point device*, walking down the parade like Agag, "delicately." He pointed out his toes like a dancing-master, but carried his head like a potentate. As he passed the stand of flys he nodded approval, as if he owned them all. As he approached the little goat-carriages, he looked askance over the edge of his starched neckcloth and blandly smiled encouragement. Sure that in following him I was treading in the steps of greatness, I went on to the pier, and there I was confirmed in my conviction of his eminence; for I observed him look first over the right side and then over the left, with an expression of serene satisfaction spreading over his countenance, which said, as plainly as if he had spoken to the sea aloud, "That is right. You are low-tide at present; but never mind, in a couple of hours I shall make you high-tide again."' At that instant Hall entered and begged to introduce to James Anderson 'The Rev. Sydney Smith.'

1850. January 19. Dined with the Marquis of Ely—a smart party. After dinner, when the ladies had withdrawn, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Sir Arthur Upton, and Mr. Beckett were engaged in an amicable but very animated discussion on the rights and wrongs of Ireland—the secret societies existing—the agrarian outrages perpetrated—when our noble host told us that, not long ago, a gentleman of his county, with whom he was acquainted, and who filled the position of a 'squireen,' was driving home one moonlight night, about nine o'clock, in his dog-cart, from the neighbouring market-town, and, halting on the brow of a steep hill to give his horse wind, when he descried a sturdy fellow in a rough frieze coat walking fast in front of him. On overtaking him, he asked him if he were going to the town of S——. At first the man seemed disposed to resent the question; but afterwards, on inspecting his

interrogator, to think better of it. He told him that he was an utter stranger in these parts, but that his object was to sleep at the town mentioned, 'provided he could get a bed there raisonable.' 'Are you aware,' asked the gentleman, 'that it is a good eight miles hence? Why, my friend, by the time you get there the whole town will be asleep, and the two little inns will be shut up. You had better jump up in my trap. I live within two miles of S——. I'll give you a shake-down under my roof for the night; and, as early as you like to-morrow morning you can make your way to S——.' The man, nothing loth to accept so advantageous an offer, jumped up with alacrity by the side of the gentleman. On the road, however, he abated nothing of his taciturnity, though he showed, by an acquiescent touch of his felt hat now and then, that he was listening respectfully to what was said to him.

Arrived at his residence, the gentleman ordered his man-servant to take the stranger to the kitchen fire, see that he had a good supper, and plenty of grog, and extemporize a bed for him in the servants' hall. During his meal the man became more social, and exhibited an inquisitive disposition, asking the name of the place in which he was—of the owner, who was so kind to him—of the establishment he kept—even of the situation of the room in which he slept, &c., &c.

Next morning, when the servant took up his master's hot water, he asked him if he would see the man whom he had housed overnight, as he was anxious to say a word before starting again upon his road. 'Let him step up,' was the answer. In another minute the stranger entered, and, as he did so, deliberately locked the door and deposited the key in his pocket. Being angrily asked what he meant by taking such a liberty, he put his finger mysteriously but significantly to his lips, drew near to the bed, and delivered his testimony in these alarming words: 'Whisht! whisht, Sir! I mane no harum. 'Twas only by way of a caution that I lockit the door: for we must have no cavesdroppers near, while I whisper to ye, bedad. Hark ye, Sir. It is not the first time I'm in this room, I promise ye.'

'The deuce it is not!' exclaimed the person he addressed, 'when were you here before?'

'When was it, indid, indid? No later than last night. Aye, when every sowl in the house was asleep; when everything was still as death; I struck one of them matches I carry always wid me, and lighted a candle that was on the dresser.

I whipped off my shoes (for I had lain down wid all my clothes on). I looked to the priming of my pocket-companion. I crept up stairs. I turned the handle of this same door, without noise. I left it half-open, so that the candle left outside might light me in, and found myself standing where, bedad, I'm standing now. Was it for robbing you I was? Not I. I'm no tief. I was for killing you outright. And why would I kill you? Not becase I hate you, but becase I love Ireland. Not becase its any harum ye'd done me, but becase ye'd been my country's oppressor. Ye'll not play me false, and I'll tell ye a secret. I'm a Ribbonman! bound by a bloody oath never to stay my hand till the Saxon race is rooted out o' the land. We're all pledged to the good cause. We've a list of them as is doomed. Your name was the first, yesterday, on the paper. Lots was drawn: and it fell to me, worse luck, to be ordered to find you out, and do the job for ye. It was on my road, I was, to you, when you fell in wid me. I did not know who you was, nor where I was, till I had eaten your bread, and larned from your people that I was in the house I was making for, and brought to it, and trated like a Christian, by the very man I was sent to murder. Ah, Sir! indid, indid. I had about a tussle wid meself last night, when I found out how things was. As I stood within six inches of your throat, and heard the click of my pistol trigger, as I cocked it, and then listened to you, breathing so paceful in your sleep, a sick sweat cum over me, and something seemed to catch hold of my wrist as I raised my hand, and a voice seemed to whisper, "Ah! sure ye're not the boy to shed innocent blood! This man took you in, and giv ye the sup and the bite, and made a bed for ye in the darkness!" In a word, I guv in. I went down the way I cum up; but I broke my oath, and I must be off, lest, if I stay, I be tempted. Never mind me. I'm off to 'Meriky, or I'll have the bullet, meant for ye, lodged in meself. What I cum to say is this: Look to yourself! Don't go out after dark. Get away from this place; for there's plenty o' boys 'll do my work, and face jail or gallows before they'll be aisy, so long as the Sassenach's foot's on Erin's soil.'

This story insensibly led up to others of a more apocryphal character. The following, which I had heard when living in Germany, may or may not be considered as deserving to be classed in that category; but I told it as it was told to me.

Young Baron F—— lost his mother when he was but nineteen years of age. The misconduct of her husband was said to

have caused her death. It was not long after that her son discovered that his surviving parent had no affection for him; but preferred the companionship of roués and gamblers. Having, therefore, no tie to home, he gladly accepted the offer of a commission in an Austrian regiment of Hussars, made to him by one who had loved his mother well. Not knowing where his father was to be found, or when he might see him, he left a letter for him, explaining the step he had taken, and his motive for taking it, and at once repaired to head-quarters.

After an absence of five years, during which he had been constantly engaged in active service, he felt an irrepressible curiosity to hear tidings of his father; and, with that object, having obtained a three weeks' leave of absence, he started for his former home, on horseback, attended by his orderly.

On the second day's journey, while making for the village of S——, where he purposed halting for the night, he found himself overtaken by darkness in the very densest part of the Forêt Noir. The shades of night were gathering fast, and horses and riders were giving unequivocal evidence of exhaustion, when the sight of a light glimmering through the trees revived their drooping spirits. They followed its guidance, and soon found themselves in front of a rude sort of cabaret, the door of which, after loud and frequent calls, was opened by a surly ill-favoured fellow, who seemed unwilling to admit them; until, on bringing out a lantern, and seeing their uniform, and the superior quality of their horses, his scruples gave way and his tone altered. Giving his lantern to the groom, and pointing him to a wretched stable, he advised him to look to his animals, while he prepared something for his master's supper. The officer, prepossessed neither by the aspect of the place nor the man, told his servant, in French, merely to take out the bits from the horses' mouths, feed them well, slacken the saddle-girths, look to the priming of his pistols, lay himself down in the manger, and be ready to join him, on the instant, if he heard him call.

As the proprietor of the house preceded him into his kitchen, the young Baron quickly drew his pistols from his holsters, secreted them in his belt (under cover of his cloak), and followed him. After seeing that his groom had his share of the eggs and bacon, brown bread, and Bavarian beer, which had been placed before himself, he expressed his wish to be shown his bed. He was escorted up a rickety stair, little better than a ladder, into a room little better than a loft. Having taken a lamp of oil from the hand of his conductor, he wished him 'good night,' and

forthwith began to examine his roosting-place. It was so dreary, denuded of furniture, and comfortless, that he had not the heart to divest himself of any of his clothing, but flung himself in his cloak on the bed. There he lay for some time, tossing and tumbling and fevered: when, in taking up and turning the pillow, for the purpose of adjusting it more comfortably to his head, he observed, to his horror, that one side of it was saturated with blood.

Such a sight did not, of course, tend to allay his apprehensions. He therefore cocked his pistols, and laid them by his side, drew his sword, and put it within his reach, and leaned warily and watchfully on his elbow. The dim flickering flame of the lamp did not much add to the cheerful appearance of the room. All was silent as the grave for full two hours; when, just as he was getting drowsy, and thinking of yielding to the balmy influence of sleep, he happened to open his eyes and see a portion of the flooring heave and rise. Noiselessly creeping from the bed, he stood, with sword in hand, watching a trap-door gently raised by a human hand. With the rapidity of lightning, and with all the strength of his arm, he smote it! Down dropped the trap!—and the vault below echoed to a groan of anguish.

Depositing his pistols in his belt, with the lamp in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, the young man ran down the stairs, every instant expecting to be attacked, yet resolved to sell his life dearly. He reached the front door, unbarred it, and joined his servant without molestation. In a trice the horses were on their legs, the bits replaced, the saddle-girths tightened, and master and man on their backs, and off—full gallop.

When dawn broke, they had no conception where they were. Nine o'clock was striking as they entered a strange village. There they breakfasted, and found that their erratic wanderings of the morning and the previous night had taken them nearly thirty miles out of the road. This necessarily entailed upon them another night out; though they spent it in secure and comfortable quarters.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on the third day when the young Baron descried the chimneys of his birthplace. There was no smoke rising from them; there were no labourers stirring about; no sign of life within. Whether his father were dead, he knew not. Whether his patrimony had been squandered away or sold, he knew not. As he drew near, his heart sank within him, for he saw decay stamped on everything around; the trees he had

often sat under cut down; the beautiful iron gates of the court-yard rusted and hanging from their hinges; the pavement overgrown with grass and weeds; some of the windows broken or patched with pasted paper; others with their outside shutters flapping against the wall under the wind's influence. But for the brighter look of one window, he would have concluded the house to be untenanted. He knocked and thundered at the hall door, but obtained no answer. He and his man tied their horses by their bridles to the railings of the court, and were about to rush against the door and burst it open, when the servant saw a pallid, vicious face peering from the particular window mentioned. Finding that no notice was vouchsafed them, they made a forcible entry into the house, darted upstairs, and made for the room at which the human face, not divine but diabolical, had been seen. On entering it, the son found himself in presence of his father—haggard, wan, and ill, and looking all the villain that he was. Nevertheless, he offered him his hand. It was rejected, and with a scowl of unutterable hatred, with a blasphemous oath, and with a threatening gesture, he held up a bloody mutilated stump in his face, while with grinding teeth, he exclaimed, 'There's your answer.'

Briefly to end this strange eventful history: Baron F——g, having, by his evil courses, reduced himself to abject penury, had joined a gang of lawless desperadoes, who were leagued together to rob and murder for their livelihood. On the night of the younger Baron's misadventure, the bulk of the band were out on some enterprise of darkness: and the only members remaining at the place of rendezvous were—the entertainer and the would-be murderer. On the late and unexpected arrival of the travellers, the *ci-devant* Baron was in bed; but, on his confederate's apprising him that there was a young man sleeping in the house who evidently had money, and reminding him, at the same time, that it was his turn to dispose of any chance traveller that fell into their toils, he readily undertook the task allotted him, little dreaming that his intended victim was his son.

When the tragic truth revealed itself to the horror-stricken young nobleman, he left the room in silence; rejoined his servant without uttering a syllable of explanation; returned to his regiment without ever alluding to his disgrace, and eagerly sought, and soon found, an honourable death in the next engagement which took place between Napoleon the First and the House of Austria.

1850. February 7. We dined with Mr. Laurence and Lady

Jane Peel. Mr. Peel had said to me on the 4th, when he asked us, 'We shall be a small party, but your friend Rogers dines with us.' On the 5th, I met Mr. Peel again, when he said, 'I am sorry to say you will not meet Rogers to-morrow, for he has written to say that, when he accepted our invitation, it had quite escaped him that he had pledged himself to be present at Lady Olivia Ossulston's marriage.' I was, therefore, not a little surprised to meet him, after all. The party was a most agreeable one, as all in that house are sure to be; but Rogers was out of humour. Whenever I meet him at smart houses, I observe he is shown as much attention as if he were the first person in the room. It is well known that, if he is in cue, he can make a party go off well; and that if he is crusty, he can set people by the ears: so that it becomes a matter of policy with those who care for his society to propitiate him by letting him take into dinner some lady, distinguished either for rank, or fashion, or beauty. On this occasion, with one exception (and she was otherwise bespoken), there was no very beautiful lady present. He was annoyed to find that the lady alluded to was not allotted to him; and still more so to find that there were three or four very agreeable and cultivated gentlemen present, who could talk as well as himself. The consequence of these adverse circumstances was, that he became sour and taciturn. During dinner he hardly opened his lips; but afterwards, when the ladies had withdrawn, our host, in his courteous and benevolent manner, thus addressed him—'It was a most agreeable surprise to us to find from your note of this morning that you would dine here, in spite of Lady Olivia's marriage. How did it go off?' 'I was not at it. I meant to go; but came here instead; for I have always said that I would rather any day go to a funeral than to a marriage, and therefore I came here'—meaning, politely, to convey to host and guests that it was a dull party: the very reverse of the truth.

1850. February 9. After dinner, at Mr. W. Beckett's, a startling story was told me, first, by the Honourable Archie McDonald, secondly by Mrs. Morier. I did not tell the latter I had already heard it, as I wished to have the details impressed on my memory by repetition. There was no variation whatever in the two versions. The story is too curious to pass over. I do not pledge myself to the accuracy of the narration, as far as words and language are concerned; but I conceive the facts to be substantially correct.

A lady of high rank, residing on the family estate in Ireland,

advertised for a governess for her daughters. The advertisement was promptly answered by a French lady of character, a Mlle. H——. After a personal interview, equally satisfactory to both parties, the lady was engaged. She had not long been domesticated in the family circle, before she succeeded, not only in winning the confidence and esteem of all the female members of the family, but in inspiring the nephew of the lady of the house with a degree of admiration dangerous to his peace of mind. Being, however, a man of principle, and knowing that his means were not such as to justify his engaging himself to a portionless lady of inferior social position to his own, he resolved at once to nip his nascent passion in the bud, and neither by word, nor look, nor inflection of voice, betray the secret of his soul.

After the lapse of some months, while the family were assembled round the breakfast-table, they were surprised by the abrupt entrance of the groom of the chambers, requesting to know if her ladyship were at home to visitors. She asked him his motive for such a question at such an hour. 'Because, my lady, I have just seen a carriage-and-four coming down the coach road towards the house: and the livery of the servant in the rumble looks like a foreign one. As it certainly is not that of any of our own people, I thought it better to learn your ladyship's pleasure beforehand, that I might know what to say to indifferent callers.'

'Whoever it be, they must have come on some matter of importance, or they would not come at such an hour. Let them in, by all means,' said Lady E——.

Intense was the curiosity manifested by all the party to know who the visitors could be, and what their object for coming at such an hour. They were not long kept in suspense; for, in a few seconds, carriage-wheels were heard grating on the gravel under the windows; and four smoking posters were seen dragging a heavy Berline to the front door. The hall bell was pulled violently; a courier sprang from his seat, flung open the carriage door, and handed out two well-dressed persons. After a few minutes, the servant came into the breakfast-room, and announced that two gentlemen in the library wanted to see Mlle. H—— the governess. Unaffectedly astonished at the summons, she jumped up from table with alacrity, and went into the library. After a protracted absence, she returned to the breakfast-room, where she found the ladies still waiting for her. With flushed cheeks and flurried manner, she begged Lady E—— to be kind enough to step into the library to speak to two friends

of hers, who had something of importance to communicate. Lady E—— at once complied with her request, while her pupils surrounded and assailed the governess with questions of all sorts. In no mood for cross-examination, she broke loose from them, rushed up stairs, and locked herself in her room. On Lady E——'s entering the library, both strangers advanced towards her, and bowed respectfully; while one of them, addressing her in French, apologized for their unseasonable intrusion, but expressed his conviction that she would overlook it when she was made to understand the important object of their visit. He then told her that Mlle. H—— had delegated to him a duty which, of right, devolved on herself, but which she had not the moral courage to discharge, especially after the extraordinary kindness which had been shown her. 'It behoves me, then, to tell your ladyship frankly that, in pretending to be dependent on her own exertions for her bread, Mlle. H—— has imposed upon you, for she is as well born as yourself, and, for aught I know, as opulent. For any blame you may be disposed to impute to her, we are alone responsible. It was at our instance that she answered your ladyship's advertisement; hoping that, under such a roof as yours, she would be secure from the persecution of an unscrupulous cousin, who conceived that she was endeavouring to supplant him in the good graces of a relative, whose favour he had forfeited solely by his own misconduct. The old gentleman alluded to died only three or four days ago, and has bequeathed to her his all. She is now mistress of a noble chateau in the south of France, and has succeeded to an unencumbered rent-roll of 7000*l.* a year. The object of our visit, as her trustees, is to announce that fact to Mlle. H——, and to apprise her, at the same time, that her presence is required imperatively this day month, to meet the avocat, the executors, and certain legatees interested more or less in her uncle's will.'

Lady E——, overwhelmed as she was by news which sounded more like fiction than fact, did not forget the rites of hospitality, but pressed her visitors to stay and take refreshment. This they declined, and with ample acknowledgments of her urbanity, withdrew, jumped into their carriage, and were driven away as rapidly as they came.

As soon as they had quitted the house, Lady E—— hastened back to her nephew and daughters, and told them of the improved fortunes of Mlle. H——. The young ladies were highly excited; and, though rejoicing in the sudden prosperity

of one they had learned to value as a friend, were not without certain selfish regrets at the prospect of parting with such a treasure. The effect produced on the gentleman was not less marked. Disparity of station, and inadequacy of means, had alone prevented him from declaring his passion for the governess; but now that those obstacles were removed, he determined to avow his attachment. As I heard no details, I will not attempt to give them; but will content myself with stating that, in the first instance, so far from receiving his advances with encouragement, she gave him to understand that she suspected her money had more attraction for him than her person, assigning as her reason for such impression, that he had shunned her while he thought her poor, but had sought her as soon as he found her rich. He assured her that he had loved her at first sight, but had been deterred, by honourable motives and means inadequate, from venturing on matrimony: that he had therefore purposely kept out of danger's way; but that, as to wishing to marry her for the sake of her money, it was a cruel imputation, which stung him to the quick, &c., &c. Before finishing all he had to say, he left the room, rushed to the stables, saddled a horse, mounted it, and rode to the neighbouring town in search of a Notary Public. After some hours' absence he returned, sought an interview with her alone, and thrust into the lady's hands a legal instrument, by which he conveyed to her, absolutely and unconditionally, every farthing he had in the world. 'There,' said he, 'you charged me with wooing you for your money's sake. I surrender into your keeping my few hundreds a year; all I ask in return is your hand and heart. I do not, by this act, mean to buy your love, but rather to shew you that my own is pure and disinterested. I ask for no settlements. If I prove myself unworthy of you, your money will be in your own power. If I live to deserve your love, I am sure you will never let me want.'

Fairly vanquished by such generosity, she yielded to his solicitations, and agreed to elope with him. The honeymoon had hardly run its course, before the unhappy Benedict discovered that he had been entrapped by a penniless adventuress, who, finding that he had a moderate fortune, and seeing that, in spite of his reserve, she had captivated him, by the help of two confederates, and her own adroitness, had thus made herself mistress of his patrimony. The lady was one whose name had been before the public previously in connection with a tragedy in which she was supposed to have played a conspicuous part.

The ill-starred husband, in company with a few of his countrymen, entered the regiment of B—— B——'s, and sought to repair his desperate fortunes at the sword's point in the Crimean War.

1850. March 4. Lunched with Mr. W. Beckett, to meet Don Miguel and Vicomte Queluz. In company with Colonel Waymouth, escorted them over the Pavilion, its stables, the Pier. For Lord Palmerston's opinion of Don Miguel, vide his Life, by Sir H. Bulwer.

1850. April 15. Dined with Mr. Hallam, the historian. A party.

1850. May 6. Dined with Admiral Meynell. Among the party was Captain Macquhae, the person who first saw the sea serpent, on August 6th, 1848. He gave us the whole account, with an air of great simplicity and truthfulness. Meynell said he had known him for years, and believed him incapable of exaggeration. Every officer on Macquhae's ship H.M.S. Dædalus, saw the serpent as distinctly as he did, with their glasses first, afterwards, as it came close to them, with their naked eye. Supposing Macquhae himself to have been mistaken, one can hardly believe every officer on board his ship to have been so too.

1850. June 12. Lunched with Arthur Macleane, Principal of Brighton College, and George Long. Macleane gave me an amusing account of a scene he once witnessed with a monkey. He was on a visit to a friend in the Madras Presidency, when the said friend was summoned to a more northern station on matters of moment. Before leaving, he said to Macleane: 'My dear friend, I want to consign to your care a pet of mine, a female monkey. I have so high an opinion of her moral qualities, that I have appointed her as guardian over four little puppies, who are orphans. I hope, joking apart, that you will not mind my leaving her tied up in the corner of the room in which you write.'

As soon as his friend had taken his departure, a black servant entered the room in which Macleane was, and placed in one corner of it a large wooden stand, with a perch on it, and a broad ledge beneath it. My lady monkey was then formally introduced and installed into office. She jumped up on her seat, and looked around on every side with an air of no small importance. She was evidently fully sensible of the responsibility involved in the guardianship of the pups. Macleane, though much engrossed with the matter in which he was engaged (he was writing for the local paper, of which he was

editor), could not resist an occasional glance at the demure self-sufficiency of the monkey, and also at her grotesque mode of enforcing discipline on her refractory *protégés*. As she had business of her own to attend to—viz., the demolition of sundry nuts, which had been put before her; and, as she had no notion of allowing her meal to be interrupted by the freaks of her baby charges, she clapped the tail of one under her towards the north; of another towards the south; of another towards the east; and of the fourth towards the west; so that if any of them, wishing to indulge 'a truant disposition,' contrived, by wriggling, to extricate its tail from its imprisonment, it was promptly caught up, and slapped, and the tail replaced in its proper quarter.

The next day, while Macleane was engaged in the same pursuit as before, a native servant, with a small hatchet in his hand, came to dock the ears and tails of the puppies. On his boldly withdrawing one of the little ones from the monkey's hind-quarters, she protested indignantly against his utter disregard of her authority. But when she saw the intruder, by way of answer, deliberately chop off its tail, obeying the instinct of self preservation, she caught up her own, abandoned her other three charges to their fate, and sprang on the architrave of the door, evidently thinking that, if tails were to be treated with so little ceremony as that, the sooner she secured her own the better.

When Macleane was at Trinity College, Cambridge, he, one day, met the Marquis Spoleto, a teacher of Italian, and a refugee, and thus accosted him:—

'Have you many pupils this term?'

'Vel, I ave vone in Hebrew.'

'Dear me,' said Macleane, 'I had no idea you knew Hebrew.'

'Vel, no; not exactly. But then, you see, we do not begin for vone five week.'

1850. July 2. Went to the Scottish *fête*. Sat with Lord Ely and James Adam Gordon. Jung Bahador and the Nepaulese Princes there. Nothing could be more cold and impassive than their deportment while witnessing feats of strength which astonished every one else. With true Oriental cunning, they were disguising their real feelings. In the evening dined at Stafford House. There were at dinner the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyll, the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, Lord and Lady Anson, Lord Bagot, Lady Dover, and the two Miss Ellises, Lady Mary Howard, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard and Miss ——, Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley

Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Stafford O'Brien, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir Charles Barry. In the evening there were the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady A. Howard, Lord Edward Howard, Baron Parke and daughter. During dinner the Duchess received a note from Lady Peel, from Whitehall, with a bulletin of Sir Robert's state, and giving but faint hopes of his life. The Duchess was most gracious, and took me into the great room to show me the grand Murillos purchased from Marshal Soult. The Duchess of Norfolk and all the guests who had come in the evening having dispersed, I made my bow and walked home with Sir Edwin Landseer, as he had to pass the house in which I was staying to get to his own. In going up St. James's Street, he looked in at Brookes' to see if he could hear more news of Sir Robert. While we were standing on the door-step under a strong gaslight, a strange gentleman, passing rapidly by, and recognizing Landseer, turned back and said to him, 'Sir Edwin, I make no apology for addressing you, as I know you are well acquainted with Sir Robert Peel! You will be painfully interested to know that I have just left his door, and that he is dead. He died a quarter of an hour ago.'

Sir Edwin then proposed that we should return to Stafford House and tell the Duchess. On arriving, we found that, as soon as her own party had broken up, she had gone to Lady Waldegrave's. It was curious to see the rapid change which had taken place in the appearance of the house within a quarter of an hour. When we had left, it was a blaze of light and beauty—the hall filled with servants. When we returned, all the lights were extinguished, with the exception of one hall lamp, and no one but the night-porter was to be seen.

1850. May 10. Went to a private club, called 'The Cave,' with Harry Hallam. It is composed of none but men of intellectual mark. I met there Messrs. Kenneth Macaulay, Bentinck, Spring Rice, Thackeray, Lushington, Tom Taylor, and Venables. Plenty of good talk.

1850. June 25. Dined with Lady Essex, and met a most agreeable party, consisting of the versatile and accomplished Dr. Quin, Mr. Charles Greville, Colonel Dawson Damer, Landseer, Lady Monson, Mrs. William Locke, Pasta, Viardot, and Parodi. I took Pasta in to dinner, and found her delightful. After dinner she was asked to sing; and sitting down to the piano, she commenced her great song *Ombra Adorata*. But the change from what she had been was painful. She sang out of tune beyond belief; yet did not seem conscious of it herself.

Parodi, her pupil and favourite, sang also, and skilfully, but was deficient in charm. Viardot with generous forbearance, declined to sing at all. Landseer told me a capital story. He was commissioned (I think) by Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, to paint a favourite dog of his; but the great artist had so many works on hand of greater importance, that he begged for some months' delay. After the lapse of considerable time, he met Mr. Wells in the street, and told him that he thought he should be able, at last, to paint his pet.

Mr. Wells (loq.). 'Alas, my dear friend, it is too late! I have lost him!'

Landseer. 'That is to say, he is stolen.'

Mr. Wells. 'No. I have no reason for thinking so. I lost him in the streets.'

Landseer. 'I am sure he is stolen! Will you still give me the commission to paint him if I recover him for you?'

Mr. Wells. 'Gladly.'

Landseer instantly, on returning to St. John's Wood, sent for a well-known dog-fancier, described the characteristic points of the animal, and told him he should be well paid if he would find him.

Dog-fancier (scratching his head reflectively, and repeating to himself, aloud, the description given). 'Black and tan, wi' very long ears? Large eyes? I've see'd that dog somewhere, I'll swear! I dessay I could bring him in a fortnight.'

Landseer. 'A fortnight! Nonsense! I must have him in forty-eight hours!'

Dog-fancier. 'It could not be done, Sir, in the time.'

Landseer. 'Well; I have no doubt you could put your hand upon him in no time. But if you won't—then bring him as soon as you can.'

At the end of a fortnight the man entered Landseer's hall with the dog in his arms.

Landseer. 'Oh! so you've brought him at last, have you. Now, why could not you have let me had it before?'

Dog-fancier. 'Well, Sir, you're an old friend, and won't peach! But the fact were, *I* stole the dog! But—honour among thieves!—I sold it to a trump of a old lady in Portland Place for such a howdacious good sum, I felt it would not be just not to let her enjoy it, at least, for a fortnight.'

This reminds me of a story which I heard long after.

When bear-baiting was the fashion in France, Count D'Orsay, knowing that Landseer was sometimes obliged to have recourse to dog-fanciers for the loan of models, asked him to get him a

bull-dog of very superior strength and courage. Landseer sent accordingly for Ben White, a man standing at the very pinnacle of his profession.

It was not long before he presented himself to D'Orsay with a hideous bull-dog by his side.

Landseer (introducing the dog-fancier). 'Count, this is Mr. White, who has brought his dog for you to look at.'

D'Orsay. 'Ah, Vite! I have often heard of you; and I believe, of all de Vites, you are de best.'

White. 'Thank yer lordship.'

D'Orsay. 'Vel, Vite, vat vill de dog do?'

White. 'Vel, my lord, he'll go in and fight the bear till he ain't got a leg to stand on!'

D'Orsay. 'Ah, bas Vite! No good. Take him avay. I must have a dog that can fight de bear till the bear has not got a leg to stand on!'

1850. July 5. The two following letters, the originals of which are in my possession, were written five-and-thirty years ago by a spoiled boy at Eton to his too indulgent father.

'Eton, February 2, 1815.

'MY DEAR PAPA.—I arrived here safe and well; but am sorry to tell you that I have been flogged; and, if you don't want me to be called a gentleman, take me away. Oh! papa! papa! did I not ask you not to send me back? I told you how it would be. I am kept up till twelve o'clock at night. I cannot learn my lessons. I am flogged every day; and, unless you come and take me away, I must run away in less than one week. I must run away indeed: indeed I must, if you don't write to say so. In less than one week, mind! Upon my honour I must; for I cannot stand it. Did I not tell you how it would be? Pray come up in a day or two and settle it. If you don't, I must run away. Give my love to all. God bless you.

'Your affectionate son,

_____.

'P.S. Mind! One week! Pray come up, and then you can settle it. Mind—I don't want to run away; but you must take me away. If you will, I will try all I can to learn with my aunt and grandmama, or else at Mr. Church's. The Easter holidays in four weeks! Write by return of post.'

'Eton, February 5, 1815.

'MY DEAR PAPA.—I am now going to give you a full account of how I have been used since I have been here. In the week

before I received your comfortable letter, one night I was going down stairs, when I was pushed down them and hurt my back terribly. While I was down they licked me in the face, and kicked me about. They take the bed-clothes away; they tear the books to pieces, and I cannot do my lessons; and if I was to tell you more about the way I am used, you would fly to take your child away. And as for telling my tutor about it, it is no more use than telling the poker. I am flogged every day, and it is impossible for me to do my lessons.

Yesterday, a great big boy kicked me in the back, just where I tumbled. As for running away, I would no more do that than fly in the air: so, if you don't want me to be worse off than before just you come up to Eton in one day or two; then you can take me to Dr. Keate, to tell him you cannot let me stop any longer. Then he will say no more. Take my advice, and come. If you don't want me to be killed, don't write to my tutor. If you do, he will speak to Dr. Keate, and he will speak to the boys, and then they will get sticks and beat me, and then I shall be laid up. Take my advice, and come up by Tuesday or Wednesday. Don't write to Dr. Keate, or I shall be killed. There is not a place I go to but I'm beat. I will give you my honour, I attend particularly to personal cleanliness; and I will give you my word and honour, again and again, that I am grown a very good boy. I would not say so if I was not. I don't bite my nails, nor nothing what my grandmama forbid me. I say my prayers earnestly by day and by night. And I will give you my honour again, that if you will take me away in one week or two, that I will try all I can to learn with my grandmama, and Mr. Church, if you will. When you come up you will find what an expense you have put yourself to for such an idle vagabond as I am. O take, take, take me away. Do come up in one week, or I shall die with fatigue. Don't write again. Tell dear little Teddy that he will see me in one week, when the dearest of fathers comes up to take me away. When you come up you will be glad to the bottom of your heart that you have taken me away; for I will tell you all about it going down in the coach. You can take me away and pay at the end of the month.

'I remain, dear Papa, your affectionate Son,

——— ———.

'P.S. I am dying with fatigue.'

1851. November 13. Being exhausted in body and unhinged

in mind by many nights' unremitting attendance on a relative who had been dangerously ill, my doctor insisted on my relinquishing my post to another, and going elsewhere for change of scene and air. As my invalid was convalescent, I felt no hesitation in obeying orders; and, therefore, went to Brighton to pass a few days with my father, who was then residing in the Old Steyne.

I arrived at his door on Tuesday, the 11th, in the evening, and retired early to bed, sanguine that, after so many sleepless vigils, I should enjoy a night of unbroken rest. I have always been blessed with a remarkable talent for sleep, generally losing consciousness as soon as my candle has been extinguished, and rarely recovering it till it has been time to rise. I was, therefore, the more surprised on this occasion at finding myself, within a couple of hours after I had retired, wide awake. I fancy this must have been about half-past eleven, because half-an-hour after, I heard the clock on the stairs strike twelve. I ought to mention that, at night, in certain conditions of health, I have sometimes suffered from a morbid activity of memory, utterly destructive of sleep or even of tranquillity. At such times I have been pursued by one prevailing idea, which I have been unable to shake off; or been haunted by snatches of old airs, or harassed by the reiteration of one text of Scripture, and one only. It was not long ago that, after having drunk some very strong coffee, I lay awake for three hours, repeating, in spite of myself, over and over again, the following words from St. Peter's First Epistle, 'Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' By no exercise of ingenuity could I get rid of these words. I tried to substitute others in their place, but in vain. Well, it was under some such mental impression that, on waking up on Monday night last, I was possessed, as it were, by four mystic words, each of one syllable, conveying no more idea to my mind than if they were gibberish, and yet delivered with as much solemnity of tone, deliberation of manner, and pertinacity of sequence, as if they were meant to convey to me some momentous intimation. They were all the more exciting that they were unintelligible, and apparently could not serve any ostensible purpose. They were accompanied by no vision. They were, if I may use such a word, an audition, and nothing more. I could not exclude them by putting cotton in my ears, for they came from within, and not from without. To try to

supplant them by encouraging a fresh train of ideas was hopeless: my will and my reason were alike subservient to some irresistible occult force. The words which beset me were, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court'; and they were separated, as I have written them, into monosyllables; and were repeated with an incisive distinctness and monotonous precision which was quite maddening. I sat up in my bed and struck a light to make myself sure that I was awake, and not dreaming. All the while were reiterated, as if in a circle, the same wild words, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I lay down again, and put out my candle: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I turned on my left side: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I turned to the right: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I endeavoured, as a means of dispersing these evil spirits—for they began almost to assume the importance of spirits in my heated brain—to count sheep over a stile, but still, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court' rang in my ears and reverberated through my mind. I counted my respirations. I had recourse to every imaginable conceit by which to woo sleep, and ward off my ghostly, verbal tormentors. I tried to call to mind all the people I cared for—then all the people I disliked. I tried to conjure up the recollection of all the murders or sensational incidents I had ever read or heard of, in the hope of diverting my thoughts into other channels; but in vain. I then began to analyse the meaning of the words themselves. 'What,' said I to myself, 'can be the meaning of "Dowd"? I never heard of such a word. I have heard of a bird called a "dodo," and I think there is one in the Zoological Gardens. I know the meaning of the verb "to swell"; and I am familiar with the slang substantive "a swell." I know the meaning of the verb "to court," and of the substantive "a court." There is no difficulty about the word "pull"; but what earthly connection can there be between these words, that they should be thus linked together, and addressed to me? Ah, I begin to discern the truth. I am trying to make sense out of nonsense. The painful scenes I have lately witnessed, while in attendance on my friend, has upset the balance of my brain, and I am going mad.' I had not pursued this train of melancholy reflection long, when I fell into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my father's voice summoning me to breakfast. I sprang out of bed, made a hasty toilet, and joined him. On his asking me how I had slept, I told him how curiously I had been disturbed in the night. My narrative inspired him with

more of ridicule than of pity. About midday I paid a visit to the Miss Smiths, daughters of the late Horace Smith. I found Frederick Robertson, then in the zenith of his well-deserved fame, sitting with them, and engaged in somewhat transcendental talk, to which my entrance had put a stop. I told them I should withdraw unless they were kind enough to resume the thread of their argument. They did so; but, after a while, the conversation turned to Herr von Reichenbach's book, and his theory on the subject of Odic Force, and then to the philosophy of dreams. As soon as there was a slight pause in the conversation, I repeated to them with avidity my nocturnal experience; but instead of its producing the effect I had expected on my auditors, it only provoked an interchange of significant looks between them, which convinced me that, in Oriental phrase, I had been eating dirt. I soon rose and took my leave. As soon as Robertson saw me rise, he took up his hat and stick and followed me: and when we had reached the door-step, he who was always considerate of the feelings of others, perceiving that my vanity had been mortified by the silence with which my tale had been received, took my arm and said, 'My dear Young, I hope you will forgive me if I say, that I never before heard you tell anything so pointless as what you have just repeated to the Miss Smiths and myself.'

'Ah,' said I, 'I perceived you thought so; but that does not alter my opinion. To me the whole thing is fraught with interest and mystery. I am sure that thereby hangs a tale indeed. I only wish I knew it.'

It was on Wednesday, the 12th, that these words passed between my friend Frederick Robertson and myself. On Thursday, the 13th, I walked into Folthorp's library to read the papers; and, as usual, ran my eye down the births, marriages, and deaths in *The Times*. As I came to the obituary, the following notice caught my sight:—

'On Tuesday night, November the 11th, John E. Dowdswell of Pull Court, Tewkesbury.' So that, probably, on the selfsame night, and at the very time when this gentleman's name and residence were so unaccountably and painfully present to my mind, he was actually dying.

1852. May 20. I went with a friend to Charles Kean's private box to see *The Corsican Brothers*. He came up and sat with us. He asked me how I liked the getting-up of the piece. I praised it unreservedly. I could not help expressing my admiration of Alfred Wigan's acting. 'Yes,' said he, 'his

Frenchman is the Frenchman of the Faubourg St. Martin: mine, I flatter myself, is the Parisian of the Faubourg St. Germain.' He told me that, when he was fulfilling an engagement at Dublin, Lord Normanby, then Lord-Lieutenant, asked him to dine and accompany him to some private theatricals in which an amateur of original powers was to play the part of Hamlet. He was said to have thrown new light on obscure passages. The following Kean gave me as a specimen of his new readings:—

> 'The spirit that I have seen
> May be a devil; and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy
> (As he is very potent with such spirits)
> Abuses me to damn me.'

The ordinary and natural delivery of the last line, he rendered thus:

> 'Out of my weakness and my melancholy
> (As he is very potent with such spirits)
> Abuses me, too,—Damn me!

Charles Kean, afterwards told me the remarkable ghost story, mentioned in Mrs. Crowe's *Nightside of Nature*, vol. i. p. 332, and of which I find the heroine was Mrs. Chapman, the sister of Mrs. Charles Kean.

The lady with whom I went to see *The Corsican Brothers* told me she was dining one day at Dr. Ashburner's, where she met a party, chiefly composed of French republicans; among them Pierre Le Roux and Charles and Louis Blanc. Charles Blanc sat directly opposite to her; Louis took her into dinner, and sat next to her. Overhearing some one at table talking of the play of *The Corsican Brothers*, then having a great run at the Princess's Theatre, she asked him if he had been to see it. He confessed that he had not, but at the same time, expressed his intention of soon going; 'for,' said he, 'I ought to take a personal interest in it, and my brother too, seeing that we may, in a certain sense, consider ourselves as the heroes of the piece.' 'Pardon me,' said my lady friend, 'I think you are in error there; for Mr. Kean told me that it was taken from a play which he had seen at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, and which was founded on a story of Alexandre Dumas', entitled *Les Deux Frères Corses*.' 'Just so,' replied L. Blanc, 'and that story owed its origin to a remarkable circumstance which befell your *vis à vis* and myself. Probably you are not aware that Charles and I are twins, and natives of

Corsica. I was one day walking in the streets of Paris, arm in arm with an old friend, when I suddenly felt a shock through one of my arms, as if it had been pierced through with a rapier. The pain was so acute that I could not help crying out. My friend asked me if I were ill. He could hardly believe me when I assured him I was not. We walked on together, and he continued his conversation; but I felt so weighed down by an inexplicable depression of spirit, that I could neither respond to his remarks, nor hold up my head. I had a strong presentiment that some disaster had befallen my brother, though he was more than a hundred leagues from me.

'My brother Charles and I, you must understand, came into the world almost at the same time; and in physical organization, as well as mental and moral constitution, are so intimately alike, that we may be almost considered as duplicates of the same creation.* Such is the nervous sympathy between us, and our identity of sentiment on every subject, that I would undertake to say that, if one of us were at the North Pole and the other at the South, and telegrams could be sent to each, soliciting our opinion on any given subject, we should be sure to return the same answer. We are of one heart and one mind, and the love we bear to each other almost surpasses that of women. If one rejoice, the other rejoices with him. If one suffer, the other suffers with him. And thus it was that, a few seconds after I felt the sickening smart in my arm, I was so sure that some painful accident or other had befallen Charles, that I asked my friend to look at his watch and tell me the hour. On reaching home I telegraphed to my brother, and learned that at the very instant I felt the pain in the biceps of *my* arm, *his* had been run through by a sword in a duel with the editor of a provincial newspaper, who had attacked me scurrilously in his columns, and whom Charles in consequence had challenged.' After dinner, at his brother's request, Charles Blanc bared his arm to the lady and showed the scar of his wound in confirmation of the story.

1852. June 3. Both at lunch and at dinner at Miss B. Coutts'. Met Abbot Laurence, and had some conversation with him on the subject of arboriculture, in which he seems to be a proficient. In the evening heard that an advocate, in his defence of a notorious murderer, wound up his speech in his behalf with the following appeal:—'Ah! mes amis! Il a tué son père et sa mère, et, à présent, il est orphelin. Le Pauvre! Il faut le protéger.'

* Neither here nor elsewhere can I vouch for the actual phrascology of the speaker, only for the broad facts.

1852. July 5. My father, being anxious (I believe*) to give a helping hand to a friend who had been reduced by adverse fortune, to adopt literature as a means of livelihood, wrote to Charles Dickens, and asked him to insert some of her writings in *Household Words*. I subjoin his answer for two reasons:—first, to show how much critical acumen he brought to bear on the articles submitted to him for insertion in his periodical; 2ndly, to show the evident pain it cost him, as caterer for the public taste, to reject any article which he believed would be unpalatable to it.

'Office of *Household Words*,
'16, Wellington Street North, Strand,
'Wednesday evening, July 1, 1852.

'My dear Young.—I have gone carefully over the enclosed papers, and am very sorry to say that I can make no use of them here. They have none of the qualities that are essential for *Household Words*. The writing is very agreeable and lady-like; but there is no novelty of observation, or charm of expression, or plain force of purpose, or compactness of treatment, to separate it from hundreds upon hundreds of similar contributions that are for ever coming here. *The Lion and the Spaniel* is not, as the writer supposes, a new story, and could be better related in two pages than in ten. (Besides which, the concluding reflections take it for granted that the lion really is a very brave animal, which some wise naturalists of later times have seen reason to doubt.) *The Bittern* is an essay on the ordinary essayical model, which tells the reader nothing previously unknown, and which could only be made acceptable for the sake of what it does tell, by that information being communicated in a picturesque and special way. Exactly the same objection applies, with at least equal force, to the essay called *The Victories of Love*. *The Village Home*, and *The Brother and Sister*, are children's stories, and quite out of the road of a publication addressing so large an audience as this of ours does—in which the constant endeavour is, to adapt every paper to the reception of a number of classes and various orders of mind at once.

'I enter into these prosing details because *you* take the papers out of the ordinary category, by being interested in them, and because you have really interested me, too, by what you have

* I am bound to say that this is a gratuitous assumption on my part, drawn from the contents of Mr. Dickens's letter. I have no notion whom the lady alluded to was.

told me of the writer. I have considered the probabilities of their being accepted elsewhere, and really cannot suggest a periodical (able and willing to pay for them) that I think likely to receive them. Whether such publishers for young people as Messrs. Darton and Co., of Holborn Hill, or Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, would think them adapted to their purpose, I doubt—but I cannot, honestly, awaken a better hope. In this I may be mistaken, and I should be very glad to know it.

'If you could see the sub-editor's basket of proffered contributions for one week, you would not wonder—if you do now—at my having a heavy sense of the responsibility of encouraging a writer to proceed on insufficient grounds.

'My dear Young, ever your faithful and true Friend,

'CHARLES DICKENS.

'P.S. If the lady should wish to send me anything else through you, I will read it most readily, and with a hearty desire (as I have had in the case of the present papers) to accept it if I possibly can.'

CHAPTER XV.

1852. SEPTEMBER 15. At Tunbridge Wells. I met, in the same hotel as that in which I was, a most agreeable gentleman —Mr. ——, Recorder of ———. I found that he shared my admiration of all the Napiers. He told me, in consequence, the following very charming story.

The late Sir John Morillyon Wilson, Adjutant of Chelsea College, went to pay a visit to his brother-in-law, Sir George Houlton, at his place, Farley Castle, near Bath. On the first day of his arrival, as Sir John was going up to his room to dress for dinner, his host overtook him on the stairs, and said to him, 'I hope you don't expect any party to-day. We have purposely invited but one person to dine with us, for we thought your wife would feel fatigued by her journey, and that you would prefer a quiet conversation with such a man as Sir William Napier, to a formal dinner composed of strangers.' 'What?' said Sir John, 'do you mean to say that it is the author of *The Peninsular War* that you expect at dinner to-day? There is no man in England I have such a desire to meet.'

Sir John Wilson was a handsome man, with an air *très distingué;* and one can readily believe, that if Napier's well-earned renown, as soldier and historian, made him an object of interest to Wilson, Wilson's good looks and gallant mien would be sure to recommend him in turn to Napier. And such turned out to be the case. They were mutually attracted to each other. When the ladies had quitted the dining-room, they drew their chairs together by the fireside, and soon found that they had many subjects in common. They ran through their military campaigns—

> "From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
> That they had pass'd."

and discussed, with characteristic animation, certain debateable questions of strategy, in the conduct of the different battles of the Peninsula. In the course of argument, Wilson broached a theory which caused Napier to say, 'It is all very well for you to hold that opinion. You are sound in wind and limb: but if you were such an old, battered hulk as I am, and had been riddled through and through as I have been, you would adopt another tone.'

'Well,' replied Wilson, 'I certainly cannot boast as many honourable scars as you, Sir William; but I have been dangerously wounded in my time, and I doubt if you have ever lain nearer to death's door than I have.'

'Indeed! I fancied you had not a scratch about you. Where were you wounded, and when?' He told him: and in recapitulating the circumstances, went on to say, 'I assure you, that when I reflect on the desperate condition in which I was, I regard my being now alive as nothing less than a miracle. I remember, as I lay on the field, faint, giddy, gasping for breath, and convinced I was face to face with the last enemy, raising my eyelids, and seeing one of the noblest beings I ever beheld, approaching me with rapid strides. He had a countenance of such dauntless resolution, and a bearing so martial that I was apprehensive that he was going to give me my *coup de grace.* His eye seemed, not figuratively, but actually to flash fire. There was a fierceness in his glance, which I fancied betokened me no good. He had no sooner, however, come near me, and observed my helpless and almost hopeless condition, than he sheathed his drawn sword—relaxed his distended nostril—opened his close-set lips—gave me a look of benevolent sympathy—drew from out his side-pocket

a silver flask of brandy, and applied it to my parched lips. As I drank, I felt the life-blood tingling again in my veins. He took off his cloak from his broad shoulders, and wrapped it round me; and, with the tenderness of a sister, raised me in his arms and hoisted me against a gun-carriage. He left me for a second or two, to seek a knapsack; which, when found, he placed under the nape of my neck. Then, once more applying the cordial to my mouth, he stroked my cheek, and left me with these consolatory words: "You'll do now, friend. You were only suffering from loss of blood, and want of a little timely cordial. God bless you!" It was not long before our regimental surgeon came to me. While he was tending my wound I had sufficient strength to tell him what had befallen me. "Ah," said he, "you would have soon sunk from loss of blood and want of stimulus, but for the timely succour of your good Samaritan."'

Sir William, who through the narrative had fidgeted restlessly on his chair, asked Sir John if he had ever discovered who the person was that had come to his help? 'Never,' was the answer; 'I wish to heaven I could.' 'Well,' said his interrogator, 'I know him, and can tell you his name. It was one William Napier.' Age, frightful suffering, and the growth of a white beard and moustache had made such a change in the looks of his benefactor, that Wilson had failed to recognize him. On the other hand, the whole scene, as painted by Sir John, had risen vividly before the mind's eye of his auditor. One may more easily imagine than describe the emotion of Sir John Wilson on discovering that the very man to whom he was telling his story was its hero.

1852. September 15. Lunched at Mr. George Wagner's, at St. Leonard's, with Chevalier Bunsen. I was proud of the opportunity of meeting him. Poor Frederick Robertson told me he would rather know him than any man on earth. He has the rosy-tinted complexion of a little child; a countenance replete with *bonhommie*, candour, sweetness, and resolution; and a skull that would not have discredited Shakspeare. Though differing in religious and political opinion from Gladstone widely, he spoke of him with admiration and affection too. They correspond, I find.

1852. October 13. When living at Fairlight, near Hastings, I was, one fine day, in my grounds, thinning out a belt of fir-plantations, by the road-side, when the tread of horses' feet attracted my attention. I peeped through the trees, to see if the riders looked like visitors to the Rectory, and observed

a lady and two gentlemen, walking their horses after a sharp gallop up the long hill from Hastings. On nearer approach, I had no difficulty in recognizing Lord Fitzroy Somerset, his son, Captain Somerset, and one of his daughters. As I was in anything but presentable trim—my trowsers being torn by the jagged boughs of young trees which I had been felling, a huge adze in my hands, and shabby hedging-gloves on them —I retired under cover of my firs, until they had passed by. The moment they had, I leaned on the stile which led on to the high-road, and was remarking with admiration the military seat and fine bridle-hand of the one-armed hero, when he turned round in his saddle, to point out to his son some distant feature in the landscape which had caught his eye, and detected me. I was about to beat a hasty retreat, when his lordship hailed me, and asked me if he were not addressing Mr. Young. On my pleading guilty to the name, he rode back, his companions doing the same, and told me that he was on his way to call on me, as he had been assured by Lady Harriet Paget, that I should be willing to show him the splendid view which was to be seen from a point in, or adjoining, my grounds. Of course I was proud to escort him. He, and his son and daughter, rode down to the Rectory, stabled their steeds, and, after admiring the prospect from our drawing-room windows, repaired with me to the spot referred to by Lady Harriet, and known in the immediate vicinity by the ambitious appellation of 'the Mountains.' This was a table-land of short, verdant turf, surmounted by four or five old weather-beaten but picturesque Scotch firs, their stems, on the sea side, nearly denuded of lateral branches, from the action of the prevalent sea-breezes; but landwards, stretching out their long arms towards Romney Marsh, and Pet, and Guestling, and the more woody and undulating country about Etchingham and Ticehurst. Towards the east was a long expanse of sands, dotted about at intervals with martello towers, and reaching out towards Dungeness Point. Dover cliffs bounded our view in that direction. On the day alluded to, the atmosphere was so clear, that one could see with the naked eye the fringe of the coast-line between Calais and Boulogne. Under the vivid sunlight, the white chalk cliffs of Dover, relieved by contrast with the blue sky, sparkled and glistened, like the marble quarries of Carrara. The sea was as unruffled as an inland lake on a summer's day: and the rising smoke from the steamer, as it put forth from Calais on its return to Dover, was distinctly perceptible. I was telling Lord F.

Somerset, that Sidney Lear, the artist, told me, that when he first set foot on the spot where we were, he could have fancied himself looking upon Marathon, so closely did the configuration of the land, and its relative position to the plain below, remind him of it, when Lord F. Somerset interrupted me by questions which proved that he had not ridden over to Fairlight merely in search of the picturesque, but rather to make a sort of official survey of the country as Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lord F. S. 'Where, pray, is Winchelsea?'

J. C. Y. 'Yonder, my lord,' pointing to it.

Lord F. S. 'Where is Rye?'

J. C. Y. 'There, my lord; where you see smoke rising.'

Lord F. S. 'Where does the river debouch?'

I pointed to its mouth.

Lord F. S. 'Is there any other road from Dover to London by the coast, except through Winchelsea, Icklesham, and Pet?'

J. C. Y. 'Not unless the narrow lane, which winds up the side of the hill on which we now stand, is to be dignified by the title of "road."'

We then returned to one of the fields overhanging my house.

Lord F. S. 'How many of those martello towers are there in your parish?'

J. C. Y. 'Thirteen, my lord, and useless lumber they are.'

Lord F. S. 'Not so. We should, certainly, never think of erecting them in these days; but now that they are there, we must think twice before we pull them down. In case of need, and for defensive purposes we might turn them to very fair account.'

J. C. Y. 'And yet, my lord, those who live in them tell me that there is not one of them which is bomb-proof, and that a common shell thrown into one would reduce it to powder.'

Lord F. S. 'Indeed! indeed! This must be looked to.'

After looking at the lie of the ground, and making himself master of certain localities, and learning the distance between them, Lord F. Somerset turned to me, and smilingly said, 'Well, Mr. Young, if the French should pay us a visit, this is one of the first places we should make for. We should have to trespass on your glebe.'

J. C. Y. 'Then, from that remark, I may assume that you do not altogether regard an invasion as improbable?'

Lord F. S. 'As most improbable! I do not say impossible. Why you yourself, though no military man, must surely see the improbability of an invading force, with all its *matériel*, its

cavalry, infantry, artillery, and ammunition, collecting on the opposite side of the Channel without our knowledge.

J. C. Y. 'And yet, my lord, there are the published opinions of the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Burgoyne, Admiral Bowles, and the two Sir Charles Napiers, at variance with yours. Might not a hostile force easily be landed under cover of night, or in a dense fog, before we could collect strength enough to prevent them? I have heard of a very plausible plan of invading us at three of the most vulnerable parts of our seaboard simultaneously, which has been designed by those who disdain the difficulties alleged.'

He listened courteously to what I said, but, naturally enough, attached no weight whatever to it.

Conversation afterwards became more desultory. In speaking of the changes which would be effected in future warfare, not only by the improvement in arms of precision, &c., &c., but by the introduction of railways and telegraphs, I mentioned that the Emperor of the French had telegraphic wires in his cabinet in the Tuileries, radiating from all the principal courts of Europe and centring in one focus. He expressed a doubt of that fact, but his son, then Secretary to the King of Hanover, confirmed my statement. Shortly after, the trio returned to the Rectory, remounted their horses, and returned to St. Leonard's, where they were residing for the benefit of Lady F. Somerset's health.

On the 20th October, I received an invitation from Lady Harriet Paget to dine with her next day *en petite comité*, to meet Lord F. Somerset. I accepted it gladly, guessing that it had been sent at his lordship's instance. As soon as dinner was over, and the ladies had withdrawn, Lord F. Somerset asked me to come and sit by him. The ensuing dialogue took place.

Lord F. S. 'When I last saw you, Mr. Young, you dropped obscure hints as to certain facts having come to your knowledge, which, you seemed to think, justified your fears as to the future intentions of France towards this country. I confess I did not, at the time, pay as much heed to what you said as, perhaps, I ought to have done; for I thought that you, in common with many others, had lent too ready an ear to some alarmist, whose reports were, ten to one, the imaginary phantoms of his own creation. On more mature consideration, however, I am disposed to think I may have been too precipitate in forming such conclusion; for you spoke with such assured confidence, that my curiosity is piqued, and I shall be really obliged to you

if you will justify it; that is to say, if you can do it without being guilty of a breach of faith.'

J. C. Y. 'My lord, such information as I have to give, I am as anxious to communicate to you as you can be to receive it.

'It is not, then, many weeks ago that, in the course of my pastoral visits to the members of the Preventive Body stationed at H——, I learned that their late captain had been removed and been succeeded by another, whom they described as smart and strict, but just and amiable. I called on him the same day, and was greatly prepossessed by his appearance and manners. I found him lively, agreeable, well-read, and, though not a party man, earnest in his political opinions. I offered to lend him newspapers and periodicals, to relieve the tedium of a life spent in so secluded a spot. He soon gave me to understand that he had resources of his own which made him independent of such adventitious aids. It was not long before I paid him another visit. In the course of conversation I was bold enough to say, that, delighted as I was to number among my flock so respectable a body of men as those he commanded, I could not but wonder that a government pledged to retrenchment, should still maintain a force which the adoption of free-trade principles must have rendered useless. He asked me, in reply, if I did not think it on the cards that the coast might need protection against the introduction of foreign foes as much as against the introduction of contraband goods. He declared that, in his opinion, it would be suicidal on the part of any government who should attempt to disband so useful, experienced, and picked a body of men, at the very time when their services might be more needed than at any previous period in England's history.

'"Oh! then," said I, "I am glad to find that you are not one of those who curl their nostrils at the idea of a French invasion."

'"I am the very last man in the world," he replied, "to do so; I know too much."

'The next time I visited him I reverted to the same theme; and, thinking it might interest him, I drew from my pocket a complete list of the then strength of the French navy; the number of frigates; the number of corvettes of the first and second class; of screwships, and their guns and horse-power; of paddle-wheel steamers on foreign service; of merchant steamers, and of ships on the stocks then building. I showed him the comparative strength of our own naval resources, as shown in Murray's List, a work sanctioned by our Admiralty. As soon as he saw that I was a good deal occupied

with this subject, he regarded me as a kindred spirit, and at once throwing off all reserve, informed me that he had been for many years living in the south of France; that, while there, he had become intimate with the more prominent members of the Henri V. party; and that, subsequently, compelled by force of circumstances to reside at Brussels, he had become well acquainted with Changarnier, who, though politically in antagonism with the Bourbon faction, yet sympathized with them in their detestation of Louis Napoleon. He told me that from Changarnier he had obtained copies of three plans drawn up by the hand of Napoleon, when President, for the invasion of this country. For his own part, he declared he had perfect confidence in the Emperor's loyalty and good-will towards England; he believed he would never, *suo proprio motu*, take up arms against her: but that, if an irresistible pressure were put upon him by his country, and the alternative were the humiliation of England, or the overthrow of his dynasty, there could be little doubt as to his choice. It was in anticipation of such a contingency, at the time when we heard so much of the threats of certain colonels, that his mind was constantly occupied with concocting plans for the invasion of our island.'

Lord F. S. 'Do I understand you to say that your informant professed to have seen these plans with his own eyes?'

J. C. Y. 'Certainly.'

Lord F. S. 'The value of any information, I need not tell you, depends on the credibility of the informant. Do you think your friend could produce satisfactory testimony to character?'

J. C. Y. 'I have no doubt of it.'

Lord F. S. 'I wish you would see him and ascertain that fact.'

In compliance with this desire I rode over next day to my acquaintance, and was authorized by him to refer his lordship to Lord —— and Sir —— ——.

When a few days had gone by, I received a note from Lord F. Somerset requesting me to call on him. I did so, and the instant I entered his room he threw me across the table two notes from the two referees, in every respect satisfactory to his lordship, and creditable to their subject.

'After the receipt of two such letters as those,' said Lord F. Somerset, 'it is important that I should see your acquaintance. Ask him to call on me to-morrow.'

A day or two after, I heard from his lordship that he had sent him up to the proper authority with a letter of introduction.

I was wondering, some days after, that I had had no tidings of the success or failure of my friend's mission, when he entered my study, caught hold of both my hands, and told me I had rendered him an essential service in bringing him to the notice of the Master-General of the Ordnance; for that, through his kind representations, and in recognition of the importance of the information he had rendered to Government, an eligible appointment had been conferred on him in a part of the world with which he was familiar, and to which he was partial.

Eight years after, I received a curious confirmation of the truth of the above facts from the lips of a zealous member of the then Administration.

In the year 1860, I arrived, one evening, about eight o'clock, at Gibb's Hotel, Prince's Street, Edinburgh. On entering the upstairs coffee-room, I observed that there was but one person in the room. His back was turned to me, and his attention divided between the mastication of a chop, and the digestion of an article in the *National Review*. As I walked up towards the fireplace, the gentleman raised his eyes from his book to look at the intruder. To my surprise, I found it was the Right Hon. James Wilson, from 1853 to 1858 the indefatigable Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and afterwards Financial Member of the Council in India, where he fell a victim to hard work and an unhealthy climate. After the ordinary touch-and-go gossip, which arises between people who know but little of each other, and have not met for some time, Mr. Wilson told me he had been reading a very interesting article on (I think—I am not sure) 'France and her Policy.' This led us insensibly to talk of our national defences. Finding that this was a subject to which he had given attention, I repeated to him what I have here told. While I was speaking, I saw a smile on his countenance, which led me to say, 'Are you incredulous?' 'Why do you ask that?' said he. 'Because you smile!' 'Ah! then you misinterpret my smile,' he rejoined. 'I was smiling to think that you, a country clergyman, should have known what you do, and have mastered your details so accurately.' 'What!' said I: 'am I to understand you already knew what I have been telling you?' 'Yes,' was his answer; 'and I will tell you how I came to know anything about it. When the Conservatives went out of office, Lord —— behaved most honourably towards us. He put Lord Palmerston in complete possession of all that he knew on the subject, alleging as his reason for doing so, that the question involved was not a party

but a patriotic one. Palmerston himself considered the issues pendent on the truth or falsity of the statement of such vital import, that he despatched your humble servant to Paris to see if he could gather any further intelligence on the subject from trustworthy sources. As far as Paris was concerned, my investigations were fruitless. But, on my return homewards through Brussels, where I had some business of my own, I was thrown into company with Changarnier, who verified every syllable we had been told, and assured me that, when he was in office, and Louis Napoleon was President, hardly a day went by without his being sent for to his cabinet to give him his opinion as to the feasibility of divers of his schemes for the invasion of England.'

Of course, if Louis Napoleon, instead of being a captive at Wilhelmshöhe, were still on the throne of France, the circumstances I have mentioned would have a far greater interest for the reader than they can have now. Still, they ought not to be lightly passed over; for they convey a lesson to us: and it is this —What one foreign government may have contemplated, another may think feasible. In these disastrous days, when 'havoc' is the cry, and the 'dogs of war' are 'let slip,' it is a matter of great moment to this country, who are masters of the coast on the other side of the Channel, and what their dispositions towards this country. In a letter from the military correspondent of the *Times*, dated Orleans, December 28, 1870, and published on Tuesday, January 3, 1871, I read these words: 'Both at Orleans and Versailles, the invasion of England is the favourite topic, with its probabilities of success and means of accomplishment. Let not Englishmen imagine that the minds of Prussian strategists are altogether taken up with the French, or warfare upon land. What will people think at home of no less gigantic an idea than a bridge of boats from Calais to Dover, or thereabout; not, of course, as the means of a first landing, but to pass over the reinforcements to a small army landed first, and protected by field works? The Channel would thus be treated as a huge river; and it is considered that an army once across could live uncommonly well by requisitions. Ammunition would be needed, it is true; but there is no fortified place to stop the direct march upon London in four days.'

The idea of a bridge of boats, twenty miles in length, connecting Calais with Dover, sounds chimerical enough. But who that reflects on the extent of our seaboard, and the impossibility, with our present limited resources, of defending its vulnerable

points, either by artillery, soldiery, fortresses, or earthworks, can deny that, if two powers such as America and Russia, with their powerful navies, were to unite in attacking us simultaneously at three points, such as Rye, Torbay, and Harwich, they would so convulse the whole of England,—create such panic in Lombard Street and the Stock Exchange,—so impair our prestige, so paralyse our commerce, so shake the confidence of our colonies—that it would take a generation to recover from the consequences? It is easy to launch the bolt of ridicule against those who regard the idea of our impregnability as an exploded delusion, and to call them alarmists. But, surely it is high time there should be some to sound the alarm. When we remember that we are as much isolated, morally and politically, from almost all Europe, as we are physically insulated by our position; when we see the two most civilised nations of the earth engaged in the most barbarous and sanguinary warfare; when we know that we are hated, not only by France and Prussia, but by America and Russia, to say nothing of India and China,—is it too much to say—awful scandal to Christianity as such nefarious shedding of human blood would be—that it is high time that England should awake out of her sleep of false security, and at once put herself, in the language of the prophet Joel, 'as a strong people in battle array'?

NOTE. 1871. January. I have felt some compunction in giving publicity to the above statement, as I am aware it is not calculated to raise the ex-Emperor of the French in the estimation of John Bull: and it seems ungenerous to write anything to his disparagement which is calculated to intensify the humiliation of his fall. But my scruples melt away like snow beneath the sun's rays when I ask myself this question:—

For which ought one to have the more sensitive regard—the character of an individual jeopardized by the disclosure of certain facts, or the security of a great nation compromised by their reservation?

That the friendships of Prince Louis Napoleon formed in this country were faithfully adhered to by the Emperor Louis Napoleon, is a matter of notoriety; and that, in the days of his prosperity, he should never have lost an opportunity of requiting attentions shown him in adversity, speaks well for his heart. But, putting his personal qualities altogether out of court, we must admit that, by his public acts, he has also deserved well of this country. For instance, he turned a deaf ear to the menacing suggestions of his vapouring colonels, when they were

directed against *perfide Albion*. He was loyal to us in the hour of our weakness, and his opportunity, during the Indian Mutiny; and, on other occasions of less moment, he has evinced an amount of good-will towards us which justifies the belief that he would have avoided a rupture with us under any circumstances, except where there was provocation extraordinary, or temptation irresistible. Nevertheless, to suppose that, having attained the one great object of his ambition—the supreme power in France—he would rest satisfied therewith, were to contradict human nature and the experience of history.

No doubt he wished for Belgium, because he knew the hearts of his people were set upon it. And why did not he try to gratify them? Because he valued the English alliance, and knew the invasion of Belgium would have dissolved it, and involved him in a war with England. No doubt, that one of the first objects to which he directed the special attention of his Minister of Marine, after he had assumed the reins of power, was the augmentation and development of his navy, because he knew it would gratify the national vanity of his subjects if he gave them a fleet which might compete with ours. But why did he never dispute with us the empire of the seas? Because he recoiled from the idea of engaging in hostilities with the country which had sheltered him in exile. No doubt, at his time of life, and in his shattered state of health, he had no craving to 'seek the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth,' in this recent war with Germany, if he had not been goaded into it by his countrymen.

Having presumed to say thus much, I must add, that, though we have no valid ground for surmising that Louis Napoleon ever wished to break the peace with us, on his own account, we cannot doubt, if his dethronement or our destruction had been the only alternative left him, which he would have chosen. And no blame to him either; for, from his standpoint, it would have been culpable insanity if he had not preferred the interests of his own country to ours; and if he had not been infinitely more solicitous to confirm the stability of the Napoleonic dynasty, than to consolidate an *entente cordiale* with our government.

Ever since the disclosures of the correspondence found in the Tuileries, there has been a disposition, on this side of the British Channel, to condemn the captive Emperor for aggressions entertained by him as possible contingencies, as if they had been accomplished facts.

In fairness, we ought to remember, that, into whatever course

he might have drifted, he was more likely to be carried off his feet by the prevalent national sentiment, than by the dictation of a pliant cabinet. His acts ought not to be weighed as the acts of an irresponsible despot, inheriting by divine right, but as those of one elected by popular suffrage, and retaining his position mainly by virtue of an historic name. Titularly an emperor, virtually he was a representative monarch, holding his tenure of power at the will of those who raised him to his elevation. Had, therefore, a strong pressure been put upon him for the invasion of Belgium, or even England herself, however averse from such a step, he would have been compelled to bend to it, or to abdicate.

Derogatory as the illustration may be, there appears to have been the same sort of distinction between the position of the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of the Russias, as there is between the status of a clergyman of the Established Church of England and that of a dissenting minister under the voluntary system. The one is independent of his flock, and is set over them: the other is dependent on them, and in their power. The one has unlimited authority to proclaim truth without fear or favour: the other, in self-defence, is obliged to trim his sails according to the caprices of his people, or to run the risk of forfeiting their countenance. His personal interests conflict with his professional duty; for he naturally dreads to offend those who appointed him, who pay him, and can dismiss him. In like manner, the poor ex-Emperor, instead of being able to say to his subjects 'Sic volo sic jubeo,' was forced to lavish gold on sordid supporters—to truckle to priests and peasants and soldiery in turn; and ultimately, with the purpose of diverting the minds of the *bourgeoisie* from the study of politics, to introduce a levity of manners, a latitude of luxury, and a profundity of profligacy, for which this bitter war was needed as a wholesome and a needful alterative. But I am forgetting myself—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.'

1852. November 6. Called on Lord F. Somerset, and sat a considerable time with him. In the course of conversation, I told him a story I had heard about the Duke of Wellington, and asked him if it were true. He said—'I doubt it, for I was hardly ever from the Duke's side, and I think I should have heard of it if it were. Even on the very night of the day on which I lost my arm, the Duke insisted on having his bed transferred to my room, that he might be near me.' The Duke has sometimes been charged with coldness of heart. This last fact, as

proving his affectionate anxiety for Lord F. Somerset's well-doing, refutes such an imputation. Sir Henry Webster told me that he was present when Lord F. Somerset's arm was amputated, and that he never saw such a display of fortitude in his life. He declared that he never emitted a sound, but merely clenched his teeth tightly together; and, though pale and faint after, he was yet cheerful and self-possessed enough to say to the operator, as he laid his arm upon the table, 'Come, come, Doctor! Hang it—let me have my rings.'

Lord F. Somerset told me of a very ingenious method, adopted during the Peninsular War by our spies, of giving secret information concerning the position, numbers, and movements of our enemies. A priest, who had a remarkable talent for condensing intelligence in a small space, used, with a crow-quill, to write what he had to tell on a space of silver paper no bigger than a sixpence, crumple it up so as to resemble the pith of a pen, and insert in it one of some hundred quills which he used to hawk about to both armies for sale. Having made his observations while in the French lines, he would, under cover of night—sometimes even in daytime—enter ours, make his way to head-quarters, and offer the Duke his pens, calling his attention to a particular lot, and drawing out from a packet of a quarter of a hundred, one as a sample to try. The Duke, knowing his man, would retire within his tent; and, when alone, with his penknife would pick out the sham pith from the interior, and with the help of his magnifying-glass, decypher the writing.

In the course of conversation, I asked Lord Fitzroy if he knew Prince Louis Napoleon. 'Yes, slightly,' was his reply; 'I met him once at dinner, at my nephew Worcester's, at a cottage he had near Virginia Water; and, whenever I had been riding in Rotten Row with one of my daughters, he has joined us.' That is all I know of him. 'Did your lordship ever hear him give an account of his escape from Ham?' 'No. But, by-the-bye, Eglintoun, who was a great friend of his, told me of a visit he paid him there, and of a curious incident he witnessed while with him. It seems that he had obtained permission from Duchalet, Minister of the Interior, to visit him, in the same way that poor old Archie Macdonald was allowed to stay there a day or two with his brother-in-law, Prince Polignac. Eglintoun told me that, after talking long on persons and on subjects in which they had a common interest, he asked the prince if he had any hope of soon gaining his liberty. "Yes," was the answer, "whenever my plans are matured. I could

walk out to-night, but the pear is not ripe." On his visitor displaying incredulity on the subject, and reminding him of the rigid surveillance exercised over him, he smiled, and told him to place himself out of sight behind one of the window-curtains, and judge whether the sentinels set over him were playing Louis Philippe's game or his. L. Napoleon then threw up the window, and uttered a loud "hem!" Instantly the sentry halted, faced about to the right, and put himself in the attitude of "Attention." The Prince then communicated with him by talking with his fingers. The sentry, resting the stock of his gun on the wrist of one hand, with the other immediately replied. The Prince told Lord Eglintoun that he had taught many of the sentries to hold communication with him by these means, adding—"So much, you see, for the prestige of my name with the army."'

1852. December 1. It may interest the admirers of the late Duke of Wellington to be told that, about nine or ten years ago, my father was writing in the library at the Hoo, in the presence of Lord Dacre and Earl Grey, when the latter nobleman, who had long been absorbed in the perusal of a large octavo volume, suddenly closed it, and with emphatic warmth of manner, unusual to him, said to his host, 'Well, Brand (calling him by his family name), I have at last finished Wellington's Despatches, and what conclusion do you think I have arrived at?—Why, that when I regard him, as a general, and think of his promptitude, prudence, and presence of mind, in unforeseen difficulties; his powers of organization, his thought for his soldiers, his attention to the commissariat: secondly, as a Minister; the lofty sense of duty by which he was always actuated, laying aside his own prejudices where he thought the public welfare was at stake: and thirdly, as a man; and reflect on his truthfulness, simplicity, and absence of conceit under such an accumulation of honours, as never yet fell to the lot of a subject, and would have turned the heads of most men—I pronounce him the greatest man, ancient or modern, that ever lived.'

Such an ungrudging, unqualified tribute of respect to the moral and intellectual status of *Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur du monde*, from the lips of the most formidable and consistent opponent the Duke ever had, reflects infinite honour on the integrity, candour, and magnanimity of Lord Grey. From conviction (whether mistaken or not) he had opposed him, both in his early military and in his later civil capacity: from conviction also he reversed his judgment.

1852. December 7. At the Duke's funeral, last month, the little child of a friend of mine was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window to see the mournful pageant. During the passage of the procession she made no remark, until the Duke's horse was led by, its saddle empty, his boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face and said, 'Mamma, when we die, will there be nothing left of us but our boots?'

1853. April 19. I went up to London this day for the purpose of consulting my lawyers on a subject of some importance to myself, but having heard much of a Mrs. Haydon, an American lady, as a spiritual medium, I resolved, as I was in town, to discover her whereabouts, and judge of her gifts for myself. Accidentally meeting an old friend, Mr. H—— C——, I asked him if he could give me her address. He told me that it was 22, Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square. As he had never been in her company, had a great wish to see her, and yet was unwilling to pay a guinea for the treat, I offered to frank him if he would go with me. He did so readily. Spirit-rapping has been so common since 1853, that I should only irritate my reader's patience by describing the conventional mode of communicating between the living and the dead. Since the above date I have seen very much of spirit-rapping, and though my organs of wonder are largely developed, and I have a weakness for the mystic and supernatural, yet I cannot say that I have ever witnessed any spiritual phenomena which were not explicable on natural grounds, except in the instance I am about to give, in which collusion was out of the question—the friend who accompanied me never having seen Mrs. Haydon, and she knowing neither his name nor mine. The following dialogue took place between Mrs. H. and myself:—

Mrs. H. 'Have you, Sir, any wish to communicate with the spirit of any departed friend?'

J. C. Y. 'Yes,'

Mrs. H. 'Be pleased then to ask your questions in the manner prescribed by the formula, and I daresay you will get satisfactory replies.'

J. C. Y. (addressing himself to one invisible, yet supposed to be present.) 'Tell me the name of the person with whom I wish to communicate.' The letters, written down according to the dictation of the taps, when put together spelt 'George William Young.'

J. C. Y. 'On whom are my thoughts now fixed?'

Answer. 'Frederick Winslow Young.'

J. C. Y. 'What is he suffering from?'

Answer. 'Tic douloureux.'

J. C. Y. 'Can you prescribe anything for him?'

Answer. 'Powerful mesmerism.'

J. C. Y. 'Who should be the administrator?'

Answer. 'Some one who has strong sympathy with the patient.'

J. C. Y. 'Should I succeed?'

Answer. 'No.'

J. C. Y. 'Would my friend here succeed?'

Answer. 'No.'

J. C. Y. 'Who would?'

Answer. 'Joseph Ries.' (A gentleman whom my uncle much respected.)

J. C. Y. 'Have I lost any friend lately?'

Answer. 'Yes.'

J. C. Y. 'Who is it?' (I thinking of a Miss Young, a distant cousin.)

Answer. 'Christiana Lane.'

J. C. Y. 'Can you tell me where I sleep to-night?'

Answer. 'James B——'s, Esq., 9 Clarges Street.'

J. C. Y. 'Where do I sleep to-morrow?'

Answer. 'Colonel Waymouth's, 19, Upper Grosvenor Street.'

I was so astounded by the correctness of the answers I received to my inquiries, that I told the gentleman who was with me that I wanted particularly to ask a question, to the nature of which I did not wish him to be privy, and that I should be obliged to him if he would go into the adjoining room for a few minutes. On his doing so I resumed my dialogue with Mrs. Haydon.

J. C. Y. 'I have induced my friend to withdraw, because I did not wish him to know the nature of the question I want to put; but I am equally anxious that *you* should not know it either, and yet, if I understand rightly, no answer can be transmitted to me except through you as the medium. What is to be done under these circumstances?'

Mrs. H. 'Ask your question in such form that the answer returned shall represent by one word the salient idea in your mind.'

J. C. Y. 'I will try. Will what I am threatened with take place?'

Answer. 'No.'

J. C. Y. 'That is unsatisfactory. It is easy to say "Yes" or "No;" but the value of the affirmation or negation will depend on the conviction I have that you know what I am thinking of. Give me one word which shall show that you have the clue to my thoughts.'

Answer. 'Will.'

Now, a will by which I had benefited was threatened to be disputed. I wished to know whether the threat would be carried out. The answer I received was correct.

I could easily enlarge on this topic; for I have had a good deal of experience in spirit-rapping; but I think and hope that the public are weary of so unprofitable a subject. In mentioning my visit to Mrs. Haydon, I should be sorry to have it supposed that I attribute her singularly accurate replies to my questions to any supernatural agency. Though *I* cannot unravel the mystery, I am persuaded it *is* explicable. If I visit so expert a conjuror as Herr Frikell, I see him do many things that *I* cannot explain, and yet I never doubt that *he* could explain them—and others too. All I plead guilty to is *my* inability to account for an American lady—a total stranger who knew neither my person nor my name—being not only familiar with the names of my friends and my own movements, but able to divine my thoughts. That there are certain occult physical forces on which the media trade, I doubt not. I must say I think it is a pity that the subject which believers dignify with the title of Spiritualism has not yet been taken up and investigated in a spirit of calm impartiality by men of science. About eighteen months after my interview with Mrs. Haydon I told of it to Baron, then Chevalier, Bunsen, and Sir George Rose, at Mr. George Wagner's. They were at first disposed to treat the whole affair with ridicule; but when they had heard all my statements they both of them declared their determination to visit Mrs. Haydon. Whether they did so or not I never heard; but, unless I have been misinformed, Baron Bunsen, Madame Bunsen, and her brother, all became converts to the spiritualistic theory.

1853. July 25. Arrived at Boulogne. Found it wonderfully improved since I was here one-and-twenty years ago. I met to-day with a very intelligent American gentleman, who talked much on mesmerism, which he will not allow has anything to do with spiritualism, but believes to be purely the effect of mental electricity. He spoke of the comparative merits of English and American shipbuilding. I asked him if

he could explain to me how it was that though the Americans got their shipbuilders from our dockyards they managed to build faster-sailing ships than we did. His answer was, 'Because we have chosen a more felicitous type of vessel than you have. Your ships are built after the model of the salmon, whose head and shoulders are convex: ours are built after the model of the pike, whose head and shoulders are concave. It stands to reason that a ship whose stem is convex must dislodge a greater body of water than one whose stem is concave, and therefore its progress through the water must be slower.'

1853. July 27. Left Boulogne for Paris. Put up at the Hotel Windsor, Rue Rivoli, next door to Meurice's. We could get no apartments lower than the *troisième étage;* and though this entailed upon us the tax of a hundred and twenty-one steps, once landed, the cleanliness of the rooms, and the view over the gardens of the Tuileries, recompensed us for the exertion.

1853. July 29. Went to breakfast at Versailles; saw over it once more, and then took a carriage to Satory. The ground seemed to be better suited to the operations of cavalry than Chobham, being a perfectly level plain. In acreage, it is not as extensive; and in picturesqueness of situation is not to be compared to Chobham. The tents were not as prettily disposed as ours; and the want of undulation in the ground detracted materially from the effect of the numbers present. Their twenty thousand men did not make more show than our ten. The uniforms, in my opinion, were not as gay, nor the dye of their scarlet as bright as ours; the men, though fully as active, were not as well set up, and in general appearance not to be compared, either in point of bulk or muscle, with the Austrian or Prussian troops. They were very much bronzed with the sun, perhaps of Algiers, very dirty in face, slouching, round-shouldered, and unbraced in bearing. I am speaking of the line. The Zouaves, however, are magnificent fellows, with whom we have nothing to compare. The Chasseurs de Vincennes disappointed me. They are not as well accoutred as our rifles, nor are they as smart-looking; but their step is most inspiring. It reminded me of the Italian Bersaglieri. Their band played running (trying for wind instruments!), and they ran too in good time, and almost rhythmically. I was delighted with the lightness and portability of their standards. They were simply poles, a little longer than a mopstick, surmounted

with the gilded eagle. I never could appreciate the propriety of encumbering our young ensigns with our crushing ponderous flags. How I have pitied them even at a review, as they have staggered under their weight on a windy day! The sword-bayonet, too, struck me as an improvement upon ours.

As a military spectacle, all prejudice apart, I thought it inferior to what I had seen at Chobham. The movements *en échelon* struck my unprofessional eye as very bad; and at the *pas accéleré* they did not step together, and their bayonets, when affixed to their muskets, were sloping in every direction. Their horses, too, were vastly inferior to ours. As we drove off the ground we preceded the troops, some twenty thousand strong, to Versailles, to which place they all repaired to receive the Emperor on his return from La Chasse.

1853. July 30. I have been much amused by my *valet de place*, who is evidently a keen politician. I do not believe half he tells me; and yet, for the sake of the residuum of truth there may be in his statements, I chronicle them. He says, then, that the *ancienne noblesse* and all the Faubourg St. Germain turn their backs upon the Emperor; that he is equally disliked by the commercial and the middle classes; but that the officers of the army, the soldiery, the priesthood, and the peasantry are to a man for him. The officers, he says, approve him because he pays them well, promotes them rapidly, and dedicates both time and attention to them. The soldiers, he says, approve him because they like sausages and champagne, and *fêtes*, of which he gives them abundance. The priests he says, approve him because he acknowledges that, in centuries of change, the Church has been the only stable institution; and, therefore, it has been his policy to caress them and load them with favour and preferment. The peasantry, he says, approve him because they are superstitious, and take their cue from the clergy, who are his devoted humble servants, and can influence many thousand votes. English visitors, he says, approve him because he takes notice of many of them, and those who have no access to his person derive exalted notions of his genius and munificence, from the great public works which have been inaugurated during his reign; and for the designing of which he gains the credit, though the cost of all the alterations and improvements which have been effected since 1832—the Boulevards, the new theatres, the restoration of the Louvre and the Tuileries, the lowering of the Rue Rivoli

three feet, the construction of the great sewer, and all those other architectural developments which have made Paris the admiration of every capital in Europe—devolves on the municipality of Paris.

They have already borrowed millions of the government, whose security is the increased rent put upon the old houses and the exorbitant one levied on the new.

The same communicative companion tells me that more attempts have been made on the Emperor's life than is known by the public; and that yet more would be made but that the country is sick of bloodshed, the expatriation of friends, and the paralyzation of trade; and on the other hand, it is unprepared with any better substitute for what it has got. I listen to all this with suspicion, for my friend methinks 'doth protest too much,' and has shown too plainly the cloven foot of rancorous partizanship.

1853. July 31. Went to a very imposing function at the Madeleine, paid calls on two or three friends, dined at 5·30 p.m., and at 8 p.m. left by express train for Dijon, where we arrived at 2·45 on the morning of

August 1. Jumped into the *coupé*, the three places of which I had secured in Paris for myself and son; arrived at Geneva at 5·45 p.m., and took up our quarters at the Hotel des Bergues. With the exception of a certain *inquiétude des jambes*, and eyes tired by want of sleep, the journey was a very easy one. The first part of the route, viz., that weary district between Paris and Dijon, is passed over quickly and smoothly in the dark; and every yard from Poligny to Geneva is a scene of successive enchantment, culminating in what very travelled men declare to be the finest view in the world. On this occasion we saw everything bathed in a fervid sunset. Tom Moore has well described the scene and the hour.

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel at first
Approaching scenes where they are told
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

* * * * *

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
This last intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight.

That glorious valley, with its lake
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.'

Moore derived his impressions from the very spot, and almost at the very hour (for he told me so) at which our diligence halted for ten minutes. Nothing could be more beautifully and truthfully delineated than the whole scene is in his 'Rhymes on the Road.' I have seen that enchanting view four times, taking care each time to see it at a different hour of the day; and, gorgeous as was the picture he saw, I think his poetical imagination would have been even more excited if he had beheld the same scene at early morn, and under the circumstances under which I saw it first in the year 1838. My wife and I were travelling in a carriage we had hired at Champagnolle, on purpose that we might linger as and where we liked. We had been told—it was our first visit to Switzerland—that, by the route we were going, we should see an unrivalled view; but of the exact spot from whence we were to expect it we had no idea. On arriving at the last custom-house on the French frontier, we gave up our passport to the gens d'arme who demanded it: and while he was viséing it we descended from our carriage, in order to stretch our legs. We desired our postboy to follow us; but had not proceeded two hundred yards ere farther progress was barred by dense clouds of vapour rolling to our feet and stopping there, as if they had received orders from the Great Controller of the elements, 'Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.' On looking back along the road we had travelled we could see distinctly, for more than a mile, the forests of splendid pines which decorated and seemed, with their bristling javelin points, to guard the sides, The sky above was bright and clear. But before us we could not see a yard. Nothing was visible but a chaos of successive volumes of fleecy vapour. As much bewildered by what we saw as by what we did not see, we raised our eyes upwards, and then beheld, far above the bounded level of our view—we knew not what! Had we been familiar with the phantasms of mountain districts, or accustomed to see regions of vapour exhaled from fertile valleys by the action of the sun's rays, we should not have been petrified with wonder as we were. But we had never beheld anything of the kind; and therefore were lost in amazement when we looked on a range of snowy glaciers of varied form and colossal magnitude, dyed with tints of roseate hue, piercing with their jagged points the bluest of blue skies, and

perched on ethereal billows of cold white vapour. It really seemed as if we had been caught up into the third heavens, and had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the outworks of the better land. One could not help thinking of the heavenly Jerusalem, and of the twelve gates, which were twelve pearls, every several gate of one pearl. We stayed and stared in solemn silence, with thoughts that lay 'too deep for tears:' not so much the slaves of our imagination as of spirits awed. We were waiting and watching for a revelation: and by degrees it came; for, as the sun gained power, the mist, the offspring of the night, lifted and then rolled away; the cloudy curtain between earth and heaven rose; and then there burst upon our enraptured gaze, first a verdant slope of emerald green, then a large cluster of almond and walnut trees, then a sparkling villa, then a grey old convent, then a long glassy mirror. We found it was the tranquil water of Lake Leman and the Pays de Vaud that we were looking on, and that the celestial vision which had so stirred our veneration was Mont Blanc and his attendant satellites. Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains! seated on his throne of rocks in his robe of cloud, with his diadem of snow!

One could not but feel the force and truth of Moore's beautiful lines; which I dare say I should have quoted if I could have spoken at all.

'And should my spirit's hope grow weak;
Should I, O God, e'er doubt Thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour:
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever reared to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine
And feel my immortality.'

We were whirled down at a rattling pace to Geneva; and, until we arrived there, never opened our lips. We sat dumb, with hands clenched, teeth set, and tearful eyes, until we were handed out of our carriage, and reduced to the level of common life by the obsequious attentions of a very mundane waiter at the Hôtel Sécheron.

1853. August 3. We started in a carriage for Chamouni at eight a.m., and reached it at a quarter past eight p.m., in time for the late *table-d'hôte*. The drive to Bonneville was pretty, but that from Sallenche exquisite. I walked in advance of the carriage for three hours. The attitude, scale, and varied outline of the mountains; the red, brown, green, and grey colour of the

rocks, which were so distant from the hills, and of such magnitude as to make me wish for Pengelly or Vivian to tell me how they got there; the wonderful fertility of the valleys, where they were not hemmed in by masses of granite, basalt, and porphyry; the abundance of fruit-trees by the road-side, apple, pear, cherry, chestnut, and walnut; the numerous grasses, mosses, lichens, and ferns; the barberries, filberts, whittleberries, sloes, and savine; the glaciers, and cloud-capped and snow-clad mountains; the infinity of geological and botanical specimens; the sombre forests of firs; the comfortless but picturesque chalets; the unsophisticated manners of the peasantry, the men doffing their hats, the women curtseying; the unexpected but picturesque appearance of maidens with blue petticoats, and scarlet umbrellas; the men, with great loaves of brown bread two feet long, slung musket-fashion at their backs, driving herds of lean kine, or still leaner pigs, from some neighbouring market; the reverential baring of the head, and bending of the knee, and crossing of the breast, at the sight of church or chapel or wayside cross; above everything else, the companionship of an excited, brawling, bubbling, frothing, fuming, dashing, splashing river, racing past me, and impetuously chasing something or somebody,—so amused and exhilarated my mind, that, sorry pedestrian as I am, I felt no more fatigue than if I had walked ten yards. On reaching Chamouni, I felt as if I could walk the distance o'er again. During the last four or five miles, I was overtaken by an intelligent Swiss peasant, with whom I had some conversation. When amicable relations had been established between us, I asked him where the landed gentry of the country resided: for in three or four visits to different parts of Switzerland, I had never seen anything like country seats. 'Well, Sir,' he said, 'in, or in the suburbs of our towns, bankers, and merchants, and professors, and doctors, and lawyers have their campagnes; but, as a rule, we are chiefly a peasantry, and a very poor one.' He surprised me by telling me that the land in the valleys often let for £4 per acre, and even, on the heights, for £2; and asked me, in turn, if it were true that there were no mountains in England, that there was very little blue sky, and that for the most part we lived in smoke? Were not all the English very, very rich? And were not our labourers better off than many of their Syndics? 'Ah! what a country to live in!'

I astonished him by saying, that there was as much poverty to be met with in England as in Switzerland; that there were thousands of English peasants, who would gladly change con-

ditions with him; that there was a large portion of our population who breathed little else but smoke, while many others spent the chief part of their existence in the bowels of the earth. 'Then, think,' I went on to say, 'of the grandeur and beauty of the country in which God has cast your lot. Believe me, if England has more wealth than your country, she has, also, more suffering. Property is more equally distributed with you than it is with us. You have your hameau, your wood for firing, your plot of ground on which to raise your vegetables and corn, your orchard, your garden for fruit, and your Free Constitution. By-the-bye, I suppose you hold, in religion, the tenets of Calvin, and call yourself Protestant?' This was an imputation he could not brook at all. He sprang to the far side of the road, and with a face of pious horror put in a very stout disclaimer. 'No, monsieur; I thank le bon Dieu, all in this valley are good Catholics.' Then, suspecting I was a Protestant, and fearing he might have wounded me by the energy with which he repelled my supposition that he was a Protestant, he shrugged his shoulders, and said in an apologetic tone, 'Mais, monsieur, sans doute, ces Protestants sont de bons gens et—et—certainement, les Anglais sont les hommes les plus courageux et les plus riches du monde.' I asked him what made him think so. He replied, with charming *naïveté*, 'because they had ascended Mont Blanc oftener than any other nation, and that in itself argued courage: and their being able to pay the charges of the guides, which were extortionate, showed they must have much money at command.'

1853. August 4. At Chamouni. I need say nothing about a place so familiarly known. We had not been long in bed, before we were roused by cries of 'Fire!' The house in which we were was in flames; but, thanks to the promptitude of the waiters, and providential torrents of rain, they were soon extinguished, and we were able to sleep in comfort, and with tranquil minds.

1853. August 9. Here we are, once more, at Genoa. We crossed the Col de Bonhomme, slept at Cormayeur, and then proceeded by the Val d'Aosta to Turin, and thence here. We are housed in our old quarters at the Hotel Féder. This morning I descended from my bedroom to the *salle-à-manger*, opened the jalousies, which are kept religiously closed till sunset, peeped out, and saw below me the Alley, which reminded me of Cranbourne Alley as it was thirty years ago. It was crammed and crowded with men of many countries and costumes.

Americans, in nankeen suits, and straw hats covered with white jean; English, with ugly wide-awakes and brown-holland jackets; Algerines, Turks, and Greeks, with fez and turban, some poising samples of corn in the palms of their hands, other making entries in their note-books of bargains just contracted, but all, when looked at together, presenting such a scene of busy commerce as I never saw in the streets of London or Liverpool or Manchester.

On returning to my bedroom, and looking out from the opposite side of the house, I saw beneath me rows of lengthy, oddly-constructed waggons, laden, some with sacks of corn, some with barrels of (I know not what), some with pigs of lead and iron, some with cocoa-nut matting, others with logs of timber, others, again, with dried fish; and, what with the ceaseless din of human voices, pitched in every key, the clang of iron rails as they were flung from the carts to the ground, the blasting of the neighbouring rocks for the fortifications, the braying of mules and donkeys, the tinkling of the bells affixed to their harness, and the cracking of vetturinos' whips as they whirled their crazy vehicles through the streets, the hammering of iron pots and copper pans, the chanting monotone of the sailors, with their yo-ho! yo-ho! as they raised anchor before leaving harbour, the creaking of cordage, the cries of hucksters as they advertised their wares for sale, and the vibration of all the church bells as they chimed the quarters,—I thought my tympanum must have burst. I say nothing of the fragrant odours drawn forth by the heat of the sun from Parmesan and Gruyere cheese and Bologna sausages; nor will I dwell on the filthy habits of women spitting and men smoking at every turn. In spite of all these drawbacks, the eye enjoys a perpetual feast in the strange dramas acting every minute, and the picturesque groups standing at every corner. The superfluous energy of gesticulation about the veriest trifle, in which almost all classes indulge, would be amusing, were it not fatiguing. It was but now I saw two men, with naked, nervous arms and legs, and swarthy breasts, with no article of clothing on them but cotton drawers, flinging their arms about so wildly, and gabbling at each other with such frantic vehemence, that I expected bloodshed every instant. The ringing laugh which succeeded this redundancy of gesture, taught me that I did not yet understand the national temperament.

I must say that the constant succession of objects in the streets is very diverting. There is variety enough in our own streets, but it is a variety distributed over a large area; whereas

in Genoa it is concentrated. I could not help contrasting the crowds of this town with those of our own metropolis. From Charing Cross to Temple Bar, from Temple Bar to St. Paul's, and from St. Paul's to London Bridge, is one hemisphere—the route from Charing Cross, through Pall Mall, and St. James's Street, to Kensington, the other.

In the East of London, whether you drive or are driven, or are ever so impatient to get to your destination, you must grin and bear the foot's pace to which the flux and reflux of crawling carts, and creeping cabs, and boisterous 'buses condemn you. If, on the other hand, you are a pedestrian, you have to elbow your way through the competing, or opposing, throngs of an excited population, engrossed by the one thought of money-making.

The 'running to and fro,' the hurry of the blood, the 'push-along, keep-moving' spirit, which stirs the pulse of Royal Exchange, and Stock Exchange, of bank and warehouse, wholesale and retail shop, wharf, factory, and office, are common characteristics of 'The City.'

But, turn again to the West of London, and here, where there are not the same impediments to traffic, elegant carriages of every form and fashion roll about with ease and smoothness. Here the pace, as well as the countenance, of the foot-passenger betrays a striking contrast to the rapid step and feverish look of his Eastern fellow. His face bespeaks no care; and though, now and then, a busy barrister or active attorney may be hurrying anxiously to the courts of law, or an M.P., with hands behind him, and knitted brow, and unconsciously moving lips, may be rehearsing his coming speech, as he walks down Constitution Hill to the House, yet the general aspect of the majority tells of easy circumstances, light hearts on social pleasure bent, and minds thinking rather of spending money than of making it. The lady of *ton* gracefully reclining against the back of her well-stuffed carriage; the man of fashion sauntering down to his favourite seat in the club window; paterfamilias cantering down Rotten Row with a daughter on each side of him—all tell the same tale.

But here, in this same Genoa, rich and poor, busy and idle, jostle one another, without distinction, on the highway or in the by-way. And in the very current of commercial enterprise, just as one is springing out of the road, from some diminutive cart with long shafts, and drawn by ten or twelve mules, tandem-fashion, and bedecked with worsted trappings of divers colours, one has to step aside to make way for a richly-

gilded black sedan chair, noiselessly bobbing its course up and down through the motley crowd, and bearing, as its freight, some stately old marchesa, returning to her palazzo from confession. At the moment that you are meditating a furtive glance at her through the windows of the chair, your attention is called off by a tall, pale olive-faced lady gliding by, with jet black eyes and eyebrows, hair raven black, nicely cared for, studiously parted, and tightly dragged back from temple and forehead, and a short, crisp, well-gummed curl brought round coquettishly above the ear, curving towards the outer corner of the eye. She skims the surface of the ground with fan in hand, and a white muslin mantilla drooping from the back of her head to her waist, with all the grace, and less of the self-consciousness, of a Spanish dame of high degree.

August 18. Reached Rome at 7 p.m.

August 20. I have been exceedingly amused by the broken English of my *lacquais de place*—Gioanni Braga—the same I employed when last here. The heat is tropical. The Torlonias, the bankers, advised me to get out of Rome as soon as possible, as the cholera is raging. There are two thousand French soldiers in hospital with it. However, being here, I shall not hurry away. Strict attention to diet, rational precautions against exposure to the sun, and studied avoidance of bad smells, are, I believe, the chief things to observe. My *cicerone* is a bigoted, prejudiced old fellow; still he amuses me, and I must make a note of some of his sayings. In asking him about the King of Naples, the Pope, and the Emperor of the French, he dropped these funny phrases: 'King Naples? d—n rascal! French Emperor? d—n rascal of de world! Pope? oh! good man! I will pull my life for de Pope. But, for cardinals, dey are de great tiefs in de world. And for dese Jesuit; oh what stupid fellow! Mon Dieu! vat religion! must eat maigre all days! Tink, Monsieur! no chickens, no muttons, no beefs all de years long! Beest-ly! I no like it; and den, such hugly dress—dey wear vite, bad, common cloth!'

I spoke to him on the subject of 'Indulgenza Plenaria,' not from any expectation of getting unprejudiced information from such a source, but—I blush to confess—from a wish for amusement. 'Oh, really! indid! Indulgenza I know not vat colour it is. Bah! dese indulgence; it is all nonsense. Ver well for to keep de peoples under; dat all. You see, Saar, de governments appoints de priests; and, for de governments wish to keep de peoples blind, de priests teach de poor fellow what

please de government. You see, Meester, if it was not for de religion, no emperors, no kings could not live; if it was not for religion, no laws, no justice could not be support; but, if de religious care for de religion, dey care for de laws.'

'Ah!' said I; 'what do you call yourself? If you were a good Catholic, you could not speak as you do of your religion; and yet you pretend to have a love for your Pope?' 'Oh, yes! he is a beauty Pope! all de peoples love him. Austria would kill him, if it dare; but, if it did, France would play de debil. Rome looks at him as deir fader; dee cardinals hate him; but it is writ all over dee walls, if one hair of Pope's head touch, all dee cardinals shall be cut to pieces.'

I asked him, when he went to confession, if he acknowledged how disrespectfully he thought and spoke to Anglicans and Protestants of his ecclesiastical superiors? He shrugged his shoulders. 'I suppose you do confess?' said I. 'Ye-e-es! I con-fess. I *must* twice a year, or I am to prison.'

J. C. Y. 'You seem to speak of confession very lightly; not like a good Catholic. Surely, when you do confess, you open your heart to your confessor truthfully, don't you?'

Valet de place. 'Well, I confess some leetle-a-ting which I not done at all; or something which I 'ave done, but which I not mind about; and dat satisfy dee priest. You tink, Saar, if I kill my broder I confess, and get my head cut. No, I tank.'

He told me he remembered Napoleon I. perfectly. He saw him every day when he was at Milan.

J. C. Y. 'What did you think of him? Did you not feel as if you were in the presence of a great man?'

Valet de place. 'Great man? Oh no. To look at it was a poor *leetle* fellows. But Murat! ah, indid, she was a man! Poor Bony, I tink, not have much pleasure. He was always vid hands behind tink, tink! It (*i. e.* he) was for too much, and so, en fin, got noting but a beestly rock!'*

1853. August 21. Went early to St. Peter's to witness a 'beatification' of a Jesuit long since defunct. Many years ago he had fallen a sacrifice in Japan to his zeal in the propagation of the Gospel. The interior of St. Peter's was illuminated with thousands of wax tapers. The enormous pillars were clothed in red velvet and gold tissue, and covered with trappings and hangings of all sorts: and over the altar, where usually one saw the figure of the blessed Virgin, was a large picture of the Jesuit in the act of rising to heaven, with arms outstretched

* Meaning, I presume, St. Helena.

and palm-branch in hand. The two organs and the two choirs were in requisition. A mass had been composed expressly for the occasion. The voices of the Pope's choir were most touching: although, I confess, the operatic passages, exquisitely given as they were, detracted considerably from the solemnity of the general impressiveness. During the whole ceremony, though there were no doubt simple, true, and fervid hearts engaging earnestly in the service, there was a lamentable want of reverence perceptible among the bulk of those present. One's own countrymen walked to and fro, and interchanged greetings as if on 'Change; and workmen on little boards affixed to a rope were being raised up and let down, while they lighted the tapers which were suspended over architrave, apse, triforium, clerestory, pilasters, canopy, transepts, and side-chapels. There were two or three hundred soldiers with helmets on their heads and guns with fixed bayonets; there were footmen of cardinals carrying red velvet cushions in both hands; there were monks and friars and Capuchins taking snuff and spitting on the floor; there was the white Carthusian robe contrasting with the black gown and white sleeves of the Benedictine. There was the soldato Svizzero, and the Svizzero con Corazza, and French soldiers with their blue jackets and red trousers, and Italian with their green uniforms and black feathers in their hats; there were women with scarlet corsets laced with gold thread, with fans in their hands and muslin kerchiefs hanging from the back of their heads; there were some from Albano with crimson jackets, and the white napkin that one sees so often on the heads of Pinelli's females; and others in the old classic Roman dress, fancy jacket, black velvet cassock, edged with gold lace, and a robe of white muslin, and a gold-embroidered black skull-cap. But the most picturesque group of all was one composed of swarthy paupers, with jackets of rags hanging over one shoulder, and worn with an air as proud as if they were Hungarian pelisses; breasts bare, and brown as sun and exposure could make them; worn-out sandals, and dirty brown-holland breeches and gaiters —kneeling in attitudes of rapt devotion.

In the afternoon, we had our own service together, and then went to St. Peter's to see the Pope at prayers. I heard him read part of the service the other day, and was as much struck with the vigour and melody of his voice, as with the pious gravity of his whole deportment. He gives me the idea, every time I see him, of being a really holy man. The troops along the route through which he passed from

the Quirinal (where he was staying at the time) to St. Peter's, formed a lane for him. After waiting half an hour inside, during which another lane was formed, the word 'Portate' rang through the building. Instantly the soldiers carried arms—a pause—and then every soldier, and civilian present, dropped on one knee, with hand or hat before his face, while the procession defiled by. There was a long string of papal servants in dress liveries; then cardinals' servants, also in dress livery, and carrying cushions of red velvet before them; then secretaries; then the diplomatic body; then priests of all orders and degrees; then monks and friars; then bishops and cardinals; then the bishop titular, with his mitre; and last of all the Pope—a man of sensible, staid, benevolent countenance, about five feet ten inches in height, robust and sturdy. The cardinals were generally decrepit, with one or two exceptions—noble ones. Service concluded, we ran round to a side-entrance of St. Peter's to see the *cortége* retire. There we found the cardinals' carriages, each with four black horses (plentifully bedizened with black and brass harness, and red and blue worsted trappings and tassels); a coachman with cocked hat and lace, a dark blue coat, violet breeches, and red stockings; with two footmen behind. The Pope's carriage was red and gold, with six black horses, gaily caparisoned; two outriders, a pricker in front, and four footmen hanging on at the back of the carriage—two on the ordinary footboard, two on an extraordinary one, about nine inches from the ground. As soon as the Pope entered his carriage, we alighted from ours and bowed to him with bared heads. The retinue then moved on through the archway by the side of St. Peter's steps towards the Quirinal, where he returned. The effect of the cavalry, the *guardia nobile*, the carriages and grooms trotting over the Ponte del Angelo, under a glowing sunset, was a very animating spectacle.

The swarming masses covering the noble flight of St. Peter's steps—the booming of cannon from the fortress—the Swiss guards, with their picturesque uniform, designed by Michael Angelo—the bands of Italian troops, as they marched down the steps to the sound of their own music—the students, in the grave costume of the Propaganda—the old nuns, and the little embryo ones in their white caps—the schools—the *sœurs de charité* ranged along the sides of the streets—the swarms of priests and acolytes, deacons and sacristans—even the cocked hats, the burnished helmets, the dark flowing robes, the crimson cloth gowns of the Scotch College, the Jews from the

Ghetto, with their black or brown skull-caps, the lower classes in their holiday garb, in short the endless diversity of costume —presented such brilliant combinations of form and colour, and such vivid contrast, as could be seen in Rome alone.

1853. August 24. I continue to be exceedingly entertained by my *valet de place:* his broken English is so droll. As to the value of his sentiments, I say nothing. If I repeat them, I hope my Roman Catholic friends, of whom I have many, will not give me credit for endorsing them. I have no doubt, if he had been in attendance on them, he would have spoken of Protestanism with even more contempt than he spoke to me of the Church of his fathers. The weathercock facility with which the genus *valet de place* can adopt the tone it thinks acceptable to employers must have struck most of the travellers who make use of them.

I was speaking of the defective accommodation there was for travelling in the Papal States. He shrugged his shoulders and uttered his lamentation in these words:—'Oh, reverend, dees might be dee first place in dee world; but is not. Is a pride to look back—is a shame to look at dee now—is a fear to tink of dee by and bye. We have fine country! fine art! clever peoples! But we are behind in dee race vid oder countries! We are poor, ignorant, because we are priest-ridden. Ah! dem priest! Dey hate dee Inglis! Vy? Because dey are Protestant, and dey would show up deir nasty trick. Dey hate dee Inglis! Vy? Because dey are commercial, and would spread dee free trade, and give work to dee poor; and dat would make dem more independent. Dey hate dee Inglis! Vy? Because dey are liberal, and dey fear dey would make us so by deir writings and papers. Derefore—for very long time—dey would not allow dee railvay or de coaches, or de books from England, because dey let in too much light, and dey better like dee dark, because dey do not good. Ah! we are slaves, and only to tink you Inglis never come and help us! Everybody for hisself, eh? Vy, I fought, and my wife fought, on dee hills; and if you had sent some clever man, we had been free, and someting like Ingland.'

1853. August 27. Naples! Saw in the 'Galignani' the death of the gallant Lady Sale, my mother-in-law's first cousin. Saw also, what grieved me much more, the death of Frederick Robertson. Two or three days before his last seizure he was due to us at Fairlight. Apart from his rare intellectual gifts, he was the most chivalrous and noble creature I ever knew.

August 30. At Sorrento. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris. They were most kind, and begged me to stay with them; I gratefully but reluctantly declined. Passed a delightful evening with them and Fanny Kemble and Miss Hosmer the American sculptress. Fanny Kemble showed real emotion on hearing of poor Robertson's death. 'Ah!' she said, 'he was a man—a capital man! doing so much good among a class so difficult for the clergy to get at; and, in the midst of all his useful labours, he is cut off. Mysterious dispensation! How Lady Byron will mourn his loss!'

August 31. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, and took a delightful walk with them. Mrs. Kemble told me of an excellent remark made to her by Washington Irving. The merits of a certain American diplomatist being on the *tapis*, he said, in allusion to his pomposity, 'Ah! he is a great man—and, in his own estimation, a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, the east tips up.'

Two or three visitors, French, Italian, and German, dropped in to coffee. Mrs. Sartoris conversed with them all with equal grace and ease in the three languages. The Kembles really are a wonderful race! Poor John, Tennyson's college friend (that fact, in itself, a diploma), was not only one of the first Anglo-Saxon scholars of his time, but a man of superabundant talent. Who that has seen Fanny on the stage, or heard her read, or perused her plays and poems and journals, or heard her philosophical analyses of Shakspeare's characters, can deny her the attribute of genius? And who that has ever boasted intimacy with her handsome, generous, genial sister, who has heard her sing, seen her act, and heard her talk—who, I may now ask, in the year 1870, that has read her *Week in a French Country House*—will deny that she is, every way, worthy of the name she inherits?

CHAPTER XVI.

1853. SEPTEMBER 2. Again at Rome. On entering the reading-room at Piale's, I was amused by seeing the following advertisement stuck up in the glass door:—

'Monsieur Piale has the honour to inform the gentlemen subscribed to this Reading Room, that he charges himself gratis,

to apply for, and to obtain to them the requisite tickets of admission to the Vatican.'

This reminds me of a printed paper which was thrust into my hands when I was last in Vienna, and which I have now by me.

'The Institute of the Merciful Brothers in the Leopoldstadt prays in the name of the indigent sick persons of all nations and religions to be there entertained gratis by a mild and charitable contribution.'

September 5. Capua. I could say much about this place; but if I did, who, that has a Murray, would read it? My guide, some of whose sayings I have already recorded, was very rich on the day I left Naples. I had occasion to scold him for neglecting to meet me at a particular spot agreed upon between us. He was very candid, I must allow; and acknowledged the justice of my reproof: 'Reverend, I vas wrong. You vas right to blows me up. I am not good memory; and dat is troof (truth). But if I should be so clever as I was experience, den I am Sir Robert Peel.'

In hurrying away to the place of rendezvous, he was so dilatory that I got impatient; and then, in his turn, he rebuked me—'Don't you have so much patience.'

When we were settling our accounts, meaning to say we were quits, he preferred saying, 'Now vee are sticks.'

On going on board the steamer, at our departure, I could not find my medicine chest; nor could he for some time. He ran about like one demented. 'Oh, dear, dear, vere in dee world is Reverend's medicine desk? If he not have him, he vill suffer so at water!' When it was found, meaning to express what his sympathy for me would have been, in the event of my not having recovered my loss, he said, 'Ah! Reverend, you no idea so wicked a man *I* am at sea. I dare say—*you*—more!'

Terracina. Saw Gasparoni and his band of brigands in prison. I dare not say how many persons Gasparoni has confessed to have killed with his own hand. On arriving here, started, after a couple of hours' rest, by land for Sienna. We were obliged to have mounted dragoons with us for six miles, in consequence of the many highway robberies lately committed.

September 11. Left Florence in the *banquette* for Bologna. The first ten miles out of Pistoja is one continuous ascent, without a yard's interval. We walked a considerable part of it, as did the horses every inch. The whole route to Bologna is up or down hill; but the road is excellent, and the country ex-

quisite. It is the most beautiful part of Tuscany. Although fourteen hours *en route*, on arriving at Bologna at eight p.m. we were not tired, thanks to the sociability of our fellow travellers. There was one gentleman and his lady in the *coupé*, a Dr. Parchappe (Inspecteur-Général de 1ere Classe du Service des Aliénés, et du Service Sanitaire des Prisons, 69 Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, Paris), very amiable and agreeable people. But there was also a Monsieur U—— C——, a Hungarian, from the immediate neighbourhood of Bucharest, who was one of the most benevolent and unselfish men I ever met. He was the intimate friend of Kossuth. He had seen considerable service—had been wounded in more than one place; and carries a ball in his left breast at this moment. He is exceedingly wealthy, and unmarried. His thoughtfulness for others, even for strangers, was most remarkable. I had a tin case lying at my feet, which he thought inconvenienced me: he ordered his courier to put it in the interior. On my trying to deter him from doing so, on the plea of its incommoding others, he said: 'Oh! there is no one inside; I have taken the whole *intérieur*.' He tells me it is always his habit to take the entire inside of a diligence when he travels, first, because it enables him to offer accommodation to those he wishes to oblige; and, secondly, because he finds he can travel faster by it than by posting. In conversation, I happened to say I was going to Vienna, and had a wish to see the Russian army, in consequence of what I had heard of it from a friend who had just returned from the Caucasus. He said, 'I assure you it is worth seeing. I have fought with them, and therefore, if I praise them, my testimony may be regarded as impartial. Though *sauvage, féroce* to a degree, they are the best disciplined troops in the world, without any exception. They are inimitable fighting instruments, but they have no heads. All they have to do is implicitly and mechanically to obey orders. Their officers, as a rule, are intellectually below the average of their rank in any other European army. Now, Sir, I advise you strongly to go to Bucharest from Vienna, where you will find 35,000 Russian troops massed together. If you go, let me give you my card, and a note to my *maître d'hôtel*. You can stay at my house as long as you like; and you shall have attendance, carriages, horses, and shooting, at your pleasure.' On my declining, he pressed me, stoutly, to think twice of missing such a chance: he was pleased to say, 'I like you—I like your sentiments; for though you do not seem to agree with me, I see you are tolerant of other people's opinions, both in faith and politics. I have

been exiled for some time, and it will be one year and a half more before my period of exile expires. If you will go and see that my servants are in their place, and doing their duty, and will let me hear how you are impressed with what you see and hear, you will confer a favour on me. I can rely on no one; for my own friends are not allowed to communicate with me. But you are an Englishman, and therefore to be trusted, and it is to your sympathy, as a nation, that we owe what little we have. If you enter our country, and say you are an Englishman, every peasant will offer you such bread, or wine, or shelter as he has, and never accept a farthing from you. If a Russian go, he will not receive the slightest notice from high or low. Now, Sir, our hotels are not like yours. They are ill furnished and ill supplied; and therefore it is the usage of the country for our gentry to proffer hospitality to strangers, who cannot be well housed at public places of entertainment. Je vous prie donc, Monsieur. Accept my offer.' His courier told me that his chateau was a palace; that there were twenty-two men-servants, twelve horses up in stall, and a first-rate French cook; and that his brother was living near to the estate. I confess, reluctant as I felt to accept favours from a stranger, I might have been tempted, but for the thought of having to sail four days on the Danube, exposed to the attacks of all the musquitoes and fleas that infest its shores. He struck up a great friendship with me; and never took his eyes off my son, who he said was the very image of his brother. I suspect it was to that accident I owe his attentions; and yet his liberality was evinced towards every one with whom he came in contact. Whenever we met with a blind or pitiable object by the roadside, he nodded to his courier, who threw them, always, silver—and once or twice gold-pieces. His man told me he had orders never to give to the young or able-bodied, or to pass any afflicted with physical infirmity without giving liberal help. He gave extra tips to the postilions to quicken their pace, till he found that Madame Parchappe got frightened, when he insisted on their going slower. He offered me a large box of exquisite Turkish tobacco, and was hurt at my refusing it. He fee'd the *douaniers* to pass our luggage, as if we were members of his family; he sent on his courier, while we were at the *douane*, to secure the best bedrooms in the hotel for Dr. and Madame Parchappe, my son, and me, and selected the worst for himself.

I must not omit to mention that for the last two hours our drive was considered to be attended with some danger. For,

within the last ten days, the very diligence in which we were had been waylaid three times and plundered. All resistance, the guard (who had on one of these occasions been severely beaten because he had made a show of it) warned us, would be worse than useless, as the brigands attacked in mobs of forty or fifty at a time. I am told that every man between Pistoja and Bologna is a professional bandit; and at present, when there is great destitution prevailing, in consequence of the failure of the grapes, potatoes, corn, peaches, and pears, the people, being exasperated and desperate, sympathize with and screen the robbers. It was amusing to see the *conducteur* from time to time leaning towards us, and, in palpable apprehension, whispering 'A present! Messieurs, la voila! Voyez vous? ce petit bois? au coin, la, il y a de danger. C'était ici que notre voiture etait arretée et volée.' Presently, with a reassured tone of voice, and a respiration relieved, he exclaimed, 'Ah! Maintenant, n'a yez pas peur, Messieurs, il-ny-a plus de danger. Voila! Les Murailles de la ville!' All the last half-hour Monsieur U—— C—— had his hand on his poniard, without which he told me he never travelled. The *gens d'armes* are known to be in league with the robbers, and in their pay; and therefore the Pope, who, having formerly been governor of Bologna, knows it well, has called to the aid of the city six hundred picked Austrian soldiers.

I had much conversation with U—— C—— on the position of his own country. He says Kossuth is a man whom it is impossible not to love, when you know him; and that he is the bravest of the brave under fire. Bem he describes as the first artilleryman in Europe. Madame Beck—whose proper name he says is Becki —had the courage of a lioness, and always rode with sword and pistols, in the very thick of the fight, *en plaine costume*, at the left of Kossuth. He says, however, she had damaged the Hungarian cause by her indiscreet revelations, made from mercenary motives.

1853. September 12. Lionized for the second time in the Picture Gallery. I hear, on enquiry, that there are not only six hundred Austrians, but six hundred cavalry, eight thousand infantry, and many Papal soldiers quartered here.

September 13. Left Bologna at 10 a.m. in diligence; got to Ferrara at 2·30; visited Ariosto's monument; the marble palace in which Lucrezia Borgia lived and put to death her son; then to the Cathedral, where echo answered twenty times; then to Tasso's prison; then to the ducal palace, where we saw the room in which Parasina sat, her boudoir, &c., &c., the room in which

the Duke was sitting when he saw what he did, and the very mirror in which the scene was reflected from another hanging outside Parasina's chamber, and the cell in which Ugo was confined. Hers was clean and tolerably light; his black as Erebus. There were three separate flights with trap-doors, and fearfully strong doors and bolts to each. Saw the tower which led from the Aurora chamber, down which Ugo was precipitated.

1853. September 13. Ferrara is a place more fraught with romantic and melancholy associations than any place I know. It carries one back to the middle ages. The castle contains the room allotted to Calvin by the Duchess Réné, and his chapel leading from it. Saw the window from which Leonora, Duke Alfonso's daughter, could see Tasso, her lover, in his prison. After a six-o'clock dinner left in diligence for Padua, where we arrived by the light of the moon at 3·30 a.m. We stopped twice on the road, at the *douane* on the frontiers for an hour and a half; then crossed the Po in a *pont-volant*, and went to bed at four in the morning at the Stella d'Oro at Padua, where I stayed till 7·30.

1853. September 14. Saw all that was worth seeing; and among other things worth remembering, the Hotel de Ville, in which is a room 300 feet by 85, where we saw the governor of the town distributing prizes to the boys of an academy. Then went to the Botanical Garden, where we saw the coffee and the tea plants, the sugar cane, the Chinese umbrella tree, the bamboo, the sago plant, the vanille plant, the milk fruit, the sensitive plant, and cotton, pepper, caoutchoue, and date plants. At 1·30 left by rail for Venice. Put up at the Hotel de l'Europe.

1853. September 15. Visited the Palazzo Ducale, Academia di Belli Arti, Duchess de Berri's palace, and, last not least, the Palazzo Grimani, which is now the Austrian Post-office, and is on the Grand Canal; the Palazzo Grimani at San Toma, and the Palazzo Grimani at S. Maria Formosa. The last two are miserable specimens of decayed grandeur. The first-named is a very fine and large palace. I must not forget to say that the first pictures on entering the first room in the Palazzo Ducale are a splendid one by Tintoretto of Marino Grimani, Doge, and another of Antonio Grimani, Doge. Moreover, in the Gran Consiglio there are three pictures of Doges, Grimanis. On each time of my visiting Venice I have had a different guide, and each has told me that there were five Grimanis who had been Doges. I don't know how it is, but I'm always in a hurry to get to Venice, and always in a hurry to get away from it.

1853. September 17. At twelve at night left by steamer for Trieste. Arrived there

September 18. Breakfasted at the Hotel de Ville, an hotel of great pretension and small comfort; then to Church, English —heard a well-delivered and well-considered sermon; much struck with the variety of street costumes—Tyrolese, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Arabs, Armenians, all in their best.

September 19. Paid a hundred and eleven zwanzigers, *i.e.*, about eighty-nine francs, for a small carriage to Laibach. We were promised eight changes of horses, and that we should be eleven hours on the road, exclusively of the time spent at the grotto of Adelsberg. It ended in our having but one set of horses, and our being fourteen hours on the road. Our own driver, a simple unsophisticated creature, was astonished at the price we had paid. Arrived at Adelsberg at one o'clock; dined there, and visited the grotto; reached Laibach at 11 p.m.; slept at a second-rate inn, but were kindly looked after.

1853. September 20. Left Laibach at 8·15 a.m.: got to Bruck at 8 p.m. by rail. Every yard enchanting; our little inn unpretending, but with all the essentials of comfort. The people, the blue trout, the milk, the bread, the tea—all good.

1853. September 21. Left Bruck at 8 a.m.; got to Vienna by 5·15 p.m. Here are literal transcripts of two advertisements; one of Vienna, the other of Trieste :—

'GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL, VIENNA.

'The new pompously reised Hotel, called National Hotel, in Leopold toun, fronting the squaze, possesses many eximious advantages: viz. the stair casses, passages, and chambers are heated and ventilated. On each floor there are Baths of Steam and in Marble Tubs: and a reservoir into which streams fresch water. Meats are prepared by steam. The foul linnen of arrived strangers is cleaned and prepared by steam without delay. Duly care has been taken of sheltering carriages and horses.

'As the demands shall always keep within the limits of moderation, the proprietor does not doubt of his invitations being highly favoured by travellers.'

Again:—

'The Hotel de la Ville at Trieste is the same house lately known by name of Hotel National. It has been just entirely repaired to provided with all it wanted, including a reading

and a billiards salloon on ground floor; so that it would be, as for comfort and decency, an ornament to all capital.'

Saw the Belvidere palace; the new arsenal; Esterhazy and Lichtenstein palaces; riding school; the palace of Schönbrunn; cathedral of St. Stephen's; the Volksgärten. Heard Strauss on the Volksgärten; quite a treat to watch him while playing. Every finger, every muscle, every sinew, every tendon of his frame, vibrated and quivered with musical rapture. His leg, knee, and foot were never still. His mastery over his band is wonderful. It was delightful to see how flirting died a natural death, and officers and dandies, and fine ladies, and nursemaids and children, to the number of hundreds, became silent and attentive as soon as he drew his bow across the strings of his fiddle. Even the waiters, as they deposited on the little marble tables the ices that had been ordered, seemed to walk as if their shoes were shod with velvet. They even made their charges in whispers. One observes the same respect shown for music at the opera. The whole house is filled before the overture commences; the singing is rarely interrupted by applause: and not till the end are the successful competitors for popular favour called forward.

1854. January 27. Brighton, staying with ——. After breakfast had a long and interesting conversation yesterday with my kind host on the character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I took the liberty of saying that there was no passage in his life which had been more frequently or severely animadverted on than his conduct to George Canning in 1827. I mentioned that a specific charge had been preferred against him in the House of Commons by the late Lord George Bentinck, to this effect, viz., that in the year 1825 he had told Lord Liverpool that the Catholic question *ought* to be settled; yet that in 1827 he had refused to act with Canning, because *he* was favourable to such settlement. I then proceeded to say that I never could discover anything illogical or unseemly in such determination. For, in the first place, when, in a letter to Lord Liverpool, Peel had expressed his opinion that the Catholic claims would have to be conceded, he proposed that 'he himself should retire from office in the meantime.' Secondly, that it did not follow, because Peel acknowledged that the Catholic question would have to be settled, that he should therefore, with the sentiments he had avowed in 1825, be willing to be one of those who helped to carry it. Nor did it follow, thirdly, that because, in the state of public opinion at the time, he regarded Catholic Emancipation as a

political necessity, he should be disposed voluntarily to undertake a task, in itself sufficiently distasteful, under the leadership of one whom he disliked personally and politically distrusted, as much as he did Mr. Canning. Fourthly, that when at last borne down by the heavy pressure put upon him from without, with infinite mortification to himself, and in the hope of averting rebellion, he consented to waive his own convictions at the call of patriotism, he did so under totally different conditions; for it was under the banner of his leader and his friend, the Duke of Wellington.

Some such line of argument I was taking with the gentleman at whose house I was staying, on this much-vexed question, when he, to whom Sir Robert Peel's character was as dear as his own, soon set me right. The facts of the case he knew from Sir Robert's own lips, and it is with his sanction I retail the substance of his remarks. He said, 'You must know that Peel tendered his resignation without having communicated with any of his colleagues. He had no wish that any of them should embarrass Canning in the formation of his government by following his example.

'So far from entertaining the personal dislike* to Canning that you and others attribute to him, I have heard him say that, setting aside the Catholic question, there was no member of Lord Liverpool's government with whom he found it more agreeable to act, or in whose opinions he more generally coincided.

'That which constituted the great difficulty between them in the way of cordial cooperation was, that they were leaders of opposite parties; and that circumstance made Peel consider it would be impossible for him to act under Canning, though he had been a party to his admission into the late Cabinet.'

Springing out of this conversation my respected friend told an anecdote well worth repeating.

When Lord Liverpool was seized with paralysis in February 1827, Mr. Peel, as Secretary for the Home Department, went down to George the Fourth at Brighton to inform him of that event. He found the King confined to bed in the Pavilion by illness, which the communication he had to make to him greatly aggravated. Mr. Peel was anxious, if possible, to return to

* In confirmation of my friend's statement, I am happy to bring forward the attestation of an unexceptionable witness, viz. Mr. Stapleton, who, in page 319 of his *Life of George Canning*, says, 'Peel's conduct in all these interviews with Canning was in every respect honourable and consistent.'

London that same evening, in order that he might escape the suspicion of taking part in any political intrigue to which Lord Liverpool's illness might give rise; and he pleaded Mrs. Peel's illness in excuse for asking the King's permission to do so. The King, however, would not hear of his leaving him, and desired him to write immediately to Mrs. Peel, and tell her that he was detained at Brighton by his indisposition. He promised to despatch the letter by a messenger who was waiting for orders, so that Mrs. Peel's mind might not be disturbed by any unnecessary anxiety on her husband's account. After the letter had been despatched, the King became very nervous, cried like a child, and foresaw difficulties which he considered would render the carrying on of the government an impossibility. After some time Peel succeeded in dispelling his ill-founded apprehensions, and led him to speak upon other subjects on which he knew him to be interested; and, when the hour for his departure to his room arrived, Peel left him in good spirits and willing to admit that he felt relieved both mentally and bodily. In the course of the night, however, a servant went to the door of the Home Secretary to beg that he would go down to the King at once, without waiting to dress himself, as his Majesty was again taken seriously ill. Peel promptly obeyed the summons, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and found the King unquestionably worse than he had ever seen him before, and still harping upon the difficulties with which he was threatened, and out of which, he declared, there was no possible escape. He proposed that Peel should write, without a moment's delay, to the Duke of Wellington, and summon him to the Pavilion. Peel assured the King that there was no necessity for such extraordinary precipitation, and prevailed upon him to wait till the next day, when he would be more calm and better able to determine on the most desirable course to adopt under the emergency.

The King at last consented to this adjournment, and made protestations of unflinching confidence in the Duke of Wellington and Peel, confessing that, with two such ministers by his side, it would be culpable in him to despair. He embraced Peel warmly, and wept upon his shoulder; then suddenly, in the midst of his excitement and ardent protestations of attachment and confidence, he broke off, exclaiming in an altered tone of voice, 'Peel, who made your dressing-gown?' Peel confessed his ignorance, and the King his astonishment at such ignorance. 'Open that wardrobe, Peel,' he said, 'and I will show you what a dressing-gown ought

to be.' He obeyed, and drew forth an ample *robe-de-chambre*, composed of rich material and elaborately ornamented, which the King desired him at once to put on. He then requested him to turn himself round before a cheval looking-glass, which was in the room, and see for himself how much better it became him than the dressing-gown he had been wearing, which had been purchased ready-made, and with which he had for some time been thoroughly contented. My informant does not feel sure whether the King presented the dressing-gown to his visitor or not, but he told me that he knew he made him wear it for some time while he sat by the King's side, listening to a string of anecdotes connected with tailoring, to which the sight of the dressing-gown had given rise. Gradually the King, warming with the congenial theme, talked himself into good spirits, and, having done so, said he was sure Peel must be tired, and recommended him, nothing loth, to go back to his chamber. The King took an affectionate leave of him; but allowed him to return the following morning without expressing any desire for another interview. The very next news that reached him from the Pavilion was that Canning, who at the time was ill at Brighton, had been conveyed to the Pavilion in a sedan chair, and had had the interview with George the Fourth which led to his appointment as Prime Minister in Lord Liverpool's place, and to the secession of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, and their friends from the government.

1854. February 13. Two curious specimens of elegant letter-writing have just been given to me. The first a note written to the late Bishop of N——, Dr. S——, in answer to an invitation given by him:—

'Mr. O——'s private affairs turn out so sadly that he cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next.

'N.B. His wife is dead.'

The second is a letter sent from a father to his daughter's schoolmistress:—

'MADAM.—As I ad a good hedication myself, I am hintirely ashamed for to see wat manner that Lucy his bitt by the buggs. And it is my desire for herr to sleep in the bed that she alway do, and not for to sleep sum-times in wun, and then in annuther for to feed all the buggs in the ouse; for I think that be not right, neither shall she do it—so I remain yours,' &c., &c.

1854. March 13. Fairlight. Monday. Yesterday, as I was

walking through my shrubbery to church, I was met by a shepherd running to tell me that the Baltic Fleet had rounded Beachy Head, and was expected every moment to pass in sight. All our village had recently been thrown into commotion by an order from the Admiralty for our Coast Guard to join the ships to which they had been nominated at Portsmouth. As they constituted the very cream of our well-conducted population, we were all greatly excited at the thought of seeing the vessels pass which contained them. I paused a few minutes in the churchyard, and told the congregation that it would be kind of them to afford the families of those whose husbands were in the fleet an opportunity of a parting glance; and that as it would be an unusual and stirring sight for all, with their concurrence I would put off the service for half an hour, if they would only promise to follow me afterwards to church, and join with me in public prayer for the outward bound. There was not a dissentient voice. All gladly acceded to the proposal, and accompanied me to the brow of our greensandstone cliffs. We had not arrived five minutes at the spot before the fleet appeared in sight, gliding on in splendid array, with sails set, flags flying, chimneys smoking, drums beating, and fifes playing.

Though the effect produced on the minds of the spectators varied with their circumstances, I doubt if there was one present who will ever forget the scene. To some, as the ships sailed by 'in all the pomp and circumstance of war,' it was a grand spectacle, and nothing more; some of us reflected with national pride on the high state of discipline, and the spirit of subordination exhibited by the prompt obedience of our tars to duty's call: while others shuddered to think that the flower of a nation's strength might ere long be swept away, for no better reason than that one man's biliary ducts were out of order. Yet, though I would undertake to say there was not one among them who harboured the faintest suspicion that the lustre of the British name could be tarnished by cowardice or disaffection, one did not fail to see many a bitter tear shed, or to hear many a convulsive sob heaved from heavy hearts, as mothers held up their babes, or waved their shawls or kerchiefs towards the ships which were wafting far away from them those they might never see again. It did not much mend matters to think that if they did return they might come back maimed and mutilated and disabled from further service. It was affecting to hearken to the conjectures of the little children, as to whether their 'daddies' saw them or not. They knew right well that

the tower of their village church, and the chimneys of their 'Station' homes were visible from sea. Indeed they might have heard the chime of the church-going bells; for they continued their peal until the stern of the hindmost vessel had disappeared. Would they could have known that not long after they were out of sight their neighbours, relatives, and friends, with one accord were invoking God's blessing on their persons and their arms!

1854. April 10. Heard to-day that John Wilson, author of the *Isle of Palms*, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, &c., died on the 3rd of April. I knew him, though but very slightly. I was first introduced to him in Blackwood's shop in Edinburgh: had the head and locks of a Jupiter Tonans, was the most dashing and athletic of sportsmen, the most uncompromising of Tories, and the most playful and benevolent of companions. For his versatility as an author his works will speak.

1854. May 4. On the 24th of April last the present Sir Robert Peel, accompanied by his friend Mr. Sansom, was returning from Italy to France. Sir Robert had originally intended going by land; but was over persuaded by Mr. Sansom and his courier to go on to Marseilles by sea in a vessel called the 'Ercolano.' It was a passenger steamboat; and there were several English families on board. After they had put to sea Sir Robert, though a man of nerve, was so possessed with the idea of some impending misfortune that he begged his friend to go to the captain, and in his name offer him 200*l.* to put back to Genoa. Mr. Sansom ridiculed the proposition, adding, that though the night was dark, and the sea running high, yet that there was no danger of a storm; and that, at all events, they were in no worse predicament than all the women and children on board. These arguments, though they silenced Sir Robert, did not dispel his apprehensions; and it was in no very enviable frame of mind that he got into his carriage he had on board, determined to pass the night in it alone. At eleven o'clock Mr. Sansom went to his carriage window, and asked him if he would not go down and have some coffee. Fortunately he declined. Mr. Sansom himself, however, went down into the saloon and took some refreshment; but, unable to endure the smoke, quickly returned upstairs. As he was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, he noticed, to his great surprise, that there were neither watchmen on the outlook, nor a soul on deck to be seen except himself and the man at the helm. This struck him as very culpable laxity; but before he had time to

remonstrate with any one, his attention was distracted by a portentously black and angry cloud. While looking at it he fancied he could distinguish light emerging from its midst. At first he took it for a Pharo; but, on observing it more closely, he ascertained it to be the danger signal of another vessel, which was bearing rapidly down upon them. He immediately gave the alarm in French, and shouted it out with all the power of his lungs. The captain was below, and the helmsman was deaf to his cries, and unmoved by his gesticulations. In another second the 'Ercolano' was run into by the 'Sicilia' with the force of a ram. She was cleft in two to the very water's edge, and began to settle down at once in deep water. Booms, hencoops, spars, masts, tackle, and the great chimney, all went overboard. Some of these things served to keep the struggling passengers and crew afloat. Some were even saved by them; but by far the greater part were engulfed in the trough of the sea. Among the victims were my old acquaintance, Tom Halsey, M.P. for Herts, his wife, his boy, and his two servants. It is a curious fact that Sir Robert Peel, though athletic in person, and very manly in all his pursuits, could not swim. The moment the collision between the two vessels took place he leaped overboard, and fortunately struck against the main-mast, to which he clung with all the tenacity of despair. While he hung over one end of it, he was made conscious that there was some one else at the other. He did not long remain in doubt as to the identity of his companion; for he recognised the voice of his own servant, who had been forty years in the family, moaning forth these words in accents of profoundest anguish, 'Oh! ma pauvre fille.' Sir Robert had just time to tell him not to be unhappy on her account, as he had provided for her in his will, when the old man dropped into the water, never to rise again. So spent was Sir Robert with his efforts to hold on, and so chilled with the cold, that he felt certain that he must soon follow the fate of his man, when his hand suddenly came in contact with a chain attached to the mast. He tried to thrust his fingers through the links; and, finding he had not strength to do so, deliberately attempted to break one of his finger joints, with the idea of giving himself a better chance of hooking on to the mast; but in vain. He became insensible; and, in that condition, was picked up by one of the boats of the 'Sicilia,' and put on board of her. From the time of Mr. Sansom's going to the side of Sir Robert's carriage, to the moment when he had himself arrived in safety at Lyons, he

knew nothing of his friend's fate till he received a telegraphic despatch from him, announcing his health and safety at Genoa. On board the 'Sicilia,' Sir Robert was treated with every consideration. His feet, which had become black with cold and exposure, were rubbed till circulation was at last restored. On the 26th he was sufficiently recovered to be able to go to church at Genoa. It was the Day of Humiliation; and on the Sunday following, by a providential coincidence, he had the happiness of returning thanks for his merciful preservation in the very church in Geneva which he had been chiefly instrumental in getting built. With the broad outline of this tragedy the public are sufficiently familiar; the details, I suspect, are known to few. What I am about to supplement is known to fewer still.

In the year 1856, and on the 30th of October, my wife and I were staying in Turin at the Hotel Féder, for two or three days, on our road to the south of Italy. We knew that there was residing there a very old friend of my wife's family, Mlle. Sophie de la Pierre, sister, I think, of the Princess of Monaco. Mrs. Young being anxious to see her, we called, found her at home, talked over old Hampton Court friends, and Hampton Court days; and, among other names that cropped up to the surface were those of the Moores and the Moore Halseys.

I said, 'I suppose you heard of the awful calamity which befell the poor Halseys?' 'Of course,' she replied. 'Why, the Halseys, on their road to Genoa, halted here, purposely, with the wish to see me. The instant they arrived, they sent me a note to say that they were dining, after some hours' fatiguing travel, and that they hoped I would go to them as soon as I could, and take tea with them. I found them in the same hotel in which you are, with a charming suite of rooms on the first floor. Out of their *salon* there was a splendid bedroom in which Mr. and Mrs. Halsey slept, and in which they had had a small tent-bed put up that they might have their little boy near them. We had so much to ask of each other, and to tell, that it was twelve o'clock before I got home. But, at about ten minutes past eleven, while I was presiding, at the request of my entertainers, over the tea-table, we heard a piercing shriek from the inner chamber. We ran in, and found the little boy sitting up in his bed, shivering, crying bitterly, and gasping with terror. It was some time before his mother could pacify him, or learn the cause of his agitation. At last, gaining courage from seeing his parents by his side, he told us that he had

dreamed that his papa, mamma, and himself were all drowned in the salt sea.

'His parents were not much disturbed by the incident, as they attributed it to the child's nervous dread of the coming voyage. If they had been less matter-of-fact, and a little more superstitious, and had accepted their boy's presentiment as an omen, they might have been alive to this day: for, the following night, at the same hour when the boy had had these shadows of "coming events" cast over his dreams, the child, his parents, and their servants, *were* swallowed up in the sea.'

1854. August 4. The late Mr. N—— was telling Horace Smith of his having given a late royal duke an account of an accident he had met with when he had been run away with; and of the duke's exclaiming aloud to himself, when he heard he had jumped out of the carriage, 'Fool! fool!' 'Now,' said the narrator to his auditor, 'it's all very well for him to call me a fool; but I can't conceive why he should. Can you?' 'No,' replied the wag, as if reflecting, 'No, I can't; because he could not suppose you ignorant of the fact.'

The same gentleman, Mr. N——, walked one day into the shop of Saunders and Otley, and began to tell one of the persons behind the counter that he considered himself very ill-used; for that he had subscribed for years to their library, and yet never could get any of the new works that came out: whereas, friends of his own, who had not subscribed twelve months, were accommodated with all the best books of the season. On hearing the angry tone and language of Mr. N., a highly-respectable gentleman came from the inner shop, and said, that 'if Mr. N. were dissatisfied, he had his redress in his own hands, and had better withdraw his name from the list of subscribers.' On this the old gentleman became exceeding wroth, winding up a somewhat intemperate speech with these words:—'There, Sir, now you know my mind as to your conduct. I think I have spoken pretty plainly; and, in case I have not—I don't know who you are—but, if you are Saunders —hang Otley! and if you are Otley—hang Saunders!'

1854. October 13. Mrs. Morris, a lodging-house keeper, in speaking to my friend, Alfred Westwood, of the late celebrated ladies of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, extolled their virtues in the following antithesis: 'I must say, Sir, after all, they was very charitable and cantankerous—they did a deal o' good, and never forgave an injury.'

1854. November 24. On this day John Lockhart died. It

is a strange coincidence that, in the same year, he, as well as his great ally and *collaborateur*, John Wilson, should have been called to rest. Able as a novel writer and poet, and dreaded as a reviewer, he was, in spite of personal beauty and a winning address, very unpopular in his own country from the sarcastic propensity of his mind, the *hauteur* of his bearing, and his social exclusiveness. But he had warm affections; and a kinder husband, a more devoted son-in-law, or a more indulgent father there could not be.

1854. December 22. Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, died, in his hundredth year. Independently of his high distinction as a scholar, he was venerable from his age, and interesting from his extensive experience of life. He had known Dr. Theophilus Leigh, the Master of Balliol, the contemporary of Addison; and by him had been shown the situation of Addison's rooms: had seen Sam Johnson, in his brown wig, mounting the steps of University College; and had been told by a lady, of her aunt having seen Charles II. and his lap-dogs walking round the parks at Oxford, when the parliament was held there, and the plague was raging in the metropolis.

The Rev. John W. Burgon, of Oriel, Rector of St. Mary's, a man beloved by all who know him—accomplished, erudite, a great biblical scholar, and an earnest and fearless defender of the faith; a man of great sanctity, and yet with a most acute perception of the ludicrous, was a great favourite of the late President of Magdalen. On one occasion, when Dr. Routh had been saying many kind and encouraging things to him, he asked him to give him some advice which might stay by him, and be of use to him in his future life. 'Always verify citations,' was his answer.

A year or two before his death the late Lord Campbell, when in Oxford, was very anxious to know the learned author of the 'Opuscula.' This was soon managed by the help of mutual friends. 'Greek met Greek,' Whig met Tory, and then came the 'tug of war.' Though they had much warm argument together, and of course differed widely in their views on all points, historical, ecclesiastical, and political, they did so amicably, and like gentlemen. On parting, Campbell was infinitely amused by Routh's farewell speech to him. 'My Lord, I have had pleasure in making your acquaintance, and in exchanging minds with you. I hope it will not be many years

before we meet again.' 'Did he think,' said Lord Campbell, 'he and I were going to live for ever?'

1855. March 28. The following story was told me by Lady S——, who heard it from Mr. M——, a gentleman of considerable note, and one not at all given to romancing:—

'Mr. M——, a well-known lawyer, went to stay with Mr. T——, in the county of ——. In the course of their first evening together, Mr. M—— hearing that, among his host's neighbours, was an old friend of his, for whom he had great regard; but whom he had lost sight of since college days, he asked Mr. T—— if he would forgive him if he walked over to see his old friend; adding, also, a request that if he were asked to dinner, he might be allowed to accept the invitation.

On being assured that he might do whatever was most agreeable to himself, he went to make his call—not on foot, as he had proposed, but in his friend's dog-cart. As he anticipated, the gentleman he went to see insisted on his staying to dinner. He consented, and sent the groom back with the dog-cart, with a message to his master to say that, as it would be a fine moonlight night, he would prefer walking home. Having passed a very agreeable day with his old fellow collegian, he bade him good-bye; and, fortified with a couple of cigars, sallied forth on his return. On his way he had to pass through the pleasant town of ——. On coming to the church, which is in the main street, he leaned against the iron railings of the churchyard while he struck a match and lighted his second cigar. At that moment the church clock began to strike. As he had left his watch behind him, and did not feel certain whether it were ten o'clock or eleven, he stayed to count, and to his amazement found it was twelve. He was about to hurry on, and make up for lost time, when his curiosity was pricked, and the stillness of the night broken, by the sound of carriage-wheels on the road, moving at a snail's pace, and coming up the side street directly facing the spot where he was standing. The carriage proved to be a mourning-coach, which, on turning at right angles out of the street in which Mr. M—— first saw it, pulled up at the door of a large red-brick house. Not being used to see mourning-coaches out at such an unusual hour, and wondering to see this one returning at such a funereal pace, he thought he would stay and observe what happened. The instant the coach drew up at the house, the carriage-door opened, and then the street-door, and a tall man, deadly pale, in a suit of sables, descended the carriage-steps, and walked into the house. The coach then

drove on, and Mr. M—— resumed his walk. On reaching his quarters, he found the whole household in bed, with the exception of one servant, who had received orders to stay up for him.

The next morning, at breakfast, after giving the host and hostess a true and particular account of his doings on the previous day, he turned to the husband and asked him the name of the occupant of the large red brick house directly opposite the churchyard of the town through which he had passed. 'Who lives in it?' 'Mr. P——, the lawyer!' 'Do you know him?' 'Yes; but not at all intimately. We usually exchange visits of ceremony about once a year, I think.'

Mr. M. Is he married?'

Answer. 'No. Two maiden sisters live with him. He is a bachelor, and likely to remain one; for, poor fellow, he is a sad invalid. If I am not mistaken, he is abroad at this moment, on account of his health.'

Mr. M—— then mentioned his motive for asking his questions. When he had imparted all he had to tell, he proposed that, after lunch, they should drive to —— and call on the ladies, and see if, with their help, they could not unravel the mystery. Full of their object, they drove over, and paid their visit, and after the usual interchange of commonplace platitudes, the sisters were asked if they had heard lately of their brother. They said they had not heard for weeks, and felt rather uneasy in consequence. Mr. M——, surprised at not seeing them in mourning, asked them if they had not lately sustained a great loss. 'No,' they replied: 'why do you ask such a question?' 'Oh,' said Mr. M——, 'because of the mourning-coach I saw, with some gentleman of this family in it, returning from a funeral so late last night.' 'I think, Sir,' said one of the ladies, 'you must have mistaken this house for some other.' He shook his head confidently, and at their request, told them what had happened. They said it was impossible that their street-door could have been opened, for that every servant, as well as themselves, was in bed. The more the subject was canvassed, the farther did they seem from arriving at any plausible conclusion. The ladies, rather nettled at the obstinacy of Mr. M——'s assertions, examined the servants, individually and collectively, but with no better result. Mr. M—— and his host withdrew. On their drive home, Mr T—— quizzed him, and reminded him that when he saw the apparition he had dined, and dined late, and sat long over his friend's old

port. But Mr. M——, though he received the badinage good-humouredly, remained 'of the same opinion still.'

A week after, when Mr. M—— was in his chambers in London, his friend from the country burst in upon him, and said, 'I know you are much engaged, but I could not resist running in to tell you that the two ladies we called on last week, three or four days after our visit, received a letter, telling them that their brother, 'a tall, pale man,' had died at Malta, at twelve o'clock on the very night you saw the mourning-coach and its occupant at their door.

1855. March 29. The following story was told me by a gentleman whom I met in Wiltshire, and whom I have never seen since. I do not pretend to tell it in his words: I only answer for the facts as I remember them.

A widowed lady was fortunate enough to obtain for her only son, a boy at Harrow, not yet eighteen years of age, a commission without purchase. A few weeks after receiving it, his regiment was ordered out to the Crimea, in 1854. Many weeks elapsed, during which the mother was a prey to anxiety, in consequence of never having received a line from her boy. The first intelligence she received of him was from a letter published in one of the newspapers, and written by an amateur spectator who had witnessed the first engagement between the Russians and the allied forces at the Alma.

After giving sundry details of the battle itself, he went on to allude to instances of individual heroism which he had witnessed, and among the number mentioned with enthusiasm the intrepidity of a lad of eighteen, who turned out to be the widow's son. In the pride of her heart, she wrote to him in the terms of praise natural to a mother, calling him her 'hero boy.' The letter she received from him in reply seems to have been both candid and modest. I cannot pretend to repeat with any degree of verbal accuracy a letter I never saw, and only heard recited second-hand: but this in substance was its purport:—

'Now, dear mother, that your fears about my safety are allayed, and that you have been cheered by favourable intelligence of me, I must undeceive you as to my having any right to such an epithet as you applied to me in your letter.

'I must confess to you, that, when first I saw the Russian guns open fire, and beheld the smoke wreathing itself upon the heights, I felt disposed to run away as fast as my legs could

carry me. I was not without thoughts of undutiful reproach against you for putting me into a profession for which I was physically disqualified. I felt I was a born coward! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth: my heart beat against my ribs like a sledge-hammer: my knees knocked together; and I doubted whether my ancle-joints would not refuse to perform their office. I found myself unable to resist looking over my left shoulder to see how the land lay behind me; when, suddenly, I was conscious of a strong hand between my shoulder-blades, and of a kindly voice, in good broad Scotch, saying to me, "Come, laddie—forward, mon—forward! Duty, aye duty!" At that moment, had I been twitted by him or any coxcomb of an officer, with what must have been plain to read in my ashen face and shrinking step, I should assuredly have run away. But there was something so encouraging in the tone of friendly expostulation, coupled with the brave bearing of our old serjeant-major, that I felt renerved, and as if I had had a fresh backbone put into me. On I went with redoubled courage for some little time, till, as I drew closer to the scene of action, and saw more of the hideous effects of shot and shell, I found myself once more looking over to the left; when, again, with the promptitude of a guardian angel, the same firm hand was at my back, and the same kind words repeated in my ears. "Eh, sirs. Come, come, laddie; ye've done vera weel. Forward, then! Duty's the word—aye, duty. Come, then; I'm just proud o' ye." Inspired with a fresh ambition to deserve his good opinion, and the more so because of his generosity and forbearance, I put forth all the energy and resolution I could muster, until the man on my right and the other on my left were shot down by my side. This was too much for my coward heart. Nature asserted herself, and I deliberately turned round to fly; when both my shoulders were seized in an iron grip, and these words were hissed in my ears: "Fie, fie, laddie! Think o' yer mither!" Then it was that, stung with self-reproach, and a sense of shame unutterable, and wrought up at last to resolution by the magic power of that dear name, I remember springing forward, rushing into the very thick of the *melée*, throwing fear to the winds, ceasing to be a craven, and, I hope, bearing myself as a soldier should.'

I have lately been told of a case of horse dealing which has amused me.

1855. July 11. A person, who shall be nameless, goes to purchase a horse of an Irish dealer.

Buyer. 'Have you got a clever horse to show me?'

Seller. 'I have that, Sir.'

Buyer (looking at a horse that is brought out for inspection). 'Is he a good hunter?'

Seller. 'Is it a hunter, Sir? Why, then, Sir, I'll be open with ye. He's a craving oss, but he's what I call a flippant lepper (leaper). I might say, he's the most *intrickate* lept oss in the south of Ireland.'

Buyer. 'Is he a good hack?'

Seller. 'Is it a hack you mane, Sir? Well, Sir, I'll be fair with ye. He could not, convaniently to himself, trot under sixteen miles the hour.'

Buyer. 'And whereabouts is the figure?'

Seller. 'Is it the figure, Sir? Then, I'll tell you, by the virtue of my oath, I should consider it my duty to go a hundred miles to call *anny* man out who would preshume to offer me less than 80*l.* for him.'

Buyer. 'Is he good at water?'

Seller. 'Is it wather, bedad?' (looking round, and standing up in his stirrups, and surveying the country, as if he were a stranger in those parts). 'Boys, is there anny canals about?'

1856. May 29. This day peace was celebrated. At Miss B. Coutts' to witness the illuminations and fireworks. I went up to the roof of the house with the Rev. Mr. Barlow and Faraday. It was a splendid position, for from its elevation one could see not only over the Green Park, but St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Primrose Hill, Highgate, and Hampstead. I was exceedingly amused by the childlike enjoyment of the fireworks shown by Faraday. He seemed to know the ingredients used in all the pyrotechnic wonders, and halloaed out, with wonderful vivacity, 'There goes magnesium,' 'There's potassium,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

1859. February. Mr. C——d called and sat with us, and told the following story. I have considerably expanded it, by drawing on my imagination in the way of description; but the broad facts are as he told them:—

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, when the Continent was thrown open to the English traveller, Mr. C——d started on a two years' tour. Well-born and well-connected, he carried

with him letters of introduction to all the courts of Europe. When sated with the dissipation of Paris, and with all he cared to see in the way of art at Berlin, Dresden, and Prague, he proceeded on his route to Vienna. On leaving his letters at the door of Count and Countess G——,* he was at once invited to take up his quarters at their house during his stay.

The Austrian court at that time was inflexible in its rule of aristocratic exclusiveness. No one was admissible into its *penetralia* who could not show at least sixteen quarterings on his armorial shield. This condition Mr. B—— was in a position to fulfil; so that, under the auspices of his noble entertainers, he soon found himself mixing familiarly with the *créme de la créme* of Viennese society.

Conspicuous among the most fashionable was a certain Count Albert A——, who, though he had seen some forty summers, by the beauty of his person, the grace of his manners, and the diversity of his accomplishments, eclipsed all competitors. Nature and fortune seemed to have combined to shower on him their choicest gifts; for, in addition to his physical attributes, his descent was of the noblest, and his possessions vast: he spoke four or five languages with ease, and was regarded by the fair sex as such a Crichton, that no party was considered well constituted unless he were present.

One morning, after the most brilliant ball of the season, as Mr. B——, at breakfast with his host and hostess, was talking of it, he expressed much surprise at the absence, on the previous night, of the indispensable Count. Countess G—— allowed his remark to drop without comment, and, by her manner, seemed to evade the subject. A few days after, however, when she and my friend were together and alone, she referred to what he had said, and told him that she had not liked dwelling on the subject in the presence of her husband, inasmuch as it was distasteful to him. 'You expressed,' she said, 'surprise at the absence of Count Albert A—— from the L—— ball. It is true that he was not there when we arrived, for, if you remember, we went unusually late; but he had been there,—and had left, before our arrival, against his own will, and under mysterious circumstances. It appeared he had been dancing with more than his usual spirit, and was leaning against the wall of the room, while his partner recovered her breath, during a pause in the waltz; when, happening to turn his head in the direction of a group of persons standing in the

* The initials used in the story are feigned.

gangway, he noticed a tall man, in a long military cloak, beckoning to him, with an air of authority he was not accustomed to. Nevertheless, having handed his partner to her seat at the end of the dance, he obeyed the summons. As soon as he had reached the stairhead, two policemen, at a signal from the man in the cloak, seized him by each arm, dragged him down the steps, thrust him into a chaise with four horses, took their places by his side, put fetters on his wrists, and, without assigning any reason for his arrest, told him that his future residence would be the fortress of Spielberg, along whose gloomy corridors the same feet were never known to retrace their steps.

'You will naturally be curious to learn what possible justification there could be for the adoption of measures so severe against such a man. The public at large will, possibly, never know. But you shall, on one condition; viz., that you never divulge what I shall tell you until I am dead. The strange facts which I have been told by my husband, he never could have known, had he not been appointed by the Emperor a member of the Aulic council, against whose jurisdiction, you are aware, universal as it is throughout the Austrian dominions, there is no appeal.'

My friend having promised to preserve the secret inviolate as long as she lived, the Countess thus continued her narrative:—

'To understand my tale, you must transport yourself back in imagination some five-and-thirty years.

'In Upper Styria, of which Judenburg is the capital, there is a very large but sparsely-peopled district, which, at the period I allude to, was in the exclusive possession of three landowners. Part of the region was mountainous; the mountains containing in their bowels mines of silver, lead, copper, and iron. Part consisted of valleys, richly cultivated, yielding abundant crops of grain, and possessing a fine breed of large cattle. The other part was wild moorland, frequented by the chamois, and varied in its features by dark pine-forests and lakes alive with fish and wild fowl of all kinds.

'Baron P——, a benevolent old bachelor, was the owner of the largest of these three properties. His estate was bounded on one side by Madame D——'s and on the other by Gräfin E——'s. Both of these ladies were widows; both were nearly the same age; each had an only child. Madame D——'s was a boy, two years older than Gräfin E——'s little girl.

'Similarity of circumstance, proximity, sequestration from the world, community of sorrow, knitted these ladies together

by strong ties of sympathy and friendship, and while the gentleness of their neighbour, the old baron, endeared him to them both, respect for his judgment caused them to refer to him for advice on all matters of importance.

'The constant interchange of kindly offices among the three families helped to cement their intimacy so closely, that they were hardly ever separate. They alternated at each other's houses visits of many months' duration.

'In the mean time the boy and girl grew up together as brother and sister. They read together, they romped together, they rode together, they fished on the lake together. On meeting at morn, and on parting at night, they embraced each other with as much unrestricted freedom as if they were the children of the same parents.

'In this innocent and unalloyed confidence did the families continue, until the girl was nearly seventeen, when the old baron formally proposed for her to her mother, in some such words as these:—

'"With your sanction, dear friend, I shall offer to your girl my hand, my heart, and my fortune. I am emboldened to do so, first, because, in consequence of the seclusion in which she has been reared, I know her affections to be disengaged; secondly, because, though not so vain as to fancy that, at my years, I could hope to inspire her with a romantic attachment, I yet believe she loves me better than any one in the world, except yourself. If you, then, will ratify our union, I will trust to you to explain to her that matrimony, in her case, will entail no abridgment of her liberty. In all the pleasures and pursuits natural to her age, she will still have her friend Albert for her companion; and it will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me, as long as I live, to reflect that when I quit this scene our two estates will centre in the person of one who loves the poor equally on both, and whom the peasantry of each adore."

'*Mariages de convenance* were so common at that time throughout Germany and Hungary, that the disparity of age between the contracting parties was considered in no degree to lessen the advantages of the alliance in the estimation of the tenantry.

'All the preliminary arrangements, as to settlements, &c., &c., having been quickly disposed of, the marriage was duly solemnized, though with little display or pomp; and the three families, who might be said to enjoy all things in common, dwelt for many months under the Baron's roof in tranquil and uninter-

rupted harmony; when an incident occurred which threatened to jeopardize its perpetuity.

'About three or four miles from the baronial residence there was a small town, consisting of some four thousand inhabitants, in which there was an opera house—an institution almost essential to the happiness of a people so nationally musical as the Germans. Of course the scenery, dresses, and decorations were not very imposing, and the corps itself was but second rate; yet, occasionally, some of the more celebrated metropolitan singers would take the little town in their provincial tour, and attract crowded audiences to hear them. Ernestine and Albert were equally devoted to music, and generally attended the opera three nights a week; their mothers keeping company with the Baron at home, until he retired to his study, his meerschaum, and his bed. After two years of wedded life, the Baroness, without having any assignable grounds of complaint against her husband, fancied that she perceived a slight diminution of tenderness in his manner towards her. The more narrowly she watched his demeanour, the more strongly persuaded she became that she had, somehow or other, given him umbrage. She told him frankly of her fears. He begged her to dispel them, as they were groundless. After some time, however, when she returned to the charge, and urged him to tell her if she had, in any way, fallen short of her duty as a wife, he was obliged to confess that, much as he liked her to amuse herself, and grateful as he felt to Albert for escorting her to entertainments for which he had no longer any relish himself, he yet thought she had evinced some little want of consideration for the order and regularity and comfort for his establishment in staying out so late at night. "Surely, my darling," said he, "it is not important for you, who are such an *habituée* of the opera, always to stay till the very end of the entertainment. It is usually morning before the coachman has groomed and fed and bedded his horses. The whole household is on the alert when it ought to be at rest. Some of my old servants, who have been used to my early hours, have complained to me of the change in the family habits; and, as for myself, although we occupy separate apartments, I never can close an eye till I know you have returned home in safety. I daresay, therefore, I may have unconsciously betrayed some dissatisfaction. I am glad, at all events, dear, we have had this candid explanation, for I know you will now take pleasure in conforming to my wishes for the future."

'Instead of gracefully acceding to her husband's hint, she bantered him on his old-fashioned punctilios; asked him if he could be cruel enough to wish her to quit the opera, and disturb the house by doing so, before the piece were concluded.' Much more she said in the same vein, showing plainly that she thought him a purist and his objections frivolous and overstrained; and proceeded with the petulance of a spoiled child to say, that "it was evident he cared more for his servants' comfort than for her gratification." With self-enforced calmness he interrupted her with these words: "Ernestine, I have religiously observed the promise I made your mother before our marriage. I have allowed you uncontrolled latitude of action. You do what you like; you go where you like; you spend what you like. Your every whim it has been my study to gratify. I am, therefore—I own—disappointed to see how little you care to humour *my* harmless prejudices. Until this moment you have never heard an angry expression pass my lips. But for once—and, I trust, for once only—I change my tone. As I see how lightly my wishes weigh with you, and how entirely engrossed you are with your own, I give you a warning." He then turned towards her a face livid with anger, and said, in a tone the more alarming from its unwonted asperity,—"Go, madam; go every night of your life, if it please you, to the opera. Leave every night of your life, if it please you, your old husband to the care of others and to the solace of his books and his meerschaum. But, remember, if henceforward under any circumstances you present yourself at the park gates after midnight, they will be closed on you for ever."

'The young wife, who, in spite of a little giddiness, was an amiable and affectionate creature, and fondly attached to her husband, was appalled by his ferocity. Overwhelmed with self-reproach, she flung herself at his feet, professed the profoundest contrition for her selfishness, and the utmost readiness to submit to any abasement rather than forfeit his affection. As he felt her salt tears drop on his hands, and witnessed her humility and penitence, the angry cloud on his brow cleared off; the thunder which had gathered over his spirit rolled by; the sunshine of his better nature again broke forth; and once more, she was basking in the smile of reconciliation.

'For a long time she adhered rigidly to her promise. On a particular night, however, a new opera was to be represented for the first time by a brilliant company from Vienna. Albert and Ernestine had their coffee, and went earlier than usual, that

they might not miss a single bar of the overture. At the end of the second act, the Baroness complained to her companion that the interest of the piece dragged heavily. "It hangs fire sadly," she said, "I wonder how long the act has lasted. Just look at your watch and see; I am sure it has been unusually long."

'Albert looked, and found it to be close on ten o'clock. At the instant that he returned his watch to his pocket, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Smiting his forehead impatiently, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! your asking me the hour has reminded me of what I had forgotten, viz., my appointment with Herr S——, the avocat. I told you of it a week ago."

'"Oh, never mind," she replied, "write him an apology to-morrow." "To-morrow," said he, "will be too late. The farm I wanted for our old friend H—— will be given away by to-morrow, unless I negotiate for it to-night. Besides, my lawyer is such a touchy old fellow, that if I break faith with him now, I shall find it no easy matter to appease him afterwards. You won't mind my leaving you for half-an-hour, will you? I shall not be longer." "Certainly not, she replied, if your engagement be as important as you say it is. No one will interfere with me. Everyone knows me well. And, if I had any cause for fear, I have only to lock the door of my box while you are away." He left her precipitately, promising to return as quickly as he could.

'In the mean time the opera proceeded; and the Baroness became so absorbed in the interest of the plot, and so enchanted with the singing of the prima donna, that she forgot the flight of time, until, on the falling of the curtain, Albert re-entered the box, and expressed his regret at his detention, telling her it was ten minutes to twelve o'clock. On hearing this, Ernestine evinced the most poignant distress, rushed to her carriage, told the coachman to gallop his horses the whole way home; and, as she took her seat by Albert's side, burst into a flood of tears, declaring that she was irretrievably ruined; and that he, who knew but one side of her husband's character, could form no conception of the violence of his temper, or the obstinacy of his resolution, when once it was really roused, and that she was sure she should find him inexorable. In vain he tried to reassure her—in vain he told her, that in proportion as anger was vehement was it apt to be short-lived—that the storm once over, it would be succeeded by a great calm—and that all would be well again. She refused to be comforted.

'On arriving at the park lodge, the keeper, who was in the habit, when he heard the roll of the carriage-wheels on the road, of springing forward to throw open the gates, was nowhere to be seen. Not till after many angry words from Albert did the old man present himself. And when he did, he respectfully but firmly declined to open the gates, saying, in justification for doing so, that more than twelve months ago his master had told him never to open them to any one after twelve o'clock, on pain of instant dismissal. "It goes to my heart, my lady, to refuse you," he said, "for you have always been kind to me: but I must think of my wife and children; and what would become of us if we were turned off without a shirt to our backs, or a roof over our heads." "If you will only open the gates," she replied, "I will take all the blame; and if my intercession with your master fail, you know I am myself quite able to save you from want, and save you I will."

'On the strength of this assurance, though with fear and trembling, he admitted the carriage. The instant the Baroness had entered the house she repaired to her husband's chamber, resolved to throw herself unreservedly on his mercy, and assure him that it was from no spirit of wilful disobedience, but from an unavoidable accident, which she could not have foreseen, that she had transgressed. She tapped diffidently at his door. Obtaining no answer, she concluded that he was either asleep or in no mood to be disturbed, and that it would be more prudent to postpone her interview till the morning. Early next day, accordingly, she repaired to his door, rapping two or three times, but with no better success. "Ah!" she thought to herself, "I daresay he has been chafing all night with anger against me; and has, may be, only just dropped asleep, after a weary vigil. It will be impolitic to try and rouse him now." About ten o'clock she once more ventured to his door, and loudly and beseechingly entreated him to let her in. No notice being taken of her appeal, she went for Albert, who first shouted lustily, and then shook the door impatiently. Still no answer. Becoming, both of them, seriously alarmed, they had his door broken open: and, on rushing to his bed, found stretched upon it, and weltering in his blood, the ghastly corpse of the old man. While the young widow rent the air with her shrieks, and her own and Albert's mother were running to see what was the matter, Albert himself had hastened to the stables, saddled a horse with his own hands, and scoured the country far and wide, in hope of falling on the track of the murderer. For three days

he was absent, never relaxing in his exertions, until, baffled and disheartened by failure, he returned to the inmates of the castle, at last, to give vent to the sorrow he had managed in the excitement of action to repress. The country, of course, was rife with ingenious but erroneous conjectures as to the motive of the murder; for no money was missing, and no provocation could have been given to anybody by one leading a life so benevolent, peaceful, and retiring as the Baron's. The perpetrator of the deed was never guessed. The only man, who ever approached him except his servants, who had lived with him for years, was the young Count Albert: but he was known to have idolized him from his childhood, and to have been treated by him like a father.

'In course of time curiosity and indignation died out. The country folk subsided into their ordinary habits, firmly convinced that a special revelation from heaven alone could unravel the mystery of the murder. After a while the family lawyer was sent for, and the will read. It was found that everything the good old man had died possessed of was bequeathed absolutely to his widow.

'The administration of such extensive estates made it more than ever important that the now wealthy Baroness should have a man of probity and capacity at her elbow. Albert's presence was therefore more than ever essential to her: and, at the pressing solicitation of Ernestine, he and his mother consented to break up their own establishment, leave their house and estate in charge of a trusty steward, and take up their quarters with their widowed friend.

'The recollection of her husband's boundless confidence in her, implied by the terms of his will, and the tender thoughtfulness for her welfare which he had ever shown her during life, filled his childless widow with self-reproach. The only compensation she could make his memory would be by carrying out to the letter, every project she had ever known him contemplate for the good of his tenantry. Dedication to the call of duty, with a high sense of her responsibilities, gradually restored her to herself, and reconciled her to her lot. When the days of her mourning were ended, and she had consented to discard her weeds, one of her favourite occupations was to visit every corner of the property, and devise with Albert new plans for the greater comfort and well-being of the labouring poor.

'In one of these joint expeditions, Ernestine observed that

Albert seemed out of spirits—that he was apt to be absent and silent, and hang his head pensively, as if oppressed by bitter fancies. She rallied him on the subject, and asked him what ailed him. "Any one who was a stranger to you would suppose you were in love, to see you thus." "And what if I were," was his rejoinder, "would you not pity me? Were I to turn the tables and ask you, Ernestine, if *you* were in love, you would answer, No. But if I asked you if you loved me, you would answer promptly, Yes, as a sister loves a brother. What will you, then, think of me when I tell you I do not return that love? I say, not *that* love. The love I have garnered in my heart of hearts for you has never been the love of friendship, or of blood; but the love of passion, maddening, bewildering, intoxicating passion! You have never been to me a sister, but my light, my joy, my life since I could lisp your name. For your dear sake it has been that I have despised the glitter of court life. For your sake I have relinquished the dreams of fond ambition. For your sake I have refused to enter the army, a profession which I love. Hitherto I have counted all these sacrifices as dross, because I have never been away from your side. Hitherto my existence has been a joyous one for I have breathed your atmosphere. It rests with you, whether henceforth it shall not be a bitter and a blighted one. Unless you give me the right to claim you as my own, we must soon be severed. I have demolished my household gods for you, and at your request. I have no sooner done so than I find a censorious world—not our little world but the great one of the metropolis—condemning us for an intimacy which at one time my youth, and subsequently the presence of your husband, fully explained and excused.

'"You are shocked, I see, at the substance and the abruptness of my disclosure. Alas! of my love you would have heard long, long ago, had I conceived it possible your mother would have consented to your contracting a marriage while you were so young. When first I was told of your betrothal, I felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen on me. I was speechless, paralyzed with grief. Anger I could not feel; for my bitterest rival was my truest benefactor. But enough of this. The dear old man is removed. Oh, let me supply his vacant place. Though you may think, at present, that the affection you feel for me is not the affection a wife should feel for her husband—yet is it, let me ask, less warm than that you felt for him you scrupled not to marry? Are not our years more suited to each other? Are

not our tastes more congenial? Have we not more pursuits in common?—Stay! stay! I conjure you! Before you answer, and seal my fate and your own, let me tell you my sole alternative, in the event of a refusal. If you will not be mine, I leave this spot for ever, never to see your face again. Are you prepared to lose the companionship and sympathy of the friend of your childhood—the depositary of the secrets of your womanhood? I wait your answer."

'His importunity, and the dawning sense of her equivocal position in the eyes of the world, prevailed at last over her natural repugnance to wed with one whom she had always treated with the familiarity of a near relation. In a word, his skilful wooing won her, and they married. What the course of their conjugal life was, whether smooth or ruffled, my informant did not tell me. But certain it was, that after the Baroness had borne him three children, he was as *recherché* in the gay circles of Vienna as ever, while she was never seen.

'And now, to return to the eventful evening of Albert's capture.

'The very day before it happened, an audience of the Emperor had been solicited by one who begged permission to withhold his name until he had stated the object for which he asked the interview. This unusual request being granted, a man of wan, anxious, almost cadaverous aspect, flung himself at the feet of his sovereign; and, in much agitation, asked his Majesty if he remembered a notorious murder which had taken place some years before—the murder of old Baron ——.

'"Full well," said the Emperor, "who can forget it? Have you anything to tell which can lead to the detection of its wretched author?"

'"I have, Sire; I know the man, and so does your Majesty. I have come to denounce him."

'"*I* know a murderer? Have a care, man. Who is it?"

'"Albert, Count A——, whom if I mistake not, your Majesty has honoured with your confidence and favour."

'"Villain! You calumniate an honourable man. You mention the most deservedly popular of our nobility. You will have cause to rue your temerity, unless you substantiate your charge. What, tell me, is the evidence you offer?"

'"The evidence, Sire, of my own senses. May it please your Imperial Majesty, it is not under the spur of malignity, but under the sting of remorse; it is in dread of a higher tribunal than yours, Sire, that I beg you to be my priest as well

as my king: and to receive the confession of a wretch who has just been told by three medical men that his hours are numbered. Their verdict has, I own, taken me by surprise, though I knew a malignant malady to be preying on my vitals. I fear death: but that which comes after death I fear still more. The sins of my past life, within the last few minutes, have come before me in all their aggravation. I can make no atonement for them myself. But I will at least try to do justice to an injured woman, and bring down condign punishment on the wicked man who has wronged her. I charge, then, Count Albert A—— with having murdered his best friend; not from mercenary or vindictive motives, but from an impatience to sweep from out of his path the great impediment in the way of his union with one he loved too madly. Alas! while I denounce him, what can I say for myself? I was base enough to accept a bribe to assume the priestly garb and office, and thus desecrate the Sacrament of Marriage by performing a sham ceremony. His motive for this crime I never have been able to fathom: for, assuredly, he loved sincerely. Possibly he had some one in his eye whom he wished, eventually, to marry. But that is mere conjecture, after all."

'The counterfeit priest was allowed to go to his own quarters. A guard was set over him; and within a few hours he died, swearing to the guilt of Count Albert A——.

'The unhappy man was hardly dead before Ernestine requested audience of the Emperor, conjured him to see her righted, and told him that she had been apprised of her husband's treachery by his own lips. He listened to her prayer, and promised that she should be married legally, and her children be legitimatized. It was shortly after this interview with the Emperor that her husband was taken from the ball-room on the occasion referred to, and transferred to his cell in Spielberg. The next night was enacted a scene alike dramatic and affecting. As the castle bell tolled twelve, in a dismal corridor beneath the Danube, midway between the outer and the inner entrance to the prisoner's cell, a temporary altar was erected, covered with black cloth. Across the centre was a grille. At the head stood a priest; and while from the outer entrance there appeared the injured Ernestine, with head averted, and faltering step, from the opposite end came Albert, also with averted head, but with resolute tread and unblushing front, escorted by halberdiers, and lighted by torch-bearers. As they reached the altar, on either side the grille, the ceremony com-

menced: their hands, thrust through the interposing grille, were joined together; the ring was given again, for the second time, and each returned from whence they came, without exchanging look or word.'

1858. October. A clergyman, a friend of B——n's, was exceedingly annoyed by the intemperate freaks and excesses of certain Baptists who invaded his parish, and estranged many of his flock from him. He was surprised and hurt to find an old lady, a farmer's wife, had allowed him to dip his converts in her pond. On his remonstrating with her, she declared that they had done it entirely without her consent, or even her knowledge, and vowed they should never do it again. 'I ain't no idea of their coming and leaving all their nasty sins behind them in my water,' was her indignant reflection on the liberty taken with her property.

1861. May 4. While at Batsford, the slight and subtle distinction which exists between the instinct of some brutes and the reason of some human beings, came on the *tapis*. I happened to quote from Pope these two lines—

> 'Reason serves, when pressed,
> But honest instinct comes a volunteer.'

when Miss K—— M—— told me the following story:—

'Her father, the great Sir John, in one of his Indian campaigns, was abruptly made to halt on the march by a subadar running to tell him that a strong detachment of the enemy had been joined by certain predatory hordes, and had taken up such a formidable position on a neighbouring height, as to defy the efforts of infantry to dislodge them. Sir John immediately ordered up the artillery. The first gun sent for was one of unusual magnitude and calibre. The elephant attached to it, being too hard pressed by his driver, floundered headlong into a deep morass, and carried the great gun with him. It had been as much as the poor brute could do to drag it on the plain; and to extricate it from the bog into which it had been plunged was quite beyond his powers. In this dilemma the choicest of the breed were selected. Each in turn strained every nerve to drag out the cannon, but without success. At last one of the staff said to Sir John, "We shall never succeed unless —— will lend us his," naming a particular native, the owner of an elephant of extraordinary power, which was generally employed as a sumpter. The proprietor and his beast were instantly

sent for. The man, though reluctant to put undue stress on his favourite, nevertheless appreciated the emergency; and stripping off the howdah from his back, and harnessing him to the gun, signed to him to pull it out of the bog into which it had sunk two feet deep. The willing creature tugged, and tugged, but failed to move it. His master, who had reared, and nourished, and lived with it on the same terms of familiarity on which the Irish cottier lives with his pig or cow, appealed to him by every term of endearment he could think of, to put out all his strength; calling on him by name, and adjuring him, as he wished success to their arms, to do his very best. The animal at first showed signs of distress, then remained obstinately impassive, his instinct telling him that the task required of him was beyond his strength. At last, however, on his master's caressing him, and appealing to him as if he were a rational being, saying, "Come, dear, if you love me, pull," the fond brute, casting a pitiful and reproachful glance at him, bellowed forth a prodigious snort of remonstrance, made a tremendous effort, succeeded in tugging the gun on to *terra firma*, and then dropped dead at his master's feet, a martyr to his fidelity. The poor man, conceiving himself the slayer of his best friend, stabbed himself to the heart, and gasped his last upon his body.'

Extravagant as it may appear to those who have never been in the East to be told that dumb animals can understand the significance of man's language, those familiar with the ways of elephants to whom I have repeated the above, yield implicit credence to it.

I have heard from persons who have lived much in Ceylon, that a woman lying with her two infants on the sea-shore in company with an elephant, having to leave her children, for reasons of her own, has been seen to consign them to its care, with as much confidence as that with which a lady in our country would leave her little ones to the charge of a confidential nurse. All she does is, with a sugar cane, to describe a large circle round them in the sand, and intimate to the animal, after her own fashion, her wish that they should not be allowed, during her absence, to stray beyond the line; and she leaves them without fear, certain that they will not be suffered to break bounds. I rather think that the late Bishop Heber mentions some such anecdote in his published journal, and that an elephant, under similar circumstances, was seen extended at

full length on the sand, apparently asleep, the little ones playing around him without fear; but, that the moment they overstepped the line, the trusty guardian would stretch forth his proboscis, and gently draw them back within the fold defined.

1862. Count D'Orsay was at a party one night at which Professor O—— was. The latter crept quietly behind the beau, and plucked a hair from his head, and holding up his spoil in triumph, cried out to the company, "Look, ladies and gentlemen, one grey hair." D'Orsay remained unmoved. Later in the evening *he* went behind the grey-haired geologist, twitched out a hair from his head, held it to the candle, and exclaimed, "Ladies, look here! Here is positively one black hair!"

1863. February 10. At Rome. Went to the reception of the Duke de Saldanha, the Portuguese ambassador, a capital type of his order—a handsome and dignified old aristocrat. Right well he did the honours. In his suit of green and gold, his broad chest covered with stars and crosses and orders, he really cut a very imposing figure. The palace in which he gave his entertainment was everything that could be desired, both in point of magnitude and magnificence. It might have been the residence of a caliph: it had been the residence of our own Wolsey, when cardinal *à latere*. The suite of reception rooms was regal. In front and outside of the palace had been erected a platform, consisting of three tiers, one above the other, containing three bands of wind instrumentalists, who played alternately and relieved each other, so that the music never ceased from 10 p.m. till the party broke up at 3 a.m.

I regretted not having been in the courtyard to see the arrivals; for I was told that the cardinals, on descending from their carriages, were preceded by twelve liveried servants, who carried lighted flambeaux up the great staircase, and then descended, filing off six on each side. Those cardinals whom I saw, and whom I had expected to find apparelled in their scarlet hat and robes, and point lace aprons, were more simply dressed than any one there, except the English. They wore black coats, with a star on the breast, black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and pumps.

What with the myriads of wax candles, the blaze of jewelry, the brilliancy of the ladies' dress, and the variety of men's uniforms—Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, Prussian, Neapolitan,

Albanian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, American, and English—I was fairly dazed and dazzled. The costume of the Austrians, Poles and Hungarians, struck me as gorgeous, the *bijouterie* extending even to the ivory handles of their swords, and the crimson velvet of their scabbards. As to the display of diamonds, except in the green vaults at Dresden, I never beheld anything comparable to it. It was painful to witness the vulgar curiosity which tempted many strangers to mob the Roman princesses (as they sat ranged against the wall), and to scrutinize the jewelry on their busts with as little regard for delicacy as if it had been exposed for sale in the bay windows of the Palais Royal.

I shall not soon forget my own sheepish sensations, after listening to the *ore rotundo* delivery of the proud patrician titles 'Il Principe Borghese,' 'Il Principe Ruspigliosi,' 'Il Principe Andrea Doria,' to catch the sound of my own plebeian name 'Il Signor Yoong-é.' I own I felt very small and out of place, and impatient—as soon as I had seen all I cared for, and had exchanged greetings with my friends—to shrink into my natural insignificance, and steal off to bed.

1863. February 11. Monsignor Talbot, some time ago, volunteered his services to obtain a private audience for myself and family with the Pope. To-day, a mounted dragoon brought us the following formal notice :—

DALL 'ANTICAMERA PONTIFICIA.

Vaticano, 11 *Febbrajo*, 1863.

L'Odienza si tiene nella Galleria degli Arazzi, ascendendo per la Scala della Sagrestia della Capella Sistina.

Le Signore in abito Nero, e velo in testa: I Signore in Uniforme, e non avendone l'uso, in frack nero, cravatta bianca, e scarpa.

E pregato di esibire il presente biglietto.

Si previn l'Illmo Signor Young, che Sica Santità si degnerà ammetterlo all' Udienza Venerdì 13, corrente alle ore $3\frac{3}{4}$ pom^{dny} insieme alla sua Consorte e Compagnia.

Il Maestro di Camera di S. S.,

J. B——.

1863. February 19. The day after we received this notice the Pope was taken ill; and our presentation in consequence was postponed. Had his Holiness been well on the day first named, we were to have had what we should never have asked for, viz., a private audience. To day, however, by the advice of his medical attendants, and to our infinite relief, there were several English and Americans with us. The different gradations of respect entertained for the person and office of the Holy Father might be easily measured by the deportment of those admitted to his presence. Some knelt humbly before him; some prostrated themselves enthusiastically at his feet, kissing his slipper; others were barely respectful in their grudging obeisance. One can understand a Protestant Anglican imagining his consistency to be compromised by the semblance of homage rendered to the sovereign Pontiff of the Roman Church; but, in such case, it is hardly becoming that, for the mere gratification of a vulgar curiosity, he should wound the feelings of conscientious Romanists by his want of deference to the great head of their Church on earth.

There is, assuredly, everything in the Pope's person and manners to inspire an unprejudiced mind with respect. Whenever I have seen him take part in the services of the sanctuary, I have been struck as much with his deep devotion, as touched by the inflections of his melodious voice. The expression of his countenance is mild, benevolent, and grave. On his entering in the chamber in which we awaited him, two monsignores preceded him backwards, and then knelt before him, a signal which most of us obeyed. He was habited in a white silk cassock, without either rochet or mantle, and spoke to every one in turn, pausing to enquire after our families, and ordinary place of residence, &c., &c., and then, in French, addressing us, thus, collectively: 'It gives me pleasure to see you, and to give you all, without exception, a father's blessing. I know that some of you are Catholics, still more of you Protestants. But, whether Catholics or Protestants, whether you recognize me or not as your spiritual father, I welcome you as my dear children: for all the baptized are in the number of my children, though not, alas! of my household, Truant children, I open the gates of my house even to you. Gladly would I open my arms to you as well. I assure you I cease not to offer up daily prayers, that light may be granted you to see the error of your ways, and induce you to return to the true fold. If you do so, you will find it to be your truest happiness. On the

Catholics here present I pronounce my benediction with joy. On the Protestants here present, I pronounce my benediction in hope.'

The dear old man seems to be in a precarious state of health. Like Julius Cæsar, 'he hath the falling sickness,' he has an open erysipelatous wound in his leg, and is otherwise in very delicate health. He is said to live a holy and blameless life, though he has passed through a very eventful one. As Il Conde Mattai Ferretti, he was originally a soldier, and in the Guarde Nobile; but was compelled to quit the army in consequence of his epileptic tendencies. Pope Pius the Sixth, who was aware of his infirmity, urged his entering holy orders: but for a long time he hesitated doing so, thinking his malady would still more disqualify him from the active duties of the sacred than of the military profession; until his adviser met his objections by counselling him 'to pray to God to release him from these visitations, nothing doubting;' and, unless I am to discredit the assurance of an excellent resident Roman Catholic of high reputation, 'he has never had a fit since.'

I confess I have heard this disputed, but my informant adheres stoutly to his assertion.

I am told that, with few exceptions, the Roman noblesse and the mob are as much in favour of the maintenance of the Pope's temporal power as the priests themselves can be; but that the shopkeepers, the innkeepers, the lawyers, the doctors, bankers, waiters, *valets-de-place*, and even the underlings of the Vatican, who eat the Holy Father's bread, are opposed not only to the temporal, but even to the spiritual power.

1863. February 21. I spent the morning with Gibson, in his studio, hearing him descant most learnedly on art, especially on that of Greece. He is a veritable enthusiast, and a most loveable man, but he has recondite theories of his own which I cannot comprehend; for instance, the following, which he sent me in the evening, by way of making more intelligible to me what I was evidently puzzled with in our morning's chat.

'Democritus wrote a book entitled *Tritogenia*, to prove that all human things consist of three.

'Of Plato after his death.

'The magi at Athens sacrificed to him, as conceiving him more than man, who fulfilled the most perfect number—nine multiplied into itself.

'The triangle is three in one, one in three. It contains the proportions of man, who was made after God's own image.

This was not discovered by the Magi at Athens, but by a worshipper of the Greeks at Rome.

'Yours sincerely, dear Young,

'JOHN GIBSON.

'To the Rev. Julian Young.'

1863. May 12. A farmer in the North Riding of Yorkshire, who had been for years at open variance with his brother, was persuaded by his minister, in consequence of the dangerous state of his health, to send for him and be reconciled to him. After they had met, and exchanged greetings, if not cordial, at least amicable, the clergyman, fearing too much agitation in the patient, suggested to the visitor once more to shake hands and go. He did so; but as he was departing, the invalid cried out to him, 'I say, Bill, we've made it up, you know, because they think as I be going to die; but if I should not die after all, then, remember, we're to be as we war afore.'

1863. July 3. This morning at breakfast I was told the following touching story by B——. A certain diplomatist, of whose name and rank in the service I am equally ignorant, was many years ago, despatched by our government on an embassy extraordinary to one of the continental courts, where his handsome person and the urbanity of his manners made him so general a favourite that on his departure the sovereign to whom he was accredited presented him with a snuff-box of unusual value, as a mark of his esteem. It had on its lid a miniature of the king, and was set in brilliants of great beauty. When he had retired from public life, if he happened to give a dinner to any of his friends, he was very fond of producing it at dessert, as it afforded him an opportunity of descanting on the king's appreciation of his services. On one of these occasions, after the ladies had withdrawn, the inevitable snuff-box was brought forth, and handed by the butler to the master, who, after, taking a pinch himself, passed it on to his next neighbour. The same civility was observed till it had gone the circuit of the table. The last person through whose hands it went was an old general, grey in his country's service; but who, from the failure of certain investments, was known to be in embarrassed circumstances. The beauty of the box as a work of art having been generally admired, the merits of the royal donor having been duly expatiated on, and the tact of the recipient tacitly implied, coffee was handed round, and the conversation became general. In due course of time all rose to join the ladies: and in doing so, the

owner of the snuff-box looked round the table for it, that he might put it back into its usual receptacle. Not seeing it, and thinking it possible that some one present in a fit of absence might have put it into his pocket, he asked them all to be kind enough to feel in their coats and trowsers for it. Every one denied knowing anything about it, though one or two declared that the old general was the last person in whose hands they remembered to have seen it. He, on the other hand, vowed with warmth that he had so often before examined it, that he had merely bestowed a cursory glance upon it, and put it down again in the centre of the table. The strictest search was at once instituted. Every possible and impossible place was dived into with no satisfactory result. "Come, come," said the owner of the missing box; 'a joke is a joke, but this is a joke which is anything but an amusing one. I will not be trifled with any longer. You allow that a few minutes ago the missing article was here; none of you have left the room, and as it could not have made itself wings and fled away, in this room it must be. I suspect no one; and that I may have no future cause to do so—painful as it is to me to insist on such a step—I must ask you to let me search you all without distinction.'

Two or three gentlemen laughed good-humouredly at the idea, and submitted to the operation; others, not wishing to create a disturbance, yet nettled at the notion of undergoing such an ordeal, made for the door, intending to steal out quietly; but they were anticipated by their entertainer, who put his back against it, and refused them egress till they had been searched. At that instant the general came forward, buttoned up his coat over his chest, and said with a loud voice to the host, 'Sir, do you mean to insult us, because we have drunk your wine? I don't know what these gentlemen may think of your conduct; but if they are content tamely to submit to such indignity, I am not. If any one dare to oppose my exit from this room, I shall call him to account.' He then pushed haughtily and defiantly past those near the door, and left the room and the house. The fact of his being the only man who had actively resented the investigation; of his leaving the house without showing his face to the ladies; and of his being known to be in needy circumstances, seemed to warrant the worst suspicions. Seriously annoyed as the gentleman was at losing an article on which he set much store, he nevertheless intreated for his own sake and for that of the general's profession, that they would keep the affair a profound secret.

Somehow or other, however, the facts oozed out, and the consequence was that the general was cut by his oldest friends, and looked shyly on by every one who heard the tale.

Many months after, another dinner was given at the same house. When the ladies were out of the room, and the gentlemen were by themselves, one of them begged their entertainer to favour them with the real version of the circumstances under which his snuff-box had been lost, as contradictory accounts were afloat. He began to do so, when the butler entered the room with coffee. Before the master became aware of his presence, he had dropped enough to make his servant understand what he was talking of. He interrupted him. 'I beg your pardon, Sir; did I hear you say that ever since our last dinner you had lost your snuff-box?' 'Yes!' 'Oh, dear me, Sir! I wish you had told me about it; I could have saved you a deal of uneasiness. It is not lost. It is where it has been ever since the evening alluded to. If you remember, Sir, you and all the party were very interested in something or other you were talking about; and, as the footman was going round with the tray, you said to me, "Let him put down the tray on the table; we will help ourselves." In clearing a space among the centre ornaments and decanters and glasses on which to set the tray,—your snuff-box being in the way I quietly took it up, and restored it to the little drawer at the end of the sideboard, where you generally used to keep it.' He at once went to the spot, and to the amazement of the company and the delight of his master, brought forth the missing box.

Overjoyed as the owner was to recover his treasure, his satisfaction was materially qualified by the recollection of the cruel wrong he had inflicted on an innocent man. Therefore, as soon as he had swallowed a hasty breakfast next morning he betook himself to the house of his quondam friend, explained the circumstances of the case, and made him the amplest apology one man could tender to another. He assured him that he would not suffer his eyes to sleep, nor his eyelids to slumber until he had made him every reparation in his power, by reinstating him in the respect of all who had been estranged from him by a groundless suspicion.

The apology was accepted without a moment's hesitation, but not without considerable embarrassment. The old gentleman confessed that appearances had militated strongly against him; and that, though he was guiltless of the charge imputed to

him, yet that for other reasons he had deserved all he had suffered.

Before leaving, his visitor said to him—'My dear General, I have no right to know to what you refer. But do permit me to express my surprise that you should have so resolutely refused search when you knew your own innocence, and when every one else submitted with a good grace.'

'Alas!' replied the old man, his head drooping, his eyes cast down and filling with tears: 'I refused to be searched because, though I had not stolen your snuff-box, I had stolen your food. When your kind invitation came, my first impulse was, from false pride, to refuse it, because I knew I could not return your hospitality. My second was to swallow my pride, and accept it out of consideration for those I loved. I blush, Sir, to own that the greater part of every morsel put upon my plate was transferred to my pocket-handkerchief (spread upon my knee beneath the table), to be taken home to a starving wife and family.'

1863. The following were told me at Rome by one of the persons present on the occasion referred to, and whose permission I have to repeat it here:—

Sir Robert Peel, during the parliamentary recess, had been entertaining at Drayton Manor a large party of personal friends and political adherents. Towards the end of a week they gradually melted away, till their numbers were reduced to three, whom Sir Robert persuaded to prolong their stay. These three were the late Lord Talbot, formerly Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; the late Lord Hatherton, who as Mr. Lyttelton, had been Chief-Secretary for Ireland; and Mr. Archdeacon Huxtable, whose remarkable skill and success in the application of chemistry to agriculture had won him the notice and respect of his host.

The large party, which for some days had filled the house, being reduced to dimensions more manageable and congenial, Sir Robert had the horseshoe table introduced; and as they all drew near the fire, he observed, 'It is not often that out of four men met together in England, one should have been Lord-Lieutenant and two others Chief-Secretaries of Ireland. But such being the case, I propose that Ireland be our topic.'

A lengthy, animated, and instructive conversation then sprang up on the past history, the present condition, and the future prospects of that country: the many practical difficulties attending its government; the disposition of its church property; the

employment of the peasantry; the policy or inexpediency of encouraging emigration, &c., &c. All were freely canvassed, till gradually, in dilating on the more social aspect of the people of all classes, two anecdotes illustrative of the native wit of the higher and lower orders cropped up.

Lord Talbot said, 'I will give you an instance of the wit of a common car-driver. Five years after I had quitted Ireland, having been induced to purchase a small property in Galway, under "The Encumbered Estates Act," and feeling some little curiosity about it, I thought I might as well take a run across the Channel and have a look at it. I took no servant with me; and the moment I stepped on land from the Liffey, muffled up in an old cloak, with my little valise in my hand, I jumped into the first car I saw, satisfied in my own mind that in such humble guise no one would recognize the former Lord-Lieutenant. I had no sooner taken my seat than the vicious, half-starved horse that drew the crazy vehicle bolted off at a terrific pace, then stopped dead short, and took to kicking. As soon as I saw the opportunity of jumping out with safety, I did so; and when on *terra firma* rated the driver soundly for putting such a horse into a public conveyance, thereby exposing the limbs and lives of Her Majesty's liege subjects to imminent peril. All the time I was scolding he was smiling; and by his answer showed me that he had recognized me. "Ah, my lord," said he, "you are the last man in the world that ought to spake slighting of the hoss. The fact is, my lord," bending his head down towards me, and dropping his voice to the level of a whisper, "the poor cratur has never been quite himself since your lordship left Ireland."'

Sir Robert, after a hearty laugh, said, 'Well, now I will give you an instance of wit in the higher orders of that remarkable people. When the old Duke of Richmond was Lord-Lieutenant, and I was his Chief Secretary, the Mayor of Dublin, a wine merchant, better known by the familiar appellation of "Claret Sneyd," invited his Grace, Lord Chief Justice Bushe, myself, and other rather conspicuous public functionaries to a banquet. When the cloth was removed, and the wine had circulated very freely, six servants entered the room and placed on the table twelve bottles of undecantered claret—the original corks drawn and silver-topped ones substituted in their place. "Now," said the mayor, "I beg to tell your Grace and the other gentlemen who honour me with their company, that those are the last bottles in my cellar of the finest claret vintage ever

known; and I hope not a soul will think of rising till all are emptied." You should be told that, during and after the dinner, the Duke had been making merry at the expense of Chief Justice Bushe;* twitting him with his inconsistency as a Protestant, in having supported Canning and his party in their efforts to obtain the repeal of the Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill. His Grace's good-humoured banter was borne with philosophic equanimity by its subject.

'It so fell out, that the first person in the party to succumb to the juice of the grape was the worthy mayor himself, who fell prostrate below the table. The Duke, who could carry a great quantity of wine himself without being affected by it, and was physically a very powerful man, leaned over his chair, caught hold of the collar of the mayor's coat, and, with a little help from me, hoisted him up, and planted him upright again in his armchair. Bushe, on witnessing this exhibition of strength, thus retorted on the Duke: "Your Grace has amused yourself this evening by reflecting on the soundness of my Protestantism, but this I can say, in defence of my principles—I never assisted, as you have done, at the elevation of the Host."'

1863. November 8. When Tennyson entered the Oxford Theatre to receive his honorary degree of D.C.L., his locks hanging in admired disorder on his shoulders, dishevelled and unkempt, a voice from the gallery was heard crying out to him, 'Did your mother call you early, dear?'

1864. February. The following ghost story was originally told me by the Honourable Captain J. V——. Details have since been supplied me from other sources. The phraseology my informant is not responsible for. It is my own. Authentication of the facts I have received from three or four sources.

When the great Napoleon was taken prisoner to St. Helena, he landed at James Town. It was on the evening of October 17, 1815. The first night he passed at the house of Mr. Porteous; the next at a place called 'The Briars,' a country house, about a mile and a half from James Town, the property of a Mr. Balcombe, of the firm of Balcombe, Cole, and Co. This gentleman, who afterwards was appointed purveyor to the establishment at Longwood, when Napoleon took up his final residence there, seems to have been a favourite of the Emperor's. Indeed,

* In my first edition I described Chief Justice Bushe as a Roman Catholic. I find I was in error. The slight discrepancy between the present version and the former has been pointed out to me by my original informant, and been rectified.

Forsyth, in his work entitled *Napoleon at St. Helena*, describes the great man, during the two months he was at 'The Briars,' as being on the most familiar terms with the whole family, even condescending to play at romps with the junior members.

On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon the First died. Mrs. Balcombe, a very handsome lady, died also; and one of her daughters married a gentleman of the name of Abell. Not long after—how long I know not—Mr. Balcombe, accompanied by his unmarried daughter and his two sons, emigrated to New South Wales, and purchased a sheep-farm a few miles from Sydney.

One of their nearest neighbours was a Mr. Green, a bachelor. He had a manservant of the name of Haggart, who had been a convict in Botany Bay; but who had completed his time of punishment, and had redeemed his character with his master by several years' tried fidelity and integrity.

The elder of the two Mr. Balcombes rode over one day to call on Mr. Green. On asking for him at his door, he was told by Haggart that he had only that very morning started for England. In utter amazement Mr. Balcombe asked, 'What on earth could have occasioned his leaving so very hastily?' Haggart professed entire ignorance of the cause; but told him that he had received letters from England the day before, which seemed to disturb him greatly; and he presumed that the intelligence conveyed in them must have caused his precipitate departure.

Mr. Balcombe rode away from his friend's door, chagrined at his want of good-feeling in neither sending him intimation of his purpose nor offering to carry any message or parcel for him to his correspondents, and rather disconcerted by the embarrassed looks and reluctant answers given by the servant to his questions. He returned home, and broke the intelligence to his father, brother, and sister, who, though they evinced infinite surprise, did not hesitate to express their suspicions that all was not quite right. The younger brother, having to go into Sydney on business, expressed his intention of going to the water's side, and making rigid inquiry of the shipping agents as to the departure of Mr. Green. He returned in the evening none the wiser for his self-imposed mission. In consequence of long prevalent storms, hardly a berth had been secured till about the 11th inst., the day advertised for the departure of the vessel in which Haggart said his master had sailed; when, in consequence of a favourable change in the weather, there was a rush for accom-

modation made by people who had not previously given in their names. It was, therefore, quite possible that Green had been among the number.

For two or three weeks the Balcombes remained in considerable suspense about their friend. Diligent enquiries were made of every ship that entered the harbour, whether any letter had been sent explanatory of the cause of his sudden journey. Not a word had been received by anybody.

A few days after, the elder brother went into Sydney to keep an engagement with a friend, and was induced to stay and dine with him, and to remain to a later hour than usual. Balcombe's family was in the habit of retiring early to rest. The father and brother, therefore, went to their beds, but the sister sat up to let her brother in. He was so late in returning that she had begun to feel uneasy about him; and, as the night was bright and clear, she put on her cloak and bonnet, intending to sally forth a few yards, the quicker to catch the sound of his horse's footsteps, when, as she opened the front door, he brushed past her, asking her impatiently, 'Why she was sitting up?' 'Because I was nervous about you,' she replied; 'I never knew you out so late before.' Laughing at her for her timidity, he hung up his hat and coat in the passage, and begged her to go to bed at once. Instead of doing so, she deliberately resumed her seat by the lamp, and insisted on knowing what had occurred to render his cheeks so pale, and to give such a scared expression to his countenance. 'I know your face too well to be deceived by your assumption of indifference. You have been greatly disturbed by something; and you won't succeed in allaying my uneasiness by evasion and reserve.' He submitted to her questioning with so bad a grace, that he was forced, at last, in spite of himself, to admit that something unusual had occurred, and to promise that, if she would but restrain her curiosity until the same hour the following night, he would then tell her what had upset him. In the faith of that assurance she withdrew to her bedchamber without further parley. When the family were gathered round the breakfast-table next morning, the elder brother said to the younger, 'Our friend —— wants you and me to dine with him to-day. I shall go, and I hope that you will. And if he does, my dear sister, and we should be out as late as I was last night, I hope that you will not be again unnecessarily alarmed, seeing that there are two of us, each well able to protect himself, and that the moon renders the night, at present, as light as the day.'

She promised they should have no cause to complain of a repetition of such weakness on her part. The day passed on: the brothers went to their dinner party; the father went to his bed at his usual hour; the sister remained up, curious, but no longer anxious—endeavouring to kill the intervening time, and divert her thoughts until her brothers' return. About eleven o'clock a hurried ring at the bell announced their arrival. On opening the door, the two brothers entered the room together, both betraying the same agitation, evidently produced by the same cause. As they both sat down, the elder brother proceeded to fulfil his promise of the previous night in these startling words:—

'Last night, as I was riding home alone at a brisk trot, I was nearly thrown over my horse's head by his stopping dead short in the middle of the road. He broke out into a profuse sweat; his mane became erect, his nostrils snorted, his flanks heaved and palpitated with terror. On recovering my balance, my first impression was that he had seen a snake, to which all horses have an innate antipathy. I patted him caressingly on the right side of his shoulder to give him confidence, and leaned over, at the same moment, to see if there were any signs of a reptile on the ground. Observing nothing, I raised my head from my saddle-bow, and then beheld a sight which so shook my very being to its centre, that, under a sense of awe which almost froze my blood, I dug my spurs into my horse's sides, and galloped from the spot like one distraught. As my heart began to resume its ordinary pulsations, I resorted to the usual expedients of whistling and singing aloud to drown reflection, and in the hope of bracing up my unstrung nerves. At first, I thought my brain had been over-stimulated with wine; then, that I had eaten something which had disturbed my digestion. Yet, the more disposed I was to ascribe the shock I had sustained to physical causes, the more firmly persuaded I became, that it was attributable to supernatural ones. When I saw you last night, I had not courage to conjure up again before my imagination the hideous phantom I had partially succeeded in laying, by talking more about it. Nor was I willing to expose myself to the ridicule I knew I should incur if I did so. I was, therefore, delighted to think I should have the company of my brother to-night, in travelling the same road. I made up my mind not to forewarn him of what might happen, for fear it might bias his impressions. I thought if, perchance, he should see what I had seen, and experience the same eerie

sensations I had felt, I should be fortified in my belief that it was no mental hallucination under which I had laboured, but the finger of The Most High, pointing out to us the only means of discovering an atrocious crime. Well, then, what I saw last night I have again seen to-night; and, what is of more importance, your brother —— has seen it too. All our experiences have been identical. There has been no variation whatever between the phenomena of the two nights. In giving you my testimony of last night, I give you our brother's also, as well as my own, repeated, of to-night.

'Know then, that, when my horse exhibited the alarm I have described to you, I turned my head in the direction from whence the poor brute kept cringing away, in spite alike of spur and pat, and saw, to my ineffable horror, seated on the rail which fences off certain fields from the high road, the ghastly figure of Green in his night gear, with his throat cut, and, with a woful expression of appeal, pointing to a spot in the field behind him. When our brother's horse, to-night, caught sight of this hideous object, he uttered a neigh of almost human agony, and darted off, as if possessed, and never stopped till he reached his stable-door.

'Now, I know not what you may think of all this. But we two, at all events, have determined on our course of action. We consider we have received a specific "call" to leave no stone unturned to discover the perpetrator of this heinous murder.'

Accordingly, on the morrow, in prosecution of their purpose, they jumped into their dog-cart, and drove to a hut inhabited by Boshmen, a sort of human bloodhound, singularly gifted with the faculty of smell. They engaged the services of one, and took him with them. They gave him no clue to the object of their search. But, when within some two hundred yards of the haunted spot, they dropped him out of the carriage, and told him to inform them if he noticed anything particular in their neighbourhood. He started off at a jog trot; but, as he drew near to the railings on which Green's ghost had been seen, he quickened his pace, smelt at the posts and rails, and, turning round, cried out with evident satisfaction, 'Ah! ah! Man! man! man!' Then, vaulting over the railings into the adjoining field, he made his way to the very locality which had been mysteriously indicated by the finger of the apparition. He plunged, feet foremost, into a circular sheep-pond of considerable circumference, but no great depth, stooped down, and passed his hand lightly over the sur-

face of the water, like one skimming cream from a milk-bowl. Then, applying it to his lips, he cried out, his eyes gleaming with animal excitement the while, 'Fat of man! Fat of man!' He then thrust his spear into some object beneath the water, and wriggled, and struggled, as if tugging at some inanimate object too heavy for him to lift. Finding he could not raise it with his spear, he stooped down, and presently brought up from the bottom, in his arms, the decomposed body of the missing Green in his night-dress—his throat cut from ear to ear. The brothers helped him to lift the body into the dog-cart, then drove to Green's house; and, as soon as Haggart made his appearance, laid hands on him, showed him the mutilated body of his late master, and directly charged him with the murder. Taken thus unawares, he made no attempt to defend himself, but obstinately held his tongue. He was tried, condemned, and hanged: primarily, through the instrumentality of the apparition; secondarily, through the circumstantial evidence produced against him.

Not long after I had heard this story, the truth of the main facts of which has been corroborated by two friends of my own, who were in Sydney at the time when Haggart was executed, I met at lunch, at the table of a most valued friend, the late Frederick North, M.P. for Hastings, a gentleman who told this very story in my presence. I said to him, 'I have heard and repeated that story myself. But you speak as if you had known of the facts personally.' 'And so I did,' was the reply. 'I was the chief and oldest magistrate at Sidney, before whom the depositions against the culprit were taken.' This gentleman I found to be Mr. M'Arthur, the oldest and one of the most respected settlers in New South Wales.

Since committing this story to paper, I have been told it has already been published; but from no one can I learn by whom, or wherein it is to be found; and therefore venture still to send it to press. The late Admiral Meynell told me that he knew the Balcombe family well; and, indeed, had known them since June 18, 1815, when, as flag-captain to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, he was presented to Napoleon.

I know two gentlemen who, though they were not present at the trial, remember hearing of it, shortly after it took place, when in Sydney; and the testimony of such a man as Mr. M'Arthur is reputed to be, I should think, would dispose any unprejudiced mind to believe the material facts.*

* Mr. Tom Taylor assures me that John Lang, an Australian and a ward of Wantworth, a leader of the Australian bar at the time of the

1864. April 30. Being often surprised, before the schoolmaster was abroad, at the want of intelligence displayed by the peasantry in our rural districts, whose mental powers had been allowed to run to seed, I used sometimes to try how far, by clear description, I could make them comprehend the purport of a map, or even of a simple drawing, and never was able to succeed with any.

I remember showing a manservant of mine, who was well acquainted with old Jeffries, the sketch I made of him (vide page 284), and asking him if he recognized it. After studying it for some time attentively, he said he 'supposed it was meant for Mrs. Young, or one of the young gentlemen.'

I have known country lads and lasses, at a theatre, laugh and applaud with apparent discrimination, who, on being asked about the subject-matter of the play, have shown, by their answers, that they had been merely infected by the examples of those around them, and really had not understood a word they had either seen or heard.

Last week I had my house full to repletion, it being the week of the Shakspeare Tercentenary at Stratford-on-Avon. When my visitors had left me, as some return to my servants for their zeal and attention, I sent them in, one night, and treated them to the theatre—a place they had none of them ever been in before. The play was *Othello*.

The next day I asked my butler, one of the most respectable and trustworthy of men, but staid and demure withal, how he had liked what he had seen. And all I could elicit from him, and this in the most cautious and deliberate manner, was the following tribute to the merit of the actors. 'Well—Sir—thank you, Sir, for the treat. The performers——performed——the performance——which they had to perform——excellent well ——'specially the female performers——in the performance!'

I then went to the stables and asked my coachman, an honest, simple creature, but not over-burdened with imagination, how he had been impressed with what he had seen. Grinning from ear to ear with pleasurable reminiscences, he replied, with infinitely more alacrity than his predecessor—''Twas raally beautiful, Sir. I like it onaccountable!'

murder, and one of the counsel engaged in the case, was with him at Trinity College, Cambridge, and often told him the story as he heard it from Wantworth's own lips. Sir Walter Scott discovered in the criminal records of Scotland the account of a trial for murder, in which information received from a disembodied spirit was admitted as evidence.—*Vide* 'Chambers' Journal' for 1846, No. 132.

The cheerful face clouded over as I asked him what it was about.

'I don't ezactly know, Sir!'

'Do you mean to say that you saw the play of *Othello*, and can't tell me what it was about?'

'Well, Sir, if you'll belave me, I don't rightly know the maaning on't; but it was very pretty—that it were!' (Then, after a moment's reflection, as if he had recalled the thread of the tragic tale)—'Oh! I know, Sir, now; I know. *It ran upon sweethearting!* Aye that it did. And there was two gennelmen, one was in white, and the other was in black; and, what was more, both o' these gents was sweet on the same gal.'

This reminds me that, when I was living at Lyncham, in Wiltshire, I sent a favourite old gardener of mine and his wife to the theatre at Bristol, whose answers to my questions were much of the same character as those I have just mentioned.

'Well, Robert, what did you see last night?'

(No answer, but a look of bewilderment and annoyance at the question). 'Well, Sir' (after a pause), 'I see what you sent me to see.'

'And what was that?'

'Why the play, in course!'

'Was it a tragedy or a comedy?'

'I don't know what you mane. I can't say no more than I have said, nor no fairer! All I know is, there was a precious lot on 'em on the theayter stage; and there they was, *in and out, and out and in again!*'

Somewhat discomfited by such a meagre account, I turned to his wife, and asked *her* if she had seen more than one piece.

'Ah dear! yes, Sir; we had the pantrynine (pantomime); and what I liked best in it was, where the fool-fellar stooped down and grinned at we through his legs!'

1865. I have had a document given me which I value greatly. Perhaps there is no feature in the Duke of Wellington's epic character on which his enemies have been more prone to put their finger, as a blemish, than his apparent indifference to the fate of Ney. His non-interference has been animadverted on as almost a crime. The following paper, never before published, as I believe, will, I think, fully explain his reasons for having maintained in the matter a rigid neutrality.

The Duke of Wellington, in a *tête-à-tête* conversation with the late Lord Alvanley, at Walmer Castle, spoke to him as follows, with regard to his not having interfered to save Marshal Ney's life.

'I daresay you have often heard me blamed for not having asked Louis XVIII. to spare Ney's life. Now I will tell *you* what happened, and leave you to judge whether I could have done anything at such a time. I must first say that, in my opinion, Ney had no ground whatever for complaint; and, in strict justice, deserved his fate. Whether it was wise or generous to put him to death is quite another question. He was not included in the Convention of Paris; and I knew that he ran a great risk by remaining there. He knew, at the same time, that he could get a false passport, and that his escape would be connived at; but he chose to stay and take his chance.

'A little while before he was shot, I went one evening to the Tuileries, and, on advancing to the King, I was surprised by his turning me a cold shoulder. As I am not given to take offence, I thought I was, perhaps, mistaken; so I walked up to him again, and again he threw me the cold shoulder. Upon this I immediately left the palace, feeling very angry, and saying to myself, "I'll be hanged if I come here again to be insulted by the King, or any other man;" for there were others, members of his government, who were unusually cold and distant to me that evening. I kept to my resolution; and, considering myself and my sovereign, in my person, insulted, I did not, for a good while, go near the King or any of the government. *It was during this estrangement that Ney was executed.* Now, I ask you whether, under such circumstances, I *could* have interfered? Ney's treason was undeniable; and therefore there was nothing, on the score of justice, to be urged in his behalf. If there had been, I might have demanded his life. But, as it was, I could only have asked it as a personal favour to myself; and, when I had just been insulted in this manner, and was not on terms with the King, how could I think of asking favours of him?

'My belief is, that they had offended me on purpose to drive me away, that I might not interfere to prevent Ney's death; for not long after it was accomplished, the King sent the Comte d'Artois to me to express great regret at my long absence, hoping that I was not dissatisfied, and had not been offended in any way. I said, "Monseigneur, j'ai l'honneur d'avoir la confiance de plusieurs Empereurs et Rois de l'Europe. J'ai commandé l'armée qui a remis votre frère sur le trône. Je l'ai commandé actuellement: mais, plus que ça, Monseigneur, je suis gentilhomme Anglais, et personne ne m'insultera impunément." Upon this, the Comte seized both my hands, burst into tears, and assured me, with all sorts of protestations, that his brother felt the greatest gratitude to me, and could not possibly mean to

insult me, &c.,—all of which I received very coldly. He then entreated me to return to the palace, which, at last, I consented to do.'

As I am writing about the Duke, I may as well insert, in this place, what I was told at the Earl of Suffolk's, many years ago, by the Hon. W. B——, the present Earl B——. The Duke was, one day, hunting with the late Tom Assheton Smith, when the hounds, on reaching the banks of a small river, lost their fox. Smith, always on his metal when the Duke was out with him, and mortified at the prospect of having found him indifferent sport, rode up to him and said, apologetically, 'I'm afraid, your Grace, our fun is over. The dogs can't pick up the scent.' 'Ten to one,' said the Duke, 'the fox has crossed to the other side.' 'Not very likely, my Lord,' was the rejoinder, 'a fox hates the water.' 'Aye, aye,' once more urged the Duke, 'but he may have crossed over by some bridge or other.' 'I don't believe there is such a thing,' replied the master of the hounds. 'Well, pursued the Duke, 'unless you know to the contrary, though I never was here before, I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile or two.' Smith, anxious to fall in with his Grace's wishes, though devoid of faith in his prediction, pushed on; and, sure enough, about three quarters of a mile off, he came upon a rudely-constructed bridge of timber. The dogs had no sooner crossed it, than they took up the scent again, ran the fox in the open, and killed in the open.

The noble lord who told me this anecdote in illustration of Wellington's intuitive sagacity, asked him, in riding home with him, how, if he were not familiar with that part of the country, he came to guess there was a bridge in the neighbourhood. 'Why,' was the answer, 'I saw three or four cottages clustered together on each bank of the river, though at considerable distance from each other; and I considered that the social principle common to men would be sure to tempt those who lived in them to contrive some means or other for convenient communication with each other. That same speculation of mine won me one of my Indian battles.'

1865. November 2. Henry Merrewether, Q.C., now perhaps the wittiest man of the day, found himself entering the same railway-carriage with Lord Westbury when he was Lord Chancellor. 'Why, Merrewether, what a size you have grown! You are as fat as a porpoise! I'm almost ashamed to be seen with you.' 'I don't know why you should, my Lord. Nothing is more natural than for the porpoise to be in company with *the Great Seal!*'

CHAPTER XVIII.

1866. NOVEMBER 15. At Castle Hill, on a visit to Lord and Lady Fortescue. A party in the house. A charming place, and most cultivated people. Mr. Lee, the artist, was there. He gave me a very interesting account of a fortnight's stay at Caprera with Garibaldi. He told me, also, a delicious story of Constable, the artist. On one of the days previous to the opening of the Royal Academy, when Royal Academicians have the privilege of touching up their pictures, Constable went to look at what Stanfield was doing. He praised the picture on which he happened to be engaged, and took particular notice of the sky as boldly and originally treated. Shortly after, he went up to Reinagle and asked him what he thought of Stanfield's picture.

'I have not seen it,' said Reinagle.

'Then go and see it, I beg of you,' continued Constable. 'You never saw such a thing. Pray take notice of the sky. It is just like putty.'

Presently Reinagle walks up in front of Stanfield's picture, and, as he looks at it, quite taken by surprise, exclaims aloud, 'Why! *I* like the sky.'

'What do you mean,' asks Stanfield, 'by expressing yourself in that tone? Why should you not like the sky?'

'Oh! I was off my guard when I spoke in that way,' replied Reinagle; 'but the fact is, that I was told it was like putty.'

'Who told you so?' said the wounded painter.

'Constable,' was the answer.

Stanfield, stung to the quick by hearing of this depreciatory criticism from such a quarter, goes up to the author of it, and says, 'Constable, you are a humbug! You came up to my picture just now and praised it. I never asked your opinion about it; but you said, particularly, that you *liked* the sky; and then you go off to Reinagle, and tell him that it is like putty!'

'Well,' was the reply, 'what of it? I like putty!'

1866. November 20. After a delightful visit, left Castle Hill with Lord Fortescue and Lady Susan for Haldon, Sir Laurence Palk's. The house, on first approaching it, is imposing. Its elevation is good, and it stands in a well-timbered and undulating park. There are in it some of the finest ilexes I ever saw; and when first I visited here, there were also several

fine cedars, but the rough winds of heaven visited them too roughly, and destroyed the grandest. The land around the house and in the valley is rich pasture. From the top of the hill, eight hundred feet above the sea, where you come upon fine moorland, you see Exeter, Lympstone, Topsham, Exmouth, the mouth of the Exe, Pouderham, Mamhead, Mount Ratford, and Nutwell Court. A large party in the house for pheasant shooting. By-the-bye, I find the grandfather of the present baronet, who represented the County of Devon in parliament, first returned Lord Lyndhurst, when Mr. Copley, for his borough of Ashburton.

1866. November 21. I walked with Hicks to see the sport. One hundred and seventy pheasants fell to the guns of Lord Fortescue, Sir John Duckworth, Sir Laurence Palk, Mr. Hartopp, and Lord Morley. At one moment during the *battue*, Mr. Hartopp, in firing at a hare, very nearly hit Hicks. The shot actually did rattle against his coat-tail. He supposed he was hit; and springing off from the ground a good ten or twelve inches, and clapping his hand behind him to ascertain that he was unharmed, he said, with a tremulous voice, 'I say—I say—this comes of firing with *breech*-loaders.'

1866. November 23. During dinner, yesterday, Hicks mentioned an extraordinary circumstance as having recently occurred in Exeter. He fancied that I thought he was romancing: so that, on hearing me to-day ask Lady Palk's leave to go into Exeter with her daughters, when they went in for their dancing lesson, as I had some shopping to do, he begged leave to accompany us.

After setting down the young ladies at Madame Rinaldi's dancing-room, he asked me to go with him to a well-known hosier's. Although I could not divine his motive in wishing me to go there, still, as I had plenty of time on my hands, I went. We had no sooner entered the shop, than he said to the head of the establishment, 'The story you told me the other day about your mother, I told Mr. Young and others yesterday; and he and they evidently regard my statement as apocryphal. I am anxious, therefore, that he should hear it from your own lips.'

He then assured me that, while his mother was eating her dinner, a fish-bone stuck in her gullet; and that, in her convulsive efforts to get rid of it, she became blue in the face, and appeared to be on the very verge of suffocation. Seriously alarmed, he despatched the young men of the shop in different directions, with injunctions to lose no time, but to bring back

the first medical man they met. They had no sooner started on their errand, than a stranger, passing by, looking in at the shop, and seeing an unusual commotion within, and the dangerous situation of the old lady, with great promptitude and presence of mind took the case into his own hands. He ran up to the sufferer, twitched her cap off her head, slapped her smartly on both cheeks, blew up her nostrils, took her nose afterwards between his teeth, and wrung it as if he meant to bite it off. The poor old lady, in her violent and spasmodic efforts to extricate herself from the jaws of her self-elected doctor, struggled and fought, and roared and kicked, till, in her intolerable agony, she brought up the fish-bone.

The son was about to express his grateful acknowledgments to the skilful operator, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two keepers from the Exeter Lunatic Asylum, who took him into custody and carried him off to his proper quarters, from which he had escaped. In a sudden access of mania, superinduced by no assignable cause, he had been instrumental in saving life.

Hicks said that, when first he was told the story, he could not refrain from venting his astonishment that the son could have stood calmly by, and seen a stranger treat his mother with such brutal violence. The answer was, 'You see, I knew it was a case of extremity, and was therefore prepared to expect extreme measures, and disposed to believe that, whatever remedial means were used, they must be decisive; and really the gentleman showed such energy in his way of proceeding, that I reposed blind confidence in him, satisfied in my own mind that he was a medical practitioner.'

1866. November 24. Hicks, at church at Bodmin, heard the Rev. Mr. Grylls, the rector, publish the banns of marriage between JOB WALL and MARY BEST. He wrote these lines off-hand, and sent them to the officiating clergyman:—

'Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blest,
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best then he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left alone;
For though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.'

On another similar occasion, Mr. Lot, the hatter of Bodmin, was married to a Miss Salter; when he wrote the following lines:—

'Because on her way she chose to halt,
Lot's wife, in the Scriptures, was turn'd into salt;
But, though in her course *she* ne'er did falter,
This young Lot's wife, strange to say, was Salter.'

Hicks and Thackeray, walking together, stopped opposite a doorway, over which were inscribed in gold letters these words, 'Mutual Loan Office.' They both seemed equally puzzled. 'What on earth can that mean?' asked Hicks. 'I don't know,' answered Thackeray; 'unless it mean, that two men who have nothing, agree to lend it to each other.'

Hicks was in court, at Bodmin Assizes, when a Mr. Bickle was tried for breach of promise of marriage to a Miss Salter. A certain eminent counsel who was engaged in the suit, threw across the table to Hicks these lines on a slip of paper—

'Oh! Mr. Bickle,
You 're in a pickle
For being fickle!'

Hicks threw back the paper with this answer—

''Tis true that he did falter
In going to the altar;
But he 's *not* in a *pickle*,
For he did not get *Salter*.'

My friend the late Sam Phillips, the author of 'Essays from the Times,' one day met Douglas Jerrold, and told him that he had seen, the day before, Payne Collier, looking wonderfully young and well—quite an 'evergreen.' 'Ah,' said Jerrold, 'he may be ever green, but he's never red (read).'

On my repeating this to Hicks, he smiled and said, 'Now, that's what I call "ready wit."'

Hicks went one day, in company with Mr. Robert Lowe, to look over a school. He asked one of the boys the following question:—

'Well, my boy, what have you been learning to-day?'

Answer. 'Please, Sir, to turn head-over-heels.'

Mr. Lowe, laughing heartily, Hicks asked him—'In such a case, what would you pay for results?'

Hicks was going into the City in an omnibus. Next to him sat a Frenchman, who turned round to him, and thus addressed him: 'Pardon Monsieur!—Vill you be so kind to tell me —— how mosh? (meaning how much he had to pay.) 'Six-pence,' was the answer. 'I tank. I t'ought so.'

Hicks observed that he instantly inserted his forefinger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, and produced from it what he

supposed to be sixpence, but which was really only a threepenny-bit. The Frenchman had been told at his hotel that sixpence was the smallest silver coin (the four-penny and threepenny-bits having been forgotten by his informant); so that, on descending the steps of the 'bus at the Bank, and offering the conductor his threepenny-bit, the man—unusually civil for one of his order—touched his hat and said, 'No, Sir; beg your parding—this won't do.'

'Oh yes, my friend, 'twill do ver well.'

'No, Sir; the fare is sixpence.'

'Yes, I know zet ver well. I give you sixpence. I am not so fool than I look.'

The Frenchman, confident that the man wanted to impose on him, tried to get away. And, for a minute or two, the passengers were amused by watching the civil remonstrances of the conductor and the irritable gesticulations of the passenger; till at last the patience of the outsides became exhausted, and they insisted on going on without the conductor if he were resolved to continue his altercation. The poor fellow, worn out by the obstinacy of the Frenchman, dragged him back to the door of the 'bus by the lapel of his coat, took off his hat, and looking into the interior, respectfully appealed to the passengers in these coarse but characteristic words—

'Will some lady or gentleman be kind enough to tell me what is French for "b——y fool"?'

At the Derby, once, Hicks, who was short and very fat, was wedged in tightly in the heart of a crowd watching the running. He felt that he was standing very uncomfortably, and thought his heels were on some lump of earth or grass, which caused him to tip forward. At last, a little Frenchman behind him, who must have been the very quintessence of politeness, whispered, in a voice of mingled deference, expostulation, and torture, 'Mille pardons, Monsieur, mais—I cannot stand longer with your feet.' Hicks found that he, with his enormous weight of seventeen stone, had been standing on the little man's toes.

Hicks told me that the children of the National Infant School at (I think) Swansea, are taught very much by sign: the hand of the teacher sloped, signifying 'oblique;' the hand held flat, 'horizontal;' the hand upright, 'perpendicular.' One of the Welsh bishops was preaching one day in behalf of the school, when observing several children whispering together, he held his hand upright in a warning manner; meaning thereby

to impose silence, on which almost the whole school, in the midst of his sermon, halloed out, 'Perpendicular!'

A gentleman of very great talent, but of rather extravagant habits, was going to a dance; and knowing Hicks to have a very handsome pin, which had been presented to him, he asked him if he would lend it him. 'What for?' said Hicks. 'Oh, if you must know, I want to take it to the ball.' 'Pooh, pooh! Don't tell me. You want to take it to the three balls,' was the answer.

Hicks was talking to Thackeray of a certain gentleman's strange addiction to beer. 'It's a great pity,' said Hicks, 'that he does not keep a check rein on himself, for he is a marvellous fellow, otherwise—I mean for talent. I hardly know his equal.' 'No,' retorted Thackeray, 'he is a remarkable man. Take him for half-and-half we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

Note. 1870. September. At this date poor Hicks, the Yorick of the West, has ceased to be. 'He was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be his jibes now? his gambols? his songs? his flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? It will be long ere one will arise fit to tread in his shoes. In wit he was inferior to Theodore Hook; in humour he could not compare with Sydney Smith: but in the union of both qualities, and in geniality of disposition, he was second to neither. As a *raconteur* he was unapproachable. In the perception of character and in its embodiment, and in his mastery of the Cornish and Devonshire dialects, he was unrivalled. I have heard more than one tell his stories after him, but none ever tell them like him. *The Jury*, *The Coach Wheel*, *The Rheumatic Old Woman* who was ordered to take exercise, and could only take it round her own armchair, *Will Rabley*, *The Two Deacons*, and *The Bed at Saltram*, *The Blind Man, his Wife, and his Dog Lion*, *The Dead March in Saul* with base accompaniments, were perfect gems deep set in humour. His face was a comedy; his figure 'a figure of fun;' and, though his features were plain, his whole physiognomy was so charged with waggery and benevolence, that all who valued those gifts were irresistibly drawn to him. Keenly alive as he was to the ludicrous in others, he was by no means insensible to the vulnerable points in himself. For instance, before taking the chair as chief magistrate at a great dinner at Bodmin, being pompously announced by some subordinate functionary as 'The Mayor;' in the same tone as his herald, and clapping his hands to his fat sides, he added, 'and

Corporation.' Those, however, who only knew Hicks as a droll of the first magnitude had a very inadequate conception of his merits. As a magistrate, and as the head of the establishment over which he presided, his great ability was abundantly recognized by the prominent families of his county; and on some of the nicest and most intricate questions in political economy—on such subjects as the rating of the poor, capital, rent, wages, taxation, demand, and supply—he was quite an authority.

1866. November 24. Lady Palk drove me into Exeter to the station. Left for Hagley, Lord Lyttelton's. A party in the house, and a *recherché* one.

1866. November 27. Left Hagley for Stratton Street, on a visit to Miss Coutts. On arriving there, found Miss Coutts' carriage waiting to take me on to Holly Lodge, where she and Mrs. Brown were staying quite alone.

1866. November 30. Accompanied Miss Coutts to Whitelands to see her distribute the prizes to the children. Canon Tinling and Mr. Baber both spoke very feelingly; but the speech, *par excellence*, was Miss Coutts'. Her address was admirable for its tone, for its sterling good sense, for the practical familiarity with the subject of education it displayed, for the sympathy with the young it evinced, for the felicity of its phraseology, and for the self-possession and suavity of her deportment.

1866. December 1. Mr. Arthur Helps, Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, Dr. Travers Twiss, and Mr. John Abel Smith at lunch. I was very glad to make acquaintance with Mr. Helps. I walked with him down to the Privy Council Office, and had much agreeable chat with him.

1866. December 3. The day of the great and greatly-dreaded Reform demonstration. We were, with Miss Coutts and three or four of her intimate friends, at the bay window of the great downstair drawing-room, looking up Piccadilly for the first approach of the monster gathering. The *trottoirs* were densely crowded with spectators who stood for hours patiently awaiting its advent. The middle of the street was kept clear by mounted police, so as to secure an uninterrupted thoroughfare for the procession. The sides of the road were reserved for equestrians and vehicles of all kinds. It had been given out by the leaders of the Reform movement that there would not be less than 100,000 men, who would march to Lord Ranelagh's. Those actually present were a fourth of that number. Still, 25,000 men is a very formidable body. Mr. J. Abel Smith timed them

as they marched by; and, though they stepped smartly and quickly, they were between two hours and a half and three hours before they passed out of sight. They walked with arms linked together, six or eight abreast, and in columns. As they came opposite Stratton Street, though Miss Coutts stood more out of sight than any of us, they caught a glimpse of her well-known face; and in one instant a shout was raised, not only by the members of the procession but by all the bystanders, 'Three cheers for Miss Coutts!' which was taken up again and again as each rank filed by, and never intermitted till all the crowds had dispersed. I never witnessed anything like the popular enthusiasm. Every hat was raised, every arm was unlinked, every eye was directed to her, every face gleamed and glistened with pleasure, as, with unaffected simplicity and a gentle movement of her head, she returned the universal greetings. For upwards of two hours and a half the air rang with reiterated huzzahs—huzzahs unanimous and heartfelt, and as if representing a national sentiment. It was very remarkable to think that such a tribute should have been paid to a subject, and that subject an untitled gentlewoman. It is not often that it has fallen to the lot of a philanthropist to be so rewarded by contemporary approbation. Here were we eye-witnesses of the spontaneous homage of respect, admiration, and gratitude, which welled out impulsively from the hearts of the classes whom it has been the study of her life to elevate and benefit. Not that the demonstration of attachment was limited to the artisan or labouring classes; for gentlemen who had secured seats on the outside of omnibusses or inside cabs, that they might see the sight without personal inconvenience, readily caught the epidemic, and were as vociferous in their plaudits as the multitude. I am sure that if any foreigner had been standing at that well-known bay window, and had been asked what he supposed to be the cause of so much hubbub, he would have replied, 'Oh! I see plainly what it means. It is the people's ovation in honour of the great philanthropist Miss Coutts.' It was more than pleasing to see her meekness under her blushing honours and her extraordinary self-control. The only dry eye in the circle of her friends around her was her own.

We heard afterwards that many of those who had joined the procession at starting, tailed off through the Parks, and never went as far as Lord Ranelagh's. But, at eight o'clock, p.m., while we were at dinner, we heard detachments returning from the meeting, and, when opposite the house, calling for Miss Coutts, and huzzaing as vociferously as in the morning.

1867. July 13. On a visit at East Horsley Towers, the seat of the Earl of Lovelace. In many respects it is a very curious and interesting place. Mr. and Mrs. Granville Somerset, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. T. Acland, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr, are staying in the house. In the library I saw John Lock's original manuscripts. Lord Lovelace told me a curious circumstance. One day, when a boy of five years of age, he was sitting in the room with his mother, Lady King, when Lord Onslow, who was paying her a morning visit, mentioned, in the course of conversation, that he had often dined at his father's house in company with one of the sentinels who had been on guard and present on the scaffold at the execution of Charles the First. The man's name was Augustin. He died in the year 1740, at the age of 110. Lady King was so struck by what she heard, that she made her boy instantly write it down; and, when he had done so, she pasted it into Hume's History of England. Lady Lovelace, to whom I afterwards wrote for a written confirmation, was kind enough to copy it for me. She tells me it still stands in their volume of Hume which describes Charles the First's last moments, and that it is written in the large straggling hand of a child.

What would Sir George Cornewall Lewis have said to this, had he been alive?

1867. July 22. On my return from a visit at Elcot House, to the two sisters of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley, dined and spent a night at Aldermaston Court, with Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr. Her drawings and paintings are wonderful. At dinner there I met the Rev. James Gerald Joyce, Rector of Strathfieldsaye, who said he perfectly recollected, as a boy of fifteen, to have talked with one Ann Green, 113 years of age, who, among other of her recollections, asserted that she could well remember her own mother telling her that, when she was a child, she saw Oliver Cromwell's soldiers enter their house, go into the kitchen, and walk off with 'the griddled bread from the hearth.' What, once more, would Sir George Cornewall Lewis have said to this, had he heard it? If he had alleged that these instances were only idle traditions unattested, one might still have retorted that, in each of the cases cited, unless the parties told deliberate lies, they could not have witnessed what they asserted they did, unless as old as they represented themselves to be.

Sir George, who no doubt was a learned and a conscientious investigator of facts, used to assert that, for many centuries,

there had not been any instance of a human being living to a hundred years. With all deference to such authority, I am quite sure that, with a very little trouble, many instances of well-authenticated centenarians might be brought forward. There lies before me a certificate from the Register of Burials in the parish of Staple Fitzpaine, county Somerset, to this effect :—

'Grace Bale was buried the 23rd of June, 1834, aged 101 years.

'F. B. PORTMAN, Rector.'

Again, there lies before me a letter from Lady Lambe, the widow of the late Sir Charles Lambe, of Beauport, telling me that my charming old friend, the late Mrs. Constable, of Cowfold, died in her 103rd year. The baptismal register in this case has been carefully examined.

Dr. Hugh Totty, the late Rector of Fairlight and Etchingham—a man I knew well—died also in his 103rd year. Here, again, his baptismal register was searched.

Once more, it appears from the baptismal registry of the parish of Down St. Mary that, on January 14, 1767, was baptized—

'Christian, daughter of George and Jane Gregory.

'W. T. A. RADFORD,
'Curate of Down St. Mary.'

'The above is a true copy from the paper given to Christian Gregory by Mr. Radford.

'EDWARD WOLVER,
'Rector of Zeal Monachorum.'

Miss Coutts, who gave me the above, says the dame in question was to keep her 101st birthday on the Tuesday following the day on which she gave me the copy of her registry.

Again, Agnes Baillie, Joanna's sister, lived to be 102, and Macklin made his last appearance in Shylock when in his 100th year.

An old lady, 101 years of age, I have been told by Mrs. M. S., received a visit one day from the celebrated Lord Montboddo, who was engaged at the time in writing a treatise on Longevity. The following dialogue took place between them.

Lord M. 'I presume, Madam, you've been in the habit of frequent ablutions, and often bathe."

Old Lady. 'Na! Na! I'm no fond o' floutering in cold water.'

Lord M. 'Then, Madam, you've anointed your body with oil.'

Old Lady. 'Na! Na! Fie, ye nasty creetur.'

Lord M. 'Then ye've always taken exercise very regularly.'

Old Lady. 'Ou! I gang to the kirk on Sabbath, and whiles to the market, but I'm no fond o' walking.'

Lord M. 'I presume you are rigidly temperate—even abstemious.'

Old Lady. 'Na! Na! I tak my toddy at dinner, and a wee drappie at bed-time.'

The noble Lord, finding all his preconceived theories set at naught, rose and said:—

'Madam, had you done all I've given you credit for, you'd have been immortal.'

NOTE. 1870. December. There is now alive in Brighton a man in his 105th year. I forget his name; but all the print-shops have his photograph in their windows.

1867. July 26. At Miss Coutts', at Holly Lodge, to witness the entertainment given by her to the Belgians. A noble thought, and nobly executed!

1867. September 9. At Sir Laurence Palk's, at Haldon, on the coming of age of his eldest son. The house crammed 'from garret to basement' with guests. I was told to-day that a German of great name, who shall be nameless, when first he came to this country did not speak our language very well, though afterwards he spoke it like a native. He described a slight accident which happened to him in these words, 'I mount upon de horse; he gallop avay ver well. We arrive at, what you call?—oh! a fence. De horse go up, and den, and den,—I do not remain.'

1868. January 5. Every one knows the old story of the curate who had his Sunday dinner invariably with his rector, and who, never having had anything but rabbits served up in different ways, was asked to say grace, and delivered himself of these lines—

'For rabbits hot, for rabbits cold,
For rabbits young, for rabbits old,
For rabbits tender, for rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord we've had enough.'

A very amusing person whom I used to know, but have not seen for years, rendered them into Latin, thus—

ITEM LATINE REDDITUM.

'Pro conibus calidis, conibus frigidis,
Pro conibus mollibus, conibus rigidis,
Pro conibus senibus,
Atque juvenibus,

1868. May 19. The following story was told me by one who had it from the lips of a noble lord, once representing our sovereign at the capital of a great country. Subsequently I had the honour of making his lordship's acquaintance at the Dowager Countess Brownlow's, and I asked him if it were true. He assured me he had told it as it was told to him by the brother of the person who is the hero of the tale.

In the year 1783, the town of Messina, in Sicily, was visited by reiterated shocks of earthquake. The splendid crescent of houses which faced the Marina was reduced to ruins, the narrow streets were choked up with the *débris* of the fallen buildings. Strange to say, though the prebendal residences adjacent to the cathedral were levelled with the dust, the great building itself remained intact, a fact not unnaturally attributed by the people to the direct interposition of Providence.

A certain Chevalier St. Priest, residing at Venice, an eminent archæologist, had long contemplated visiting Messina for the purpose of verifying certain inscriptions, and making drawings of certain monuments in the cathedral, with which to illustrate a work on which he was engaged.

Alarmed by the frequency of these visitations, he determined, without further delay, to put his long-cherished project into execution. On arriving at Messina, his first object was to select suitable quarters for himself; his next, to see the custodian of the sanctuary, tell him the purport of his visit, and by propitiating him with a liberal gratuity, obtain permission to examine closely, and copy carefully, the various objects of his curiosity.

One day, weeks after his arrival, he became so keenly engrossed with his work, and so well satisfied with his success, as to forget the flight of time, until reminded of it by the lengthening shadows of the waning day upon his paper. The moment that he was made aware of the lateness of the hour, he closed his portfolio, and made his way to the western gate. To his dismay he found it locked. He then essayed to get out by the door either of the north or south transept, but with no better success. At last, with considerable difficulty, he clambered up to the only window within his reach, and shouted and halloed loudly, in the hope of attracting the notice of passers-by; but, owing to the dilapidated condition of the houses in the vicinity, the lateness of the hour, and the seclusion of the locality, he called in vain. Perceiving that there was no alternative but submission to his fate, he 'screwed his courage to the sticking

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place,' and made up his mind to pass the night within the consecrated walls as best he might. The slight and slender chairs with which the nave was furnished did not promise much comfort to his weary frame, nor did he anticipate more from a bed extemporized upon a marble tomb. Before long, however, his eye fell on a wooden confessional in one of the side aisles, in the central compartment of which, with the added help of a couple of cane-bottomed chairs, he flattered himself he might succeed in winning sleep.

As the gloaming gradually deepened into darkness, the aspect of the interior of the edifice became strangely weird and ghastly. However, in an hour or two the sombre clouds dispersed, and unveiled the queen of night in all her glory. Save where she shed her pale rays on shafted oriel or emblazoned scutcheon, the nave and aisles were plunged in profoundest shadow. The chancel itself was but partially illumined by the dim religious light reflected from the lamp which burned perpetually before the reserved Sacrament.

The hour, the place, the loneliness, the melancholy moaning of the wind, did not tend to diminish the awe which, in spite of his better judgment, would steal over his fevered senses as he closed his eyelids and tried to compose himself to sleep. After troubled and unrefreshing slumber, and when his powers of sufferance had been severely tested, he was startled from his spasmodic doze by the clang of the great clock striking the hour in the Campanile. With that acute sensibility to sound, which is so often the attendant of restlessness, he not only heard but felt the tongue of the bell vibrating through the vaulted roof till it had sounded its warning note eleven times. Instinctively he opened his eyes, and as he did so, to his horror, saw the figure of a monk in cowl, and beads, and dusky garb issue from the wall of the apse behind the altar, and, with tread unheard, slowly descend the steps of the dais, glide, 'now in glimmer now in gloom,' to the extremity of the west end, and then return, uttering in piteous accents this plaintive appeal to empty air—'O God! O God! is there no kind Christian here who will offer up one mass for my poor soul?'

On regaining the chancel steps, the figure remounted them, and vanished within the same spot in the wall from which it had emerged.

St. Priest, although constitutionally brave, was a person of acute sensibility and of lively imagination; so that, after what he had seen, his breath became thick and his head began to

swim as he calculated the probabilities of the phantom's re-appearance at the witching hour of midnight. He vowed within himself that, 'if it should walk again he'd speak to it, were it a spirit of health or goblin damned!' For a whole hour he lay, reckoning the minutes by his own pulse, till the iron tongue of time should strike the hour of twelve. When the last stroke had died away, the same mysterious scene was re-enacted, with one slight variation. The apparition, instead of wending its way down the nave, swept like a gust of wind by the side aisle, where the Chevalier was sitting, brushed his knees with its robe of serge, so as to chill his marrow by the contact, cause the skin of his scalp to rise, and his flesh to creep with loathing. Conquering his quivering nerves by a vigorous effort of the will, he jumped from off his seat, peered into the cowl, and staggered back appalled—*there was nothing in it but a skull!* Again, the same words as before assailed his ear—'O God! O God! is there no kind Christian here who will say one mass for my poor soul?' St. Priest, a Knight of Malta, and also a priest, shouted forth loudly, '*That* will I;' and, springing up the steps of the altar, celebrated mass for him. While so engaged the muffled figure disappeared; and from behind the wall a hollow voice was heard to say, 'O kind Christian, every night for upwards of one hundred years I have paced these aisles, uttering the same sad supplication; but never before heard voice of human sympathy in response. I know of but one way by which I can requite you for the service you have rendered me. Mark well, then, what I say. Three days before your final doom I will appear to you again, and warn you of the foe's approach. May you not die as I did—unprepared, and unanointed!'

As the voice died away in its own echo, our hero, exhausted by over-excitement, want of rest and food, swooned away upon the marble floor. 'Where he fell, there he lay,' till he was discovered in the morning by the verger, who, after procuring help, carried him safely to his lodgings.

Days elapsed ere he rallied thoroughly from the shock his nervous system had sustained. No sooner was he pronounced convalescent, than he sent for the two or three friends he had in the place, and recounted to them his singular experience. His statement was received, if not with scorn, at least with incredulity; and all that he asserted he had seen and heard was ascribed to the combined effects of inanition, and a brain unduly taxed.

Two or three years after the occurrences detailed had been

me, declaring that there was not a shop in London which could afford to sell them at his price. It was in vain I tried to repel him. He continued persistently to walk abreast of me till, at last, provoked beyond measure by his effrontery, I stopped and threatened, if he did not go, to give him into custody to the first Bow Street officer we should meet. In the civilest tone conceivable, he apologized to me, remarking, that it never entered his imagination that there could be any offence in offering a gentleman the very best gloves in the Paris market for 1*s.* 6*d.* a pair, when he knew that I must be paying 3*s.* per pair for an inferior article. 'Nonsense,' I exclaimed; 'I am not to be imposed upon. Gloves are articles which I happen to know something about. I know real kid from false. I know dog-skin from rat-skin. I know both from genuine chamois-skin. Moreover, I know French sewing from English, and English from Limerick; and I know it to be impossible that you can sell me a genuine pair of French kid gloves, such as I get from Houbigant Chardin, at the price you name, unless they are smuggled.' Turning slowly round, and looking warily about him, so as to assure himself that there was no one within ear-shot, he put up his finger to his nose, and, looking significantly at me, said, 'That's it, Sir. You've hit it. That is just what they are.'

In those days, before the introduction of free trade, the standard of public morality, at all events with regard to smuggling, was infinitely lower than it is now. Legislators and ladies of fashion did not merely wink at the clandestine introduction of contraband articles, such as lace, cambric, and kid gloves, by purchasing them of smugglers, but quite as often by smuggling themselves. As I was then in the habit of going out to balls pretty often, and of never paying less than 3*s.* a pair for my gloves, the opportunity of laying in a stock at half-price was a temptation not to be resisted. I therefore turned to the man and asked him where I should find his shop. 'Why, Sir,' he replied, 'you don't suppose, do you, that I could afford to sell my articles at the price I tell you of, if I had to pay rent and taxes for a shop? No, Sir; I keeps 'em in an 'umble lodging hard by. P'raps you would not grudge just following me there a moment.'

Perceiving that I had caught at his bait, and was no longer obstinate in refusing to look at his gloves, he preceded me without hesitation, never once turning his head to see if his dupe were following or not. The fact was, he knew he had hooked his fish, and therefore he determined 'to play him,' and give

him line, till time and place were suitable for landing him. He strode across Oxford Street, hurried down South Molton Street, and presently turned sharply to the right into a dirty, disreputable thoroughfare close to Davies' Street, and contiguous to the fashionable district of Grosvenor Street and Berkeley Square. It was swarming with revolting-looking Irish women, some with blackened eyes, others with half-clad babies hanging at their scarcely-covered breasts, and huge overgrown coal-heavers, with pipes in their mouths and blasphemy on their lips. As I threaded my way, after my leader, through this tumultuous throng, I became conscious of sundry qualms creeping over me as to the prudence and possible issue of my misplaced confidence in a stranger. Before, however, I could mature any definite plan of action, my guide had shouldered his way through a glass swing-door, protected in the upper half by stout brass lattice-work, and beckoned me to follow. Without looking to the right or to the left, he made his way straight on to the extremity of the passage, which had, on one side, a tap-room full of blustering tipplers, on the other, a low-roofed chamber crowded with such dissolute and depraved-looking specimens of humanity, that I felt, in the event of danger, I could not count on them for sympathy or protection.

My blue-coated friend held open the door at the end of the passage for me. I passed through it, and observed that from the very threshold there descended abruptly a flight of deep steps into a yard paved entirely with large flag-stones.

There was something in the appearance of this yard which puzzled me, and filled me with vague and undefinable apprehensions. It was strikingly out of harmony with the front premises through which I had come. There, everything was noisy and dirty: here, there was perfect stillness and remarkable cleanliness. In the centre of the yard there stood a wooden building about fourteen feet square, freshly painted lead colour, with window-frames without glass in them, but instead stiff immoveable wooden blinds (such as I have seen used for meat-safes) that admitted some air through the apertures, but hardly any light. They were constructed after the following pattern:—

The roof was well slated and in perfect condition. The door had a common latch, such as one sees on garden doors; but below the latch a strong lock. My man took a key from his trowser pocket, and with it turning back the bolt, released it from the staple. He then applied his thumb and forefinger to the latch, and the door flew open. The moment it did so, I saw that five deep steps led down into an interior, forbidding, chiefly, from its gloom and its absence of any article whatever, except a well-scrubbed butcher's block, supported on four stout, stumpy legs, about six inches from the ground.

As soon as the door had been opened, I was respectfully solicited 'just to step down' and wait a minute while my decoy duck went to his bedroom for his wares. I did step down, and, as I stood, in no very enviable frame of mind (for I was convinced I was trepanned), I scrutinized the place, and, on stooping down and peering underneath the block, I perceived that it concealed a large circular stone, with a heavy iron ring attached to it by the centre. The sight of this made me spring up again to the top of the steps with the agility of a harlequin. I had hardly done so, when the scoundrel returned, carrying in his arms a large pedlar's pack, the outer covering of which was oil-cloth, the inner an old Indian muslin wrapper. He took it down the steps, deposited it on the block, and once more invited me to descend, so that I might be able, he was pleased to say, to finger the things for myself and the better judge of their quality. I resolutely refused, and, in a tone of considerable anger, said, 'I came, like a fool, to see your gloves. I want to see nothing else; and I can see them as well, and better, up here in the light, than in that nasty dingy hole you want to get me into. If you don't produce your gloves at once, I shall be off.' With several shrugs of his shoulders, and a deprecatory look at me, he, at last, opened his package, which contained gaudy Bandana silk handkerchiefs, cigars, cases of eau-de-Cologne, woollen fabrics wrought about with divers colours, &c., &c. As he produced each article in succession, and vaunted forth its merits with the volubility of an auctioneer, I kept crying out to him impetuously, 'I don't want it! Where are the gloves you told me of?' 'Don't be impatient, Sir; you shall see them, all in good time, when I come to them. Now, Sir, would not you like to present your young lady with a dozen of these beautiful cambric handkerchiefs?' 'No! no! I tell you! where are the gloves?' Every instant I felt my alarm increase; and certainly it was not diminished when a tall man came down from the

house, entered the yard, and approached me with a sinister smile. There was something so significant and mischievous in his looks, that I at once dubbed him a confederate of my first acquaintance. He urged me to go down 'and look at some very pretty things.' Seeing me resolved, he insinuated his right knee in the back of my left thigh, and, with an affectation of jocular persuasion, tried to jerk me down the steps. My suspicions having been thoroughly aroused beforehand, I was on my guard. I slipped nimbly aside, and, knowing that I had him at a disadvantage, as he was standing on the very verge of the top step, I struck out at him straight from the shoulder, right and left, and heard him fall with a fearful thud to the very bottom. I did not stop to see how it sped with him; for the instant I had delivered my blows, I darted up the steps which led into the front passage, rushed by the hackney-coachmen and the ruffians I saw congregated round the tap; and, with the velocity of a hunted stag, ran for dear life into Davies' Street, followed by the blue-coated rascal who had first lured me to his den. Fancying in my flight that I could feel the hot breath of my pursuer close behind me, I was so blinded with terror, that I ran head foremost against one of the great posts which, in those days, were placed at the corners of all our streets (for what purpose, except for idle vagabonds to jump over, I never could divine). As the street was full of people, and as my agitation and fall attracted notice, I got off without further molestation. Those who asked me what had happened, as they were themselves not particularly prepossessing, I did not condescend to tell; but before going away from the neighbourhood, I could not help looking back, and, as I did so, I saw, some hundred yards off, my enemy holding up his fist and gnashing his teeth at me, with impotent malignity. Fearing that he might possibly get some of his accomplices to dodge and follow me, I jumped into a hackney-coach and drove to Bow Street, determined to consult my old friend, the celebrated Townsend, and learn from him whether anything could be done. On the road I saw an old friend, Ralph Lewin Benson, the second son of the then M.P. for Stafford, and induced him to accompany me to the office. On seeing Sir Richard Birnie, and telling him of my adventure, he rang a bell, summoned one of his chief agents, and made me repeat my tale to him. When he had heard it, he spoke to me frankly in these words:—'Young Sir! you've had a narrow escape. You've been in ugly company. *I* know your friends, both the short stocky chap and the long chap, equally well; and they're

a bad lot. I know the house too; it is a receiving-house for thieves; I often visit it, but I never *can* nab them. Several times people have been missing, who have never after turned up, yet whom we have tracked to that house; but we've never been able to bring anything, what you may call, home to them. I wonder, Sir, if you happened to notice a large iron ring under the butcher's block. That ring I have had in my hand. I pulled at it, and up came a stone lid which covered a deep well. We've the best of reasons for knowing that persons who have been lost have been plundered in that house; and when they've resisted, have been murdered, flung down that well, and allowed to lie there till they have been cut up in pieces, and gradually disposed of, sometimes in the water, sometimes in the fire.'

I asked him what he thought would have been my fate if I had not escaped their clutches. 'Can't say exactly, Sir. Had you been bragging in any company and before servants, of having money about you?' 'No; but I unintentionally displayed a well-filled purse in the sight of the man who first spoke to me in Vere Street.' 'Ah, then,' he replied, 'as you were seen to have tin about you, probably the tall 'un would have locked you into that slaughter-house, for that is what it used to be, until the short 'un had rifled you. If you had given up your money without giving them any trouble, they'd have sworn you to secresy, on condition of charging you with some atrocious offence if you 'peached. If, on the other hand, you had made a fight for it, they'd have knocked you on the head, and popped you into the well.'

It is a curious fact that, when I had advanced halfway through this account, Lord Lytton entered, and, having shaken hands all round, said to me, 'Pray go on; you were in the middle of a story when I interrupted you.' I then resumed the thread of my narrative, which had broken off at the moment when I was describing the man as displaying his wares, and pressing them on my attention. Lord Lytton, who had not heard the opening of my story, when he saw me imitating the scoundrel's manner and voice, exclaimed, 'Why, Young, that is my man!' 'What! my Lord, did you ever have anything happen to you of the same kind?' 'Certainly,' said his Lordship. 'The same thing occurred to me; and your impersonation of the man who imposed on me convinces me that it must have been the same person. Yet, on reflection, it could not have been, for my adventure occurred full forty years ago.'

Lord Lytton was not aware that, before he had entered the

room, I had told the company that my own experience dated back two-and-forty years. Lord Lytton told us, that, rather than proceed to extremities with the scoundrel, he surrendered all he had on his person at the time, some £15.

1869. March 31. I have been this day told a circumstance, the truth of which I am disposed to believe, because of the channel through which it came to me. There are few people in mid-life who can forget the sensation created throughout this country by the unexpected announcement, in the House of Lords, during the Crimean War, made by one of our ministers, of the death * of the Emperor Nicholas. Unless I am deceived, the population of St. Petersburg were as little prepared as ourselves for any such intelligence, as there had been no premonitory indications whatever of his health failing. I am assured that, after he had received the news of the battle of Inkermann, he sent for his doctor, and told him to compound for him a slow poison, assigning at the same time his reasons for wishing it in these memorable words:—'I see I have been guilty of a great mistake in having entered on this disastrous war. I am conscious of it; but I am too proud to own it, except in confidence to you and my family. I am also too proud to sue for peace; and yet I am aware peace is essential for the welfare of my country.' He then summoned his family around him, and told them of his resolution. They implored him on their knees not to put his threat into execution. The doctor who, before their entrance, had administered the poison, assured him that, if he would but permit him, it was not too late to avert the consequences of the drug by an antidote which he had ready at his hand. But the Emperor charged him on his allegiance, and as he valued his own head, to obey him. He did; and the result is matter of history.

CHAPTER XIX.

1869. May 13. Speaking of the Darwinian theory, a friend tells me that Alexandre Dumas (a man of colour) being asked by a noble puppy, in a tone of offence, 'Qui était votre père?' answered, 'Mon père était un créole; son père était un négre; son

* March 2, 1855, was, I think, the day on which the Emperor died. When he learned what had befallen his army he became fearfully dejected; he looked on Sebastopol as lost, and gave up all thought of the Chersonese as a field on which he could exercise his energies.

père était un singe. Et, apparement, ma famille commençait où la votre a fini.'

1869. May 15. My wife and I have been staying a week with Lord Lytton, where we met a most interesting party, and among them Mathew Arnold and Charles Lever. Knebworth is a place we had long felt a wish to see, and which, having seen, greatly surpasses our expectations. It is replete with classic interest, and will hereafter be associated with the name of our great novelist, poet, dramatist, orator, and statesman. It is the proper setting for such a jewel. There is a considerable number of pictures, but, with one glorious exception, a portrait of Spinola, by Velasquez, none of very conspicuous merit as works of art; and yet there is hardly one which has not a special interest of its own, from the historical or romantic incidents connected with it. The house abounds in specimens of vertu, old tapestry, Venetian glass, Italian furniture, &c., &c. There is a noble library, a long, handsome gallery, a large drawing-room, and a private study on the ground floor; a proportionate number of bedrooms, and three reception-rooms, *en suite*, on the first floor. The exterior of the house, which is only one-third of its original size, is, I should say, of the Tudor period; it is highly picturesque, being ornamented with griffins and gurgoyles and chimneys of lovely pattern, and a very fine tower, &c., &c. The gardens are beautiful; the park is a deer park with one or two very fine avenues of trees and a charming lake, on the borders of which, and standing under the shelter of grand old umbrageous Scotch firs, is a fishing-cottage, in one of the rooms of which many of those works have been composed which have given such pleasure to so many, and will give pleasure to thousands yet unborn. The grandest feature of the house is the hall, which is quite baronial. Round the cornice runs, in old English characters, the following inscription:—

'Read the Rede of this old Roof-Tree:
Here be Trust fast opinion Free,
Knightly right-hand, Christian Knee,
Worth in all, Wit in some,
Laughter open, Slander dumb;
Hearth, where rooted friendships grow
Safe as Altar, e'en to Foe,
And the sparks that upward go,
When the hearth flame dies below;
If thy sap in these may be,
Fear no Winter, old Roof-Tree.'

The banners which hang around on each side the hall are thus inscribed:—

William I.	on reverse	Turold Bulwer,	Hastings,	1066.
Richard I.	„	Gilbert de Lytton,	Askalon,	1192.
Henry V.	„	William Norreys,	Agincourt,	1415.
Henry VII.	„	Robert de Lytton,	Bosworth,	1485.
Henry VIII.	„	William Lytton,	Bulloyne Castle.	
Elizabeth	„	Sir Rowland Lytton,	Tilbury Fort.	
Charles I.	„	Norreys Robinson,	Naseby,	1645.

1869. October 4. As I was walking to church yesterday, and pondering on these words from the 11th chapter of Proverbs, 'He that *winneth* souls is wise,' three bold, saucy-lads, from fifteen to seventeen years of age, bounded into the footpath before me, over each other's backs; and without the slightest regard for my presence, continued their game of leap-frog under my very nose. I was about to express my indignation at this conduct, when it occurred to me that it would be a good opportunity for following the suggestion of Solomon, and testing its efficacy. I determined, therefore, to try whether gentle expostulation might not succeed better than the assertion of ministerial authority. As I walked up to them, they faced me defiantly. I curbed my rising choler, and addressed them with assumed calmness: the following dialogue ensued between the eldest of them and myself:—

J. C. Y. 'My friends, I think you are forgetting what day this is.'

Youth. 'Na, we ain't.'

J. C. Y. 'Do you think it right to do on Sunday as you would on any other day?'

Youth. 'We ain't doing no harum, I s'pose.'

J. C. Y. 'Aren't you going to church?'

Youth. 'Na, we ain't.'

J. C. Y. 'Then, where are you going?

Youth. 'To take a walk. I s'pose there ain't no law agen that?'

J. C. Y. 'I have no time to argue with you, for the church bells will soon cease ringing; but come back with me, and, after church, *I'll* walk with you.'

Youth. 'No, thank ye, Sir.'

J. C. Y. 'I am very sorry for you. I am, indeed.'

Youth. 'What be sorry for, Sir?'

J. C. Y. 'Because you don't seem to mind displeasing your best friend and Father.'

Youth. 'Father don't mind where we go.'

J. C. Y. 'I am not thinking of your father at home, but of your Father who is in heaven. You fear your father on earth,

because you see him, and know he'll punish you if you make him angry. But you don't fear your Father in heaven, because you don't see Him, though His eye is always on you, and though He is about your path, and about your bed, and spieth out all your ways.——But I must not stay now. I'm afraid you won't enjoy your walk much.'

Youth. 'Why, Sir?'

J. C. Y. 'Because I know you'll not be able to shake off the thought of the risks you run by offending your God. Good bye. As you won't pray for yourselves at church, I shall go and pray for you.'

I left them, expecting that they would follow the bent of their own inclinations; but, ten minutes after, as I passed from the vestry to the reading-desk, I saw, to my surprise, the three young men sitting meekly and decorously under the pulpit. From that day, with very rare exceptions, they have been steady attendants at church.

And here I recall with pleasure another instance of the salutary effect of gentle dealing with wrong-doers. When living at Southwick, near Brighton, in 1848, I was passing down the lane close to the Rectory, which leads towards the sea, when I saw a woman, in stepping over a stile from a neighbouring field, turn a complete somersault in the air, and lie motionless and apparently stunned on the road. I ran up to her, saw she was in liquor, and found her bleeding freely from an incised wound in the forehead. After propping her up against a bank, I returned to my house for such appliances and restoratives as I deemed necessary. I sponged and cleansed her face, closed her wound with strips of diachylon, forced her to swallow some soda and sal volatile, and, after leaving her awhile to rest and recover, raised her up, made her lean on my arm, conducted her by an unfrequented road to her cot, and, without having met a soul, deposited her on her bed. During the whole time we were together, not a syllable was interchanged between us. Had I been disposed to rebuke her, she was in no condition to profit by such ill-timed zeal.

I allowed three or four days to transpire before attempting to see her; and when I did, without in any way alluding to our last meeting, I, gravely but mildly, touched on the general laxity of her conduct, her systematic absence from church, &c., &c. I conceived she would be more likely to make a voluntary acknowledgment of her recent transgression, if I showed her for-

bearance, than if I humiliated her by reproof, however well merited. On rising to leave, I offered her my hand (the first time I had ever done so), and, as I did so, I saw her lip and facial nerves quiver. I passed on to the door, and, as I laid my fingers upon its handle, she rushed forward, almost dragged me back, and bursting into a passion of tears, exclaimed, 'Don't ye! Don't ye go on like that, Sir! I can't abear it! Why don't ye scold? Why don't ye say what a bad un ye think me?'

'My poor soul!' I replied, 'if you are conscious of your weakness and ashamed of it, you don't need me to tell you of it! Repent! Reform! Promise not to disgrace yourself in the time to come; and I will promise not to disgrace you by alluding to the past. Remember, no one but you and I know what occurred the other day. I am glad *you* have not forgotten it.' I left her sobbing.

The next Sunday, for the first time in three years, she was at church! Before another Sunday came round, our village was visited by cholera. The deaths at Shoreham, our near neighbour, struck terror to the hearts of many of our people. Children who had been playing at marbles at 8 A.M. were dead before mid-day. Many of our adults were attacked, and some died. It was an alarming time, and selfishness was, nearly everywhere, in the ascendant. At this juncture one of our resident pilots appealed to me for advice and assistance. 'Sir,' said he, 'my poor wife, as you know, is gone. She must be buried, and yet I can get no one to help me to lay her out.' Mrs. Young, hearing this, insisted on accompanying me to his dwelling. On entering the street in which he lived, three or four sturdy, weather-beaten, pea-jacketed pilots, with their glasses under their arms, attracted my attention, lounging in front of the public-house. I went up to them and begged them, in the name of our common humanity, to help their comrade in preparing his wife for Christian burial. They all, with one consent, began to make excuse. Finding that fear made them obstinate, my wife and I crossed the road, determining to undertake the duty ourselves. But as we were entering the door of the infected house, Mrs. Young felt herself pushed aside, and heard a woman thus accost her:—'No, Ma'am. Go away! It ain't for such as you to undertake such jobs as this! You *must not* go up stairs, nor master neither! Leave it to me and the husband!'

This good Samaritan woman was my tipsy friend, 'in her right mind.' She not only performed all necessary Christian offices by the deceased; but afterwards sat up, night after night,

with several sick and dying neighbours, refusing to receive any remuneration for her labours beyond a cup of tea, hoping, she told some friends of mine, by her good deeds to give *me* pleasure.

Granted that the motive was not the highest; at all events, it argued a heart that could feel gratitude. She had been touched, not by any good I had done her, but because I had screened her weakness from exposure.

Query.—Had I obeyed my first impulse, and scolded them in anger, would my words have had the same effect?

I wish I could see my way clearly as to the best mode of teaching, not merely youths such as those just mentioned, but little children, how to observe the Sunday. We tell them it is the happiest day in the seven. Do they find it so? As a rule, they have been taught to spend it as consistent Jews would spend Saturday. Is not this a mistake?

Saturday, etymologically speaking, 'a ceasing to do,' was, with the Jew, emphatically a day of rest, *i.e.* of rest from worldly work; but still a day of rigorous observance; and, in the West, kept as a fast—a badge of Israel's nationality.

Sunday, the Lord's Day, is the Christian's Sabbath—a festival founded under the law of liberty—a day of solemn assembling for the celebration of the Eucharist, for prayer and praise—a day on which those services of piety duly and heartily rendered, works of necessity and charity, are allowed—a day on which, however worldly or servile business be discountenanced, innocent relaxation is rather encouraged than not.

To exact, then, on such a day, a great amount of religious exercise from the lambs of our flocks, when, by reason of their tender years, they cannot value it, seems to me to encourage the growth of hypocrisy, and infuse in their minds a distaste for religion. On Sunday, of all days, to compel such young disciples to three hours of school work, and three hours of church attendance, is hardly a happy method of proving to them that their religion is 'perfect freedom.' It overthrows the nature of a festival, and puts on their necks a yoke which neither their fathers nor their elders are able to bear.

When children are in God's house, to enforce reverence on them, and encourage devotion, is of primary importance; but out of church to impose upon them fantastic and fanatical prohibitions, outrages their human nature, and, however it may seem to harmonize with the letter, violates the spirit of the fourth Commandment. Can a boy or girl of eleven or twelve

years of age be reasonably expected to take the same interest in our services as a man of five-and-twenty or thirty? I am sure that many of our most cultivated gentry, if they would speak out, would acknowledge that two services are quite as much as they can 'profitably' take part in, and 'inwardly digest.' Why, then, are we to ascribe to our little ones keener spiritual appetites and more robust digestions than their seniors and betters? for *that* we do when we cram them with three hours of school in addition to three hours of church. What a contradiction in terms it must appear to them to be told that, on their Christian Sabbath, 'neither son nor daughter are to do any manner of work;' and then find that, though *they are* 'sons and daughters,' they have more work allotted to them on the first day of the week than on any of the other six on which they have been distinctly taught that they are to do 'all that they have to do.'

The words 'any manner of work' are sufficiently emphatic, and cannot be restricted to manual, to the exclusion of mental, labour. If so, as an open shop on Sunday is objected to, inasmuch as it implies buying and selling, purchasers and vendors, so a school, open on Sunday, involves teaching and learning, pupils and instructors.

Why are teachers and scholars to be robbed of the Sunday rest, to which they are as much entitled as any other class of the community?

Not on the plea of piety; for, as charity given at the command of law is no charity at all, so compliance with usage, extorted and not voluntary, is no more piety than Cain's sacrifice.

Not on the plea of necessity; for there are five hours daily, and, if there be a night-school, two more, which, left to the discretion of the master and the managers, and one hour daily dedicated to religious instruction—*i.e.* six hours distributed equally over six days—is surely better for the pupils than three hours devoted on the same day to the same subject.

Not, surely, on the plea of charity; for charity, to be felt, depends not only on the motive of the benefactors, but on its appreciation by the beneficiaries. Every recipient of charity, whether, in his heart, grateful or not for it, recognises the intention; and children do not forget that the favourite punishment for misconduct is extra task-work, so that they regard much learning and listening in the light of a moral 'stocks:' the association, therefore, in their eyes, savours rather of cruelty than charity.

Let us review, for a moment, a village schoolboy's Sunday.

His first waking thought is of task-work. His eyelids are no sooner open than his hand is groping under his bolster for his Prayer-book. The oppressive consciousness of having to get by heart and to repeat the Epistle, or Gospel, or Collect for the day, or the Catechism, or all combined, weighs like a nightmare on his spirit. Before breakfast, during breakfast, after breakfast, he is conning over his prescribed lesson till the school bell toll his knell. At nine o'clock he is in school, and there he remains, with his brain on the stretch, till other bells ring him into church at eleven. From eleven till one he is actively engaged in making the responses, joining in the psalmody, or listening to the clergyman. At one he is dismissed to dinner. At two, before his pudding and potatoes are digested, he is trotted off again to his haven of rest, the school, where he learns, recites, or listens till three. At three p.m., he is once more marched off to church, where he takes his place till four; and if, during that period, his eye follow a vagrant martin or an intrusive sparrow in its flight through the aisle, the building rings with the reverberation of the cane; or if he have a feeble stomach, and his food, eaten in haste, has not been well masticated, and his blood be poisoned by the mephitic gases of a crowded and ill-ventilated building, and the little noddle droop and drop upon the chest, the great-little sinner is reminded after service that such desecration of the day on earth can never lead to an eternal Sabbath in heaven. The effect of such sharp drill and discipline on the mind of raw Christian recruits must be the reverse of that intended by the excellent people who uphold Sunday-schools; and the impression of a holyday, or holiday, created by such lugubrious reminiscences, must be connected, one would think, rather with thoughts of gloom than joy.

I know it is easy to give the diagnosis of a malady, but difficult to prescribe a remedy for it. The following scheme I have sketched out for my own parish, which, I dare say, is open to many objections; and only applicable to rural parishes constituted like my own.

First. Every child, unless born of dissenting parents, to be present on Sunday twenty minutes before eleven a.m., and at twenty minutes before three p.m., to answer roll-call, and march, decently and in order, to church, under the command of the schoolmaster and mistress.

Secondly. On the mornings on which Holy Communion is

administered, viz., the first Sunday of every month, five minutes to be allowed for the children's exit before the Prayer for the Church Militant. On the other three Sundays in the month on which there is no administration, a pause to be allowed for the same object before the commencement of the sermon.

Thirdly. On the afternoons of Communion Sundays, catechizing after Second Lesson, at which parents should be encouraged to attend.

Fourthly. On the afternoons of the other three Sundays, the sermon to be addressed exclusively to children.

Fifthly. No lessons of any kind to be learned on Sundays.

To these rules I would append the following remarks:—

With regard to Rule I. As it would never do to leave attendance at church to the option of the child or the discretion of the parent, the child's presence should be compulsory.

With regard to Rule III. The catechizing, if simple yet animated, didactic yet perspicuous, should be as instructive and interesting to parents as to children; for the parents, though ripe in years, are but children in knowledge, and need milk rather than strong meat, quite as much as their little ones. Jeremy Taylor says there is no better mode of exorcising the evil principle out of children or unbelievers than by judicious catechizing.

Preaching, as a great means to a great end, is as much God's ordinance as prayer; but the passion in this country for sermons is extravagant and morbid. I am far from undervaluing sermons: but one can rarely predicate how far they profit those who listen to them; for the head may be uplifted towards the pulpit, and the eye riveted on the priest, and yet the mind be asleep. To impart information is one thing, to elicit it is another; and one can never be sure that the instruction given has been received, except by the answers elicited from the catechumen by the catechist.

As to Rule IV. The sermon to children ought to be short, terse, practical, colloquial, and hortatory; illustrated by anecdote and allegory. The sermons on three Sunday mornings a month should be suited to all orders and degrees of men. And one good one, thought over in the chamber and inwardly digested, is spiritual pabulum enough for those who have taken part in the morning and evening services, and can read as much of their Bible, or any other religious book, as they like by their own fireside.

By Rule V. children would be more likely to enjoy Sunday than they can do under the present system of restriction.

1869. November 7. Baron A—— being asked by the chaplain of the High Sheriff at the assizes over which he was about to preside, how long he would like him to preach, replied, 'About half an hour, with a leaning to mercy.'

The late Bishop of Exeter and Baron A—— were sitting next each other at a public dinner. After the usual toasts—'The Church,' 'The Queen,' 'Royal Family,' and 'Army' had been drunk, the health of 'The Navy' was proposed. Lord Campbell, expecting to have to return thanks for 'The Bar,' and not having heard the toast distinctly, and supposing the time for giving it had arrived, got up. On which the late Bishop of Exeter whispered to Baron A——, 'What is Campbell about? What is he returning thanks for the Navy for?' 'Oh,' answered the witty judge, 'he has made a mistake. He thinks the word is spelt with a K.'

1870. November 14. Spent a delightful week at Bedgebury Park with Mr. Beresford and Lady Mildred Hope. The house, with the average number of handsome reception-rooms, has more bedroom accommodation than any country seat I am acquainted with. My own room, a large one, was No 64., and I found that, one with another, there are as many as one hundred. Though the house in its basement-floor covered the same space of ground in the late Lord Beresford's time as now, yet the present owner has, with the help of Mr. Carpenter's skill, contrived to add two entire stories without disfiguring it. The park, from one extremity to the other, must be between three and four miles. It is large and diversified, and with its undulating ground, enlivened as it is by various breeds of cattle (among them some twelve or thirteen beautiful Dutch sheet cows), its two thousand acres of pine and other forest trees, some of them almost feathering down to the verge of a vast lake, indented with artificially-constructed bays and promontories, and teeming with many kinds of water-fowl, some floating gracefully on its surface, others fussily fluttering about on their way to an island of rhododendra, form as smiling a scene as can be imagined. The house was full of company. The following story was told me by my host, who had it from the late Field Marshal Lord Beresford, who had received it from his father, the first Lord Waterford.

The last-named nobleman was one day conversing on some matter of business in his courtyard with the landlord of a small

inn in the neighbourhood, when he was interrupted by his gamekeeper, who told him, with much agitation, of a murder which had been just committed. The body of the murdered man had been discovered lying on the bleak side of a mountain near at hand. The instant the innkeeper overheard the statement, he exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, and in a tone of confirmed conviction, 'Then it must have been the little one!' When asked for an explanation of these words which had escaped from his lips involuntarily, he told Lord Waterford that, but two nights before, he had dreamed that he had seen a tall man murder a short one with whom he had been in company. Such strong hold had the dream taken of his imagination that when, the very next evening, two men, precisely answering the description of those he had seen in his sleep, applied to him for a night's accommodation, he refused them. His wife, however, to whom he had not then told his dream, thinking the fair fame of the inn might be jeopardized if it went forth that strangers had been repelled from the door without reason assigned, admitted them at the back part of the premises. When she told her husband afterwards what she had done, and her motives for so doing, he suppressed the avowal of his own reasons for objecting to them, lest he should alarm her, put the best possible face he could on the matter, and waited on them civilly while they had their supper. During the progress of their meal he observed, to his infinite surprise, and in confirmation of his worst suspicions, that the taller man, instead of using the table-knife prepared for him, produced from his pocket a large one of very peculiar construction, which he recognized as the counterpart of that he had seen in his dream. From the tenour of their discourse while in attendance on them, he gathered that they had accidentally met on the high road in returning from the coast, and had discovered that they had both been engaged in the same enterprise, viz., the Newfoundland cod-fishing, though with very different success; for the tall man complained bitterly of his ill-luck, declaring that he was worse off than when he went out, while the short one, on the contrary, boasted inordinately of his gains.

The murder was no sooner known than a prompt and energetic search after the culprit was set on foot. The landlord volunteered his services as guide. The tall man, the man last seen in company with the murdered one, and therefore the first to be suspected, was obliged to go up to Carrick to cross the bridge into Tipperary. There he was run to earth, apprehended, and tried (the foreman of the jury being Sir James

May): and the testimony of the landlord of the inn, coupled with the unusual shape of the knife, formed together strong links in the chain of circumstantial evidence, which led to his conviction, condemnation, and execution.

1870. December. I feel as if some apology were due to the reader, both for the fragmentary character of this volume, and for the abruptness of its conclusion. The fact is, I have had much difficulty in determining how far I should be warranted in further taking the public into my confidence, and admitting them into the penetralia of family life. And it is from feeling that I have no such right, that I have left many names in the shade, whom it would have added to the liveliness of the book to have brought into light; and left many amusing scenes untouched, from reluctance to wound the susceptibilities of refined natures. We do not, like our good cousins in America, live in public; and our English natures are not easily altered, although we are spinning giddily 'down the ringing grooves of change.' This quotation, as I write it, brings vividly before me three names, at two of which I have only casually glanced—Hallam, Tennyson, and Elton.

It is many years since I had the privilege of being allowed to follow to the grave the remains of our great historian and philosopher, and of being requested, by his nephew, to preach his funeral sermon in the old church of Clevedon. The names of Hallam and Tennyson are so inseparably linked together, by that sweetest but saddest of all requiems, 'In Memoriam,' that it seems superfluous for me to mention what so many know—viz., that it was the last wish of the former that he should be laid in the same quiet resting-place with his gifted sons, Arthur and Henry, his daughter and his wife. But it is not so widely known that the late Sir Charles Abraham Elton, the father of the present baronet, was the brother-in-law of Hallam; and that his heart-strings were bound by the double chain of parental love and sorrow to the walls of the venerable church by the Severn sea. His two sons were drowned in the Bristol Channel by the sudden rising of the tide. Their memory has been perpetuated by their father in an elegiac of pathetic beauty in the volume of his poems and translations, which bear equal witness to his merit as a poet and a scholar. Family ties knit my wife's affection, and familiar friendship my own, very closely to the owners of the dear old Court, nestling, as it does under shelter of the hills which surmount its terraces with their lovely crest of pine and arbutus and beech.

CHAPTER XX.

AD CLERUM.

As I have repeatedly been asked by persons in my neighbourhood to publish my parochial experience since I have resided at Ilmington, I take, at last, this opportunity of doing so, though with diffidence. Those who do not care for parish statistics had better skip this chapter altogether. For those of my brethren of the clergy who do, I suspect it may be the only part of the book which will have any attraction.

It was in the year 1857 I went to reside at Ilmington. The attractions of the rectory-house and grounds, were considerably neutralized by the accounts which reached me from all quarters of the depraved condition of the parish. I was told that the attendance of the people at church was deplorable; that hardly a week went by without summonses being issued by the neighbouring magistracy against some of the inhabitants for breaches of the law; that drunkenness, bastardy, and poaching were the normal characteristics of the village; that only a few years before, there had been serious riots, in which no less than thirteen men were committed to Warwick Jail; that the rector, a gentleman of amiable and retiring disposition, had had his life threatened, and his nerves so shaken as to render residence elsewhere essential to his health and peace of mind; and that the spirit of lawlessness ran so high, that no curate who had not undaunted courage and an inflexible will, would be competent to cope with so turbulent a population.

Luckily, such a person, at last, was found. The gentleman selected, independently of higher requisites for his office, possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications of stature, strength, and intrepidity. He was naturally of a generous and genial temper; but, having been apprised of the hopelessness of winning over the refractory by conciliation, he determined to crush the spirit of defiance which had long prevailed by vigorous measures of repression. Thus, if a man were drunk, he summoned and fined him. If a man were detected in poaching or stealing, or guilty of any other infraction of the law, he was summarily dealt with.

Of course he was both hated and feared by the evil-doers, who saw that he never hesitated to prefer his charges against

them from any apprehension of consequences to himself. His person in itself was so imposing, that few men in the kingdom would have been anxious to engage in contest with him single-handed. For instance, not long after he was appointed, he was waylaid in the dark by three men, and violently assaulted by them. He thrashed them all. Who his assailants might be, screened from recognition as they were by the darkness, he did not know; though he had a shrewd guess that he could identify one of them, on whose features he was sure that he had left the impress of his sign manual. In the round of his pastoral visits, next day, he called at the house of the woman whose husband he suspected to have been one of the three who attacked him. He inquired after him, and was told that he was very ill, and unable to go to work; that he was confined to his bed, and was quite unequal to seeing any one. The curate would take no denial, asserting that, the worse he was, the greater reason there was that he should see him. He mounted the stairs, and, on asking the patient how he was, received no answer. This taciturnity, it was soon found, was not the effect of sulkiness, but of a jaw broken the night before by his visitor's fist.

I should be sorry if it were inferred from what I have said, that this stalwart curate had abused his strength. What he had done, he had done in self-defence. Of course this *argumentum ad hominem* inspired bad characters with a wholesome dread of him; and, though the peculiar and exceptional condition of the parish entailed upon him an amount of active interference which might by some be considered as extra-ministerial, yet I have no hesitation in saying that, though disliked by some, he was an instrument of good to all. Magistrates, lawyers, and country gentlemen have assured me that there was no village in Warwickshire of more unenviable notoriety than Ilmington. As one proof of the bad odour in which it stood, I may mention that on the first introduction of the county constabulary, it was thought expedient to appoint over it two resident police, where one sufficed for other parishes containing the same number of inhabitants.

From what I have said it will be easily perceived that the gentleman in whose wake I followed, had been the stout-hearted pioneer, who had made the rough places comparatively smooth for me, by undertaking the thankless office of cleansing the Augean stable. It was, therefore, under improved circumstances that the spiritual oversight of the parish was made over to me; and

yet the prospect which lay before me of life-long residence in the heart of such a population, was anything but pleasant. I doubted whether I had not undertaken a work to which I was unequal. The path of duty, however, was clearly defined for me; I had put my hand to the plough, and it would not do to look back.

On the first Sunday evening of my officiating in the church, when the services of the day were concluded, I told the congregation that I had much to say to them; but that, as that was neither the day nor the place in which to say it, I should esteem it a kindness done to me if, the next evening, when the labour of the day was over, they would meet me at eight p.m. (in one of my meadows, which I indicated to them), by the light of the harvest moon.

On the Monday evening, long before the hour appointed, the fields opposite the rectory were swarming with men, women, and children, hastening to the place of rendezvous. When they were all assembled, I told them that it distressed me to see them standing after their hard day's work, and that I hoped, as there was no dew upon the grass, that they would consent to sit. They then, with a few exceptions, drew near me, and sat in front of me in the shape of a horse-shoe, while I thus addressed them :—

'My Friends,—When an Indian chief has matters of life or death, peace or war, to discuss with his tribe, he summons them to what they call "a parley;" which I take to be, what we should call, a congress. At this "parley" the chief declares his own opinions, and asks for theirs.

'Now, I regard you as my parish tribe; and I want you to look to me as your parson chief. I am about to hold a parley with you on matters of life and death, and which may determine whether it is to be peace or war between us for the future.

'When the sovereign of this country sends for a new minister to her councils, and entrusts him with the formation of a new administration, his first appearance in the House of Commons is expected anxiously by its members, in the hope of hearing from his own lips a statement of his future policy. Possibly it is to some such curiosity I may attribute the presence this evening of so many members of our little commonwealth.

'The tie, my friends, which binds a shepherd to his flock is a very strong, and ought to be a very dear, one. That tie between pastor and people, I find, has long been ruptured. I want to

see it recognized and restored. We are at present strangers. Soon, I trust, we shall be friends.

'I have heard such sad things of this village, that, if I did not make allowance for exaggeration, I should be afraid to sleep a night in it. I have been told of one clergyman threatened, of another waylaid and assaulted, of another burnt in effigy, of another actually shot at. I do not think I should much care for being burnt in effigy; but I dislike the idea of being threatened. I like still less the thought of being waylaid and beaten; and I have the most decided objection to being shot. I should infinitely prefer to any of these alternatives the being liked, trusted, and respected.

'I often hear persons sneered at as popularity-hunters. I avow myself to belong to that despicable race. I value popularity. I will bid high for it; but not at any price. For instance, I conceive I should pay too dearly for it if I bartered for it my conscience or my independence. I wish for it; but more for your sakes than my own: and for this reason—because, without it, I shall despair of having you as my fellow-workers, and, unless you are so, I shall be unable to bring my plans for your welfare to good effect.

'In spite of the disheartening picture given me, I am prepared to find you made of the same stuff as other people. The raw material I expect to find as good as that of your neighbours, though it perhaps may not have been as well dressed, or made up as well. We are all of us born the heirs of manifold infirmities and sins; and it is only education which, with the grace of God, can correct them. And we are all of us educated, not only by books but, insensibly, by the circumstances which surround us; and the circumstances which have surrounded you have not been fortunate ones. Your faults are attributable, not to inferior natures, but to inferior opportunities; and for this I pity you. You have never had a resident squire, nor, for some years, a resident rector, nor a well-organized school. Some of you, perhaps, are glad you have no squire: you prefer being your own squires. For you would not relish the idea of the influence over you which station, wealth, and cultivation are sure to beget. Some of you, I daresay, would prefer to dispense with a rector, who might try to interfere with your spiritual liberty: therefore you prefer being your own Pope. Others of you would much rather there were no school; for you have no wish that Education should strike her roots deeper, or spread them farther, seeing you are yourselves uneducated. But

suffer me to tell any who feel as I am supposing, that they do not know the blessings which are conferred on a parish by the residence in it of a nobleman, or squire, or clergyman. Of rectors I will say nothing, as you will think me partial in my estimate of my own class. But of the gentry of the present day, let me assure you that there are very few indeed who do not acknowledge the responsibilities involved in the possession of property; and who do not, by their liberal employment of labour, their benevolent consideration for the poor on their estates, and the refinement of their manners, help to humanize those around them and beneath them.

'But, to come to the point. Gross darkness covers the people of this place. The best means of letting in light upon them is to give them education. I wish to help in that good work, if you will let me. Hear then what I have to propose to you.

'First. You shall have a good school, if you will promise to send your children to it, and the master shall have a good house to dwell in.

'Secondly. Your children shall have instruction by day, and you shall have amusement at night, of a kind which ought to be more attractive than the public-house, the beer-shop, or the brothel.

'I expect great good from well-chosen recreation. If you were men engaged in public offices, in mercantile houses, in schools of design, or in any other calling in which your brains would be heavily taxed or your memories strained, your recreations ought to be bodily. But your daily work is chiefly hand-work; therefore the recreation for you should be head-work: but head-work of a light kind; for mind and body act and react on each other, and when the body is tired the mind is apt to be unbraced. This is why I question the wisdom, in towns, of encouraging men who have toiled all day to enter on a fresh course of toil at night, by attending scientific lectures. Though it may be some years before those in this place who can neither write nor read will value knowledge for its own sake, I am confident that, as parents see the good results of education in their children, they will eventually do so.

'Now, the recreation I propose to supply you with is, the opportunity of hearing books read which shall instruct you, and amuse you too. Two nights in the week—from the 1st of November till the 1st of May—will be devoted to familiar explanations of Scripture, enlivened by maps, pictures, and descriptions of the manners, customs, and productions of the East.

Two nights will be set apart for the reading of works of fiction, written with a moral purpose; and two nights will be free to those who like the opportunity of cultivating sacred and secular music. There, now you have seen the contents of my budget.

'But before parting with you, I should like to tell you what it was which first put "evening readings" into my head.

'Many years ago, Sir John Herschel, the eminent astronomer, was riding home to dinner about seven o'clock on a dark winter's evening, when, in passing through the village, his horse shied violently, and turned round with him, so as nearly to unseat him. The animal had been frightened by the sudden blazing forth of the furnace of a blacksmith's forge. By this light he observed the smith himself, with sleeve upturned and hammer in hand, leaning on his anvil in the attitude of rapt attention, listening to another man, who was hanging over an open book, and reading from it aloud.

'The next night, in passing by the same place, he observed that the interest of this Rembrandt-like picture was heightened by the introduction of two additional figures. A few nights after, while Sir John was at dinner, the village bells struck up a merry peal. He sent out to enquire the cause, and was informed that a poor man having discovered in his lodgings a copy of a book called *Pamela*, he took it to the blacksmith's shop, and craved permission to read it by the light of his furnace, and thus save the expense of fire and candle. The blacksmith readily gave him leave; and, after a while, observing how much the man was taken up with his book, he asked him what it was about. He told him that if he liked he would read it aloud, so that he might listen or not at his pleasure. He had not advanced far with the story, when two well-known drunkards dropped in. On their beginning to chaff the reader and his listener on their novel occupation, the latter told them that if they chose to stay and listen too, they might, but if not, the sooner they went about their business the better. The curiosity of the men being roused, they agreed to stay and be quiet, and kept their word; until the reader, unused to such exertion of his lungs, got tired, and said he must go home. He promised, however, if the blacksmith would let him, to resume the story next night, before the same audience. When the two men who had come in last found how late it was, instead of going to their usual place of resort, they went home to bed, their money in their pockets, their tempers unruffled, and their heads unclouded.

'The next night, and for several successive nights, the four met again; and, as long as the story lasted, the attractions of the forge outvied those of the pot-house; and, when they arrived at the triumph of Pamela over her attempted seducer, their better sympathies had been so warmly enlisted in the cause of virtue, that nothing would content them but borrowing the keys of the church from the sexton, and ringing a peal in honour of the heroine's conduct.

'Five-and-twenty years ago, I heard this anecdote; and it at once struck me that, if an unlettered hind, by his indifferent reading, could succeed in interesting the purer feelings of two habitual sots, so as to wean them, for many nights, from the public-house, there was no reason why educated persons, by the aid of better reading, and still more amusing works, might not entice the unhappy slaves of sensuality from the places to which they resort, in ten cases out of twelve, not so much from love of drink, as from the desire to escape the dulness, and discomfort, and discontent of home.'

I will not weary my reader's patience by enumerating the other nostrums which I told my parishioners I should apply for the mitigation of their local maladies, such as Coal, Benefit, and Clothing Clubs, Vegetable and Flower Shows, &c., &c., for they can boast of no originality, and are common to most well-ordered parishes. But I will crave his indulgence while I touch on the beneficial results of our Evening Readings, because of the many years' experience I have had of their practical utility, and of the moral good they have wrought. These readings I was in the habit of giving years before Penny Readings were ever heard of. I gave them without charge: and there I think I made a great mistake; for, if they are to be of general adoption, I think there ought to be a trifling charge, first, to defray the cost of lighting and heating the lecture-room; secondly, because the poor always value most that which costs them something. In venturing to cite my own experience, I wish to encourage the clergy in country villages to try the experiment of readings in the winter evenings, as a secondary means of great utility. If a clergyman, dwelling in the country, can organize a co-operative staff of readers, and can press into his service any musical talent there may be in his village, he may, by well-selected fugitive pieces, furnish his people with an attractive bill of fare. And the giving different orders and degrees of men any common object of interest is calculated to

cement good feeling between the families of the clergy, the farmers, and their labourers—a very desirable thing. On the other hand, let not the clergyman who has to depend on his own unaided resources be discouraged; for if he can really read well, and especially if he have a talent for impersonation, a tale —a continuous tale—in which the interest is suspended, is that which gives the most pleasure, rivets attention most, and best ensures regularity of attendance. It has been my own habit, invariably, to read some one tale through; and I cannot say how often I have been stopped in my village by such remarks as these: 'How beautiful it was last night, Sir!' 'What a man that 'ere Jew is!' (alluding to the Jew in *Never Too Late to Mend.*) 'I do hope that George and Susan Merton will come together and marry after all!' 'May I make so bold as to ask what happens to Robinson?' Or again (while I was reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), 'Oh dear! what a hartful crittur that Topsy is! I never!'

I declare, advisedly, that among the educated classes I have never seen greater aptitude for the realization of character than I have seen among my own people. They have talked to me of the events in a story as if they had actually happened; and of the principal personages in it, as if they had been existing people. Now, I maintain that the mere fact of a clergyman and his flock sharing a pleasure together, is good for both. It begets sympathy; and there is nothing the poor value like sympathy. It brings the black coat and the smock-frock together. Eleemosynary relief, given in a cold, perfunctory manner, is not to them what a kind word, spoken in season, is. It is easy for us ministers of the Gospel to profess from our pulpits the profoundest anxiety about the eternal welfare of those committed to our spiritual oversight; but unless we show as lively an interest in their temporal welfare, they won't believe us. Too generally, like their betters, they think nothing of their souls' health; but they think, like their betters too, a good deal about their bodily aches and pains. The clergyman may give them money, and send them soup or wine, but unless he go to their hearths he will not get at their hearts; and unless he listen, with kindly consideration, even to their twaddling account of their domestic cares and personal distresses, he will not win their love.

For the first three or four years, until my vocal chords gave way, disabling me from active duty, and obliging me to pass my winters in a warmer climate, our school-room, sixty feet long,

was crowded every night I read, not only with our own parishioners, but with many from neighbouring villages. Rain, snow, the darkness of Erebus, never prevented our people from attendance. So much appreciated were our readings, that many attended the scriptural expositions on the alternate nights, who owned to me they never should have gone to them but for the pleasure they had derived, in the first instance, from our secular lectures; while many others, such as shepherds, and carters, and carriers, detained later than others by the nature of their occupations, and fearing they should not arrive in time for admission to the school-room (it being the rule to lock it within five minutes after my entrance), would desire their wives to put aside their supper till after the lectures were over.

I have known instances of men walking four miles on dark nights; I have known one highly-cultivated lady several times walk three miles, alone, in any weather, across sequestered fields; I have known brother clergy drive five or six miles,—all of them for the mere pleasure of witnessing the lively interest inspired among the hearers by these readings. I think it is self-evident that, if from 250 to 300 people were in the habit of frequenting our school-room from seven till nine p.m., drunkenness must sensibly have diminished; for they could not be present at the school-house and at the public-house at the same time. And so it has been. Of course I am not beloved by the publicans; but that mortification I try to bear with Christian fortitude.

If I had no other instance to give of the good effects of Evening Readings than the one I am about to cite, I should rejoice in having been instrumental in introducing them into Ilmington.

In the course of my pastoral visits, shortly after entering on my course, I had to call on a poor woman. The instant I entered her house she opened upon me thus: 'Oh, Sir! I be glad to see you, for I have been wanting to tell you how took up wi' your lecs (lectures) my husband is. I don't think you knows him yet; for, you see, he works a mile and a half from the village, at Blackwell Bushes; and what wi' his lameness, and one thing or t'other, he never gets home till your dinner hour. He's a excellent good husband, though he were once r-a-ther given to drink; but, since he've heard your lecs, he seems a altered man, and never takes nothing but tea, and that he makes me put on the hob till after lecs is finished. He never used to get home till after seven, but, somehow, he manages

now to get to the school-room doors afore they're closed. I do believe he'd rather miss his tea than the lec. He wants to see you mainly. He never used to go to church. He goes now.'

At the close of my next lecture I beckoned to him, and told him I was glad to see him so regular at the readings, but that I should be still better pleased to see him as regular at church. 'Ah, Sir,' said he, 'I should dearly like to talk wi' you some day.' 'Well,' I replied, 'come to me next Saturday.' He did so: and, as he entered my study, he knelt down on one knee, put up his two hands, and exclaimed, 'May God bless Mr. Young and his lecs.' He then rose, and with much earnestness opened his heart to me. 'Sir, I've been a bad man! I've never liked Sundays. I've never liked church; and I never could abear sermons. They allus (always) made me mollancholy. Well! I heerd talk as you were going to give lecs. I thought I'd go and hear one. I liked the first onaccountable well! I liked the next better! So I thought I'd go and hear you preach. Well, it was all very plain, and I understood you; and you looked us in the face, and talked to us strong. I liked you very well, but I liked the lecs better. I had not been at more than three of your lecs, when I went home, and to bed, and dreamed as I was in prison—aye, and cruel used there, too—tied to the wall, slushed wi' water, put on the crank, then on the treadmill. I was thinking, I suppose, about the book. I'd wake up wi' the sweat streaming down my cheeks: and I felt, "Ah! my lad, you are every bit as bad as Robinson; only with this differ—he were found out and you weren't." I started up, and I seemed to see the words o' that 'ere tract as the chaplain o' the jail gave to Robinson, "The Wages of Sin are death," written in letters of fire. I did not want no sarmun better than them. I could not get quit on 'em. Do you mind Parson Eden calling to Robinson through the cell door, "Brother?" Well, I ain't no scolard, but that 'ere book as you are reading has been a second Bible to me. It has made me think what I deserve. I shall try to do as Mr. Eden would have wished me. What a parson he were! No blowing up, but so tender and kind. Now, Sir, I hope you'll be kind, and help me to be good.' (A pause—tears—and then, with much fervour) 'I tell ye I want to be good!'

From that day I have never known him miss his church, morning or evening. For some time he was shy of going to the Lord's Table; but, when I had removed his misgivings, he went. After a while, he came to me, and said, 'My missus is a good wife. She never gave me a misword; but she'll not go

to the Table for anything as I can say to her. Will you talk to her? I don't like going without her. We've allus been so pleasant together that I should not be happy to think when we part at last that we should part for ever. So, do ye talk to her.' I did; and after some time she accompanied her husband to the Holy Communion; and for twelve years they have been unremitting in their attendance, and consistent in their lives. If Mr. Charles Reade knew this, it ought to make him happy to reflect that it has been, under God, to the influence wrought indirectly by his book on the conscience of a fellow-creature, that two have been reformed, and that they are now, by their exemplary conduct, illustrating the truth he has enforced so powerfully, that 'it is never too late to mend.'

The success of our village readings soon got wind; and I was, consequently, solicited from various parts of the kingdom —from Plymouth in the west to Manchester in the north—to inaugurate Penny Readings, or to give them in places where they were already established. As I had no ambition to get the reputation of an itinerant lecturer, and at the time had plenty to occupy me in my proper sphere, I invariably sent refusals to all applicants, except to those in the adjoining county, and in the county in which I lived. I never read for money, though at Manchester I was offered payment on a scale of liberality that astonished me. Indeed, I never read anywhere unless I was assured, beforehand, of the sanction and countenance of the most influential gentry and clergy in the place. It was at the desire of the clergy, mayor, and principal inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon, that I read there. It was at the desire of the clergy and principal inhabitants, that I read at Campden, at Alcester, and at Redditch. At Nuneaton I read at the desire of Mr. Newdegate; at Alvechurch, at the desire of the Archdeacon of Coventry; at Stoneleigh, at the desire of Lord Leigh; at Stourbridge, at the desire of Lord Lyttelton; at Warwick, at the desire of the clergy, twice; once, under the presidency of Mr. Wise, the Member; another, under that of the late Lord Charles Percy. For these readings I received from High, Low, and Broad Church clergy a measure of approval they did not merit; and never heard a whisper in their condemnation. When, therefore, I went to winter at Torquay for my health, and was requested by certain of its clergy to read one of Shakspeare's plays, in behalf of the languishing funds of the Infirmary, I felt small scruple in acceding to their request; first, because I had already read Shakspeare with acceptance before

dignitaries of the church, fastidious clergy, and nobles, and gentry, known for their attachment to the cause of true religion and virtue; secondly, because the gentlemen who invited me to read were men of unimpeachable consistency, who, I was sure, would be unlikely to countenance any step calculated to compromise themselves or a brother clergyman in public estimation; thirdly, because the entertainment to be given was not for a selfish or questionable, but for a purely charitable, object.

It was, therefore, with infinite surprise that I learned, after the reading had been given, that by my compliance with the request made me, I had incurred the displeasure of the bishop; and that he had, in consequence, inhibited me from officiating in his diocese. This conveyed a grave reflection on my professional character, and gave me infinite pain. I was, however, rewarded for not writing a word in my own defence by the generous and voluntary advocacy of many champions, both in Devonshire and Warwickshire, who either interceded in my behalf with the bishop, as did Lord John Manners, Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, and the Bishop of Jamaica, or who came forward with the most generous protests, as did Sir Lawrence Palk and others. The hearty address to my bishop, issued by five-and-twenty clergy in my own county, headed by the Rural Dean, and the four addresses I received from the gentry, visitors, inhabitants, and workpeople of Torquay, I can never cease to feel grateful for; while the affectionate one from my own parish I value as the richest possession I have.

I think I could hardly avoid alluding to this little personal matter, first, because it grew out of my previous public readings; secondly, because, from the publicity the events excited at the time, my silence on the subject, after a lapse of nine years, might be construed into a tacit admission of *malfaisance*. In dismissing the matter, may I be pardoned for stating that, long before the good Bishop of Exeter's own death, I had the gratification of receiving at his hands his formal apostolic benediction, and his hearty withdrawal of the inhibition imposed upon me.

But to return to my parish.

Having told of its condition as it was in 1857, in justice to it I would fain mention what it is in 1870.

The congregations, instead of being very scanty, are in winter large, and in summer crowded, at both morning and evening services.

The attendance at our school is large; and though our master

is uncertificated, our 'results,' as shown by Sir Robert Hamilton's tabulated statement (published in the Parliamentary Blue Book), surpass those of several of the certificated masters in our rural deanery.

Whereas there used to be so great a scarcity of water, that infirm old women and young women, with burdens of their own to bear, had to walk at least a quarter of a mile, with yokes on their shoulders and buckets in their hands, to get it, there are now eight fountains so disposed as to bring the first necessary of life to every poor man's door.

Although we have a considerable Roman Catholic population at the place, there has never been the slightest dissension between them and our Anglican Protestants; and though the priest* and I, of course, held different opinions, they were never allowed to interfere with our affectionate intercourse.

In spite of my having been compelled by ill health to leave my charge for the last six years during the winter months in the care of a curate, there has been no falling off in church attendance, and no apparent diminution in good-will towards myself.

L'ENVOYE.

Patient Reader,—When abroad has it ever chanced to you, as you have stood beneath some old church porch, to bid farewell to those with whom you have long travelled in company? Are you conscious, under such circumstances, before entering within the temple, of having held back the massive curtain screening the inner sanctities of the place, and cast back one wistful look of regret at their figures, as they have gradually grown less and less in the perspective under waning light and deepening shadow?

* The Rev. Auguste Lampfried was one of the most amiable, humble, self-denying, generous Christians I have ever known. He was indeed a Christian in whom was no guile. The points of faith upon which we were at issue we never touched upon. If he could help a brother in distress, without respect of creed, he would do it. He never attempted to proselytize; and once, when I was seriously ill, he and his congregation joined in united prayer for me by name. I valued their prayers, and they were mercifully answered.

It would be ungrateful, while writing of the priest, if I did not also mention our squire, Mr. Philip Howard, of Corby Castle, who, though non-resident, is keenly alive to his duties as a landlord, and has always been forward to help me—staunch Roman Catholic as he is—in every good work which was calculated to contribute to the material prosperity of the village.

So I, standing on the threshold of old age, and desiring to learn graver lessons from its twilight calm and to ponder on the closing solemnities of life before the night cometh, yet cannot help looking back with strong human sympathy to the busy past, thronged as it is with familiar memories, rich as it is with the records of the good and great who have gone before, bright as it is with the wit and humour of genial spirits who once grasped my hand in friendship or honoured me with their countenance.

The light is failing fast with me. Memory gives back dimmer pictures than of old. Imagination waxes cooler. The laughter-loving nature flags. And therefore, before the heavy curtain drops between my mind's eye and the long road I have been allowed to tread, I have endeavoured to recall some few scenes of the merry days when I was young, and to sketch, with faltering though loving touch, some outlines of the men who made those days so memorable.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.

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